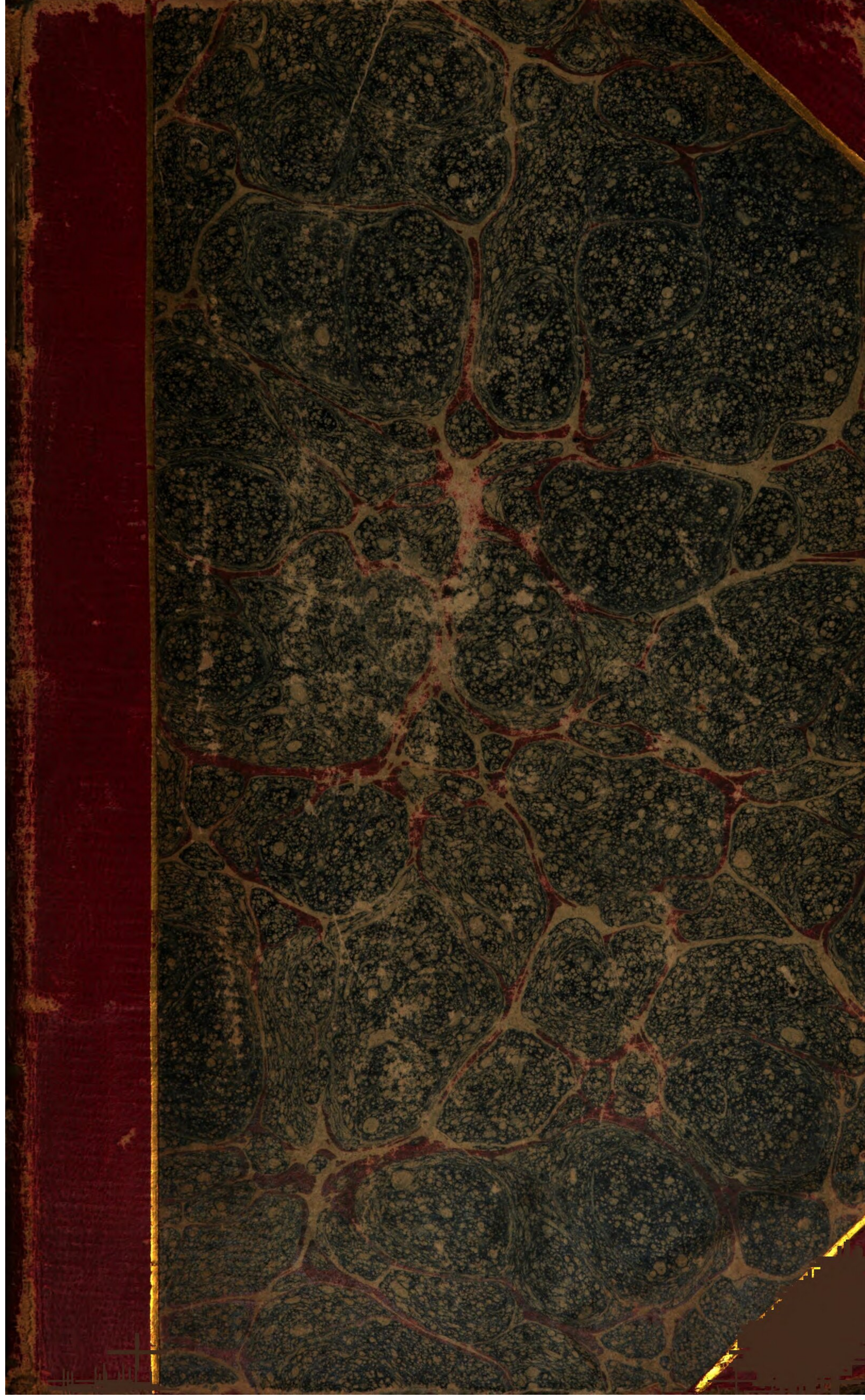
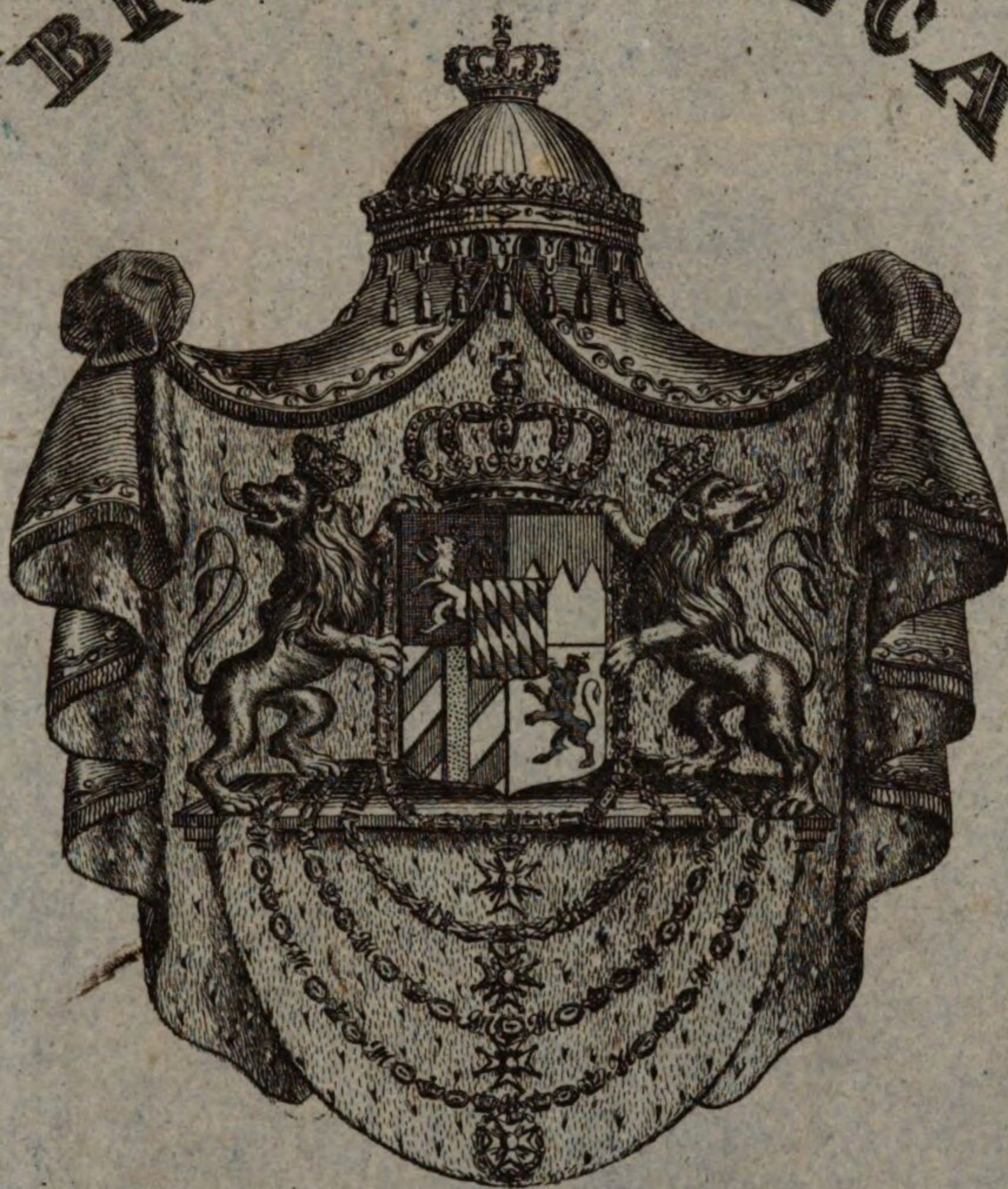
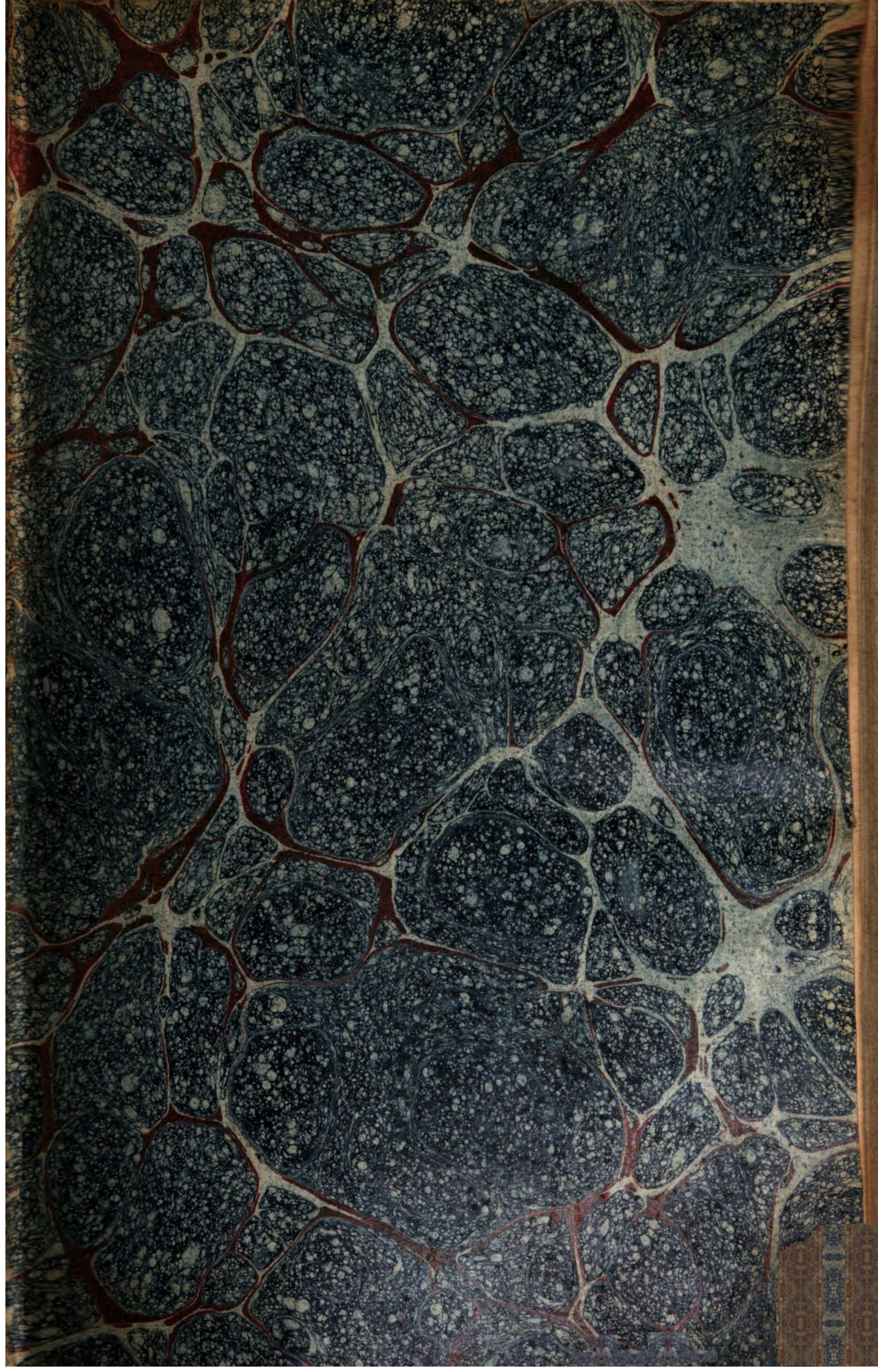




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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

REVIEWS, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

ON NEW BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY,
AND LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

—

LONDON,

PRINTED BY

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1833.

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AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY,
AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.

VOLUME X. AND LAST.

BEING THE SEVENTH OF THE NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT, FLEET STREET,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
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1809.

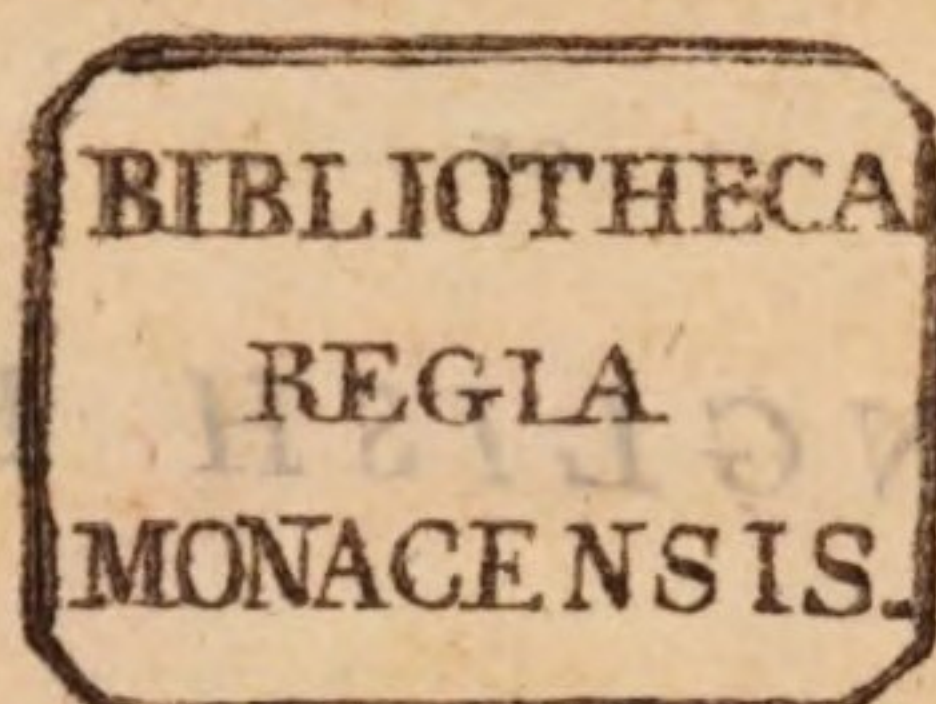
CENSURA LITTERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS



WITH

ORIGINAL DISCUSSIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY,
AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SIR EGBERTON BRYDGES, K. J.

VOLUME X. AND LAST.
BEING THE SEVENTH OF THE NEW SERIES.

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1800



PREFACE.

THE motives and objects of this work have been frequently explained in former Prefaces. But if they had not, the explanation would now have been unnecessary; for the work having coming to a close may fairly be left to speak for itself.

Whoever shall hereafter make researches into old English Bibliography, will scarcely neglect to turn to the copious stores furnished by these volumes. If Herbert, and Ritson, furnish a more complete collection of title-pages, they who wish to go deeper, will come hither, for contents, specimens, and sometimes, it is hoped, for opinions. Few have now the opportunity or the means of gathering a large assemblage of black-letter literature, which is becoming every day more scarce, and higher priced. But every well-furnished library requires a substitute for it; and under that denomination it may surely be not too presumptuous to class the ten volumes of the *CENSURA LITERARIA*.

page almost of the latter volumes of the Bibliography displays his labours. To him almost all their curious contents are due. Coadjutor seems a word hardly strong enough. Perhaps his name ought long since to have been substituted for that of the first Editor.

With his aid, that Editor still glowing with the *Biblio-mania*, and undamped by its fatigues and languors, has been persuaded to undertake another similar work, which he has already announced.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Denton, May 25, 1809.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXVII.

[Being Number XXV. of the New Series.]

ART. I. INTRODUCTORY PAPER.

A PERFECT collection of all the English poetry published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would be an invaluable treasure, not only for curiosity but for use. It is in poets that we must study all the varieties of language, all the force of words, both singly and in combination; and all the energy and vivacity of ideas. That bright mirror of things, which exists in the poet's brain, reflects them back with a proportionate clearness and brilliance of expression.

The difficulty of attaining a large portion of these volumes has rendered it necessary to recur to modern compilations of selections and extracts from them, made by the honourable industry of those, whose love of literature combined with opportunity has stimulated their researches in these obsolete and forbidding tracks of study. The taste of the public has kept pace with the labours of these bibliographers and critics. We

have seen the fashion for black-letter reading increase in the last ten years with wonderful celerity.

It has given a new cast to our modern compositions in verse; extended their subjects; enlarged their phraseology; varied and enriched their imagery; and brought back their productions nearer to the vigorous simplicity of better days.

However uninviting the black-letter page with its redundant spelling, and its unusual or strangely-accented words, may appear at first, a little practice reconciles us to these objections. We then find a new delight in the contrast with modern modes of communicating our thoughts; forms of phrase, which have lost all force from their triteness, are relieved by new combinations; and the operations of the mind seem to derive an infusion of vigour from the new light in which they are clothed.

The generous and enlarged intellect swells with a proud satisfaction at thus having spread before it all the stores of the most cultivated geniuses of its country for centuries back. All literary merit is relative; the products of a single age may be puny when compared with those of others: but when the standard of comparison is extended to those of every age of a country since the revival of letters, the most inquisitive and hesitating research must be satisfied. It may proceed to draw results with a confidence, which future facts will not be likely to disturb. The experience, with which it will be furnished, will shew with almost unerring certainty, what are the vital ingredients in a composition, which will preserve its fame to future ages.

If

If it be a just and praiseworthy desire in a cultivated and extensive mind to see foreign countries and foreign manners, that we may shake off those narrow attachments and views of things, which a narrow scene and narrow acquaintance with the actions and customs of mankind almost necessarily generates, is not this desire as applicable to times as to countries? Does not the lapse of ages vary the modes and thoughts of the inhabitants of the world, as much as the diversity of scenes and climates? Is there not something still more worthy of a noble and refined curiosity, in unfolding the mantle of Time, in opening the grave, and bidding the dead speak?

I have at length read so much of Elizabethan poetry, and Elizabethan biography, that all the wits of that age, all its genius, and all its state, seem to be brought upon the stage before me; and my eyes and my ears are full of their figures, and their language! Their modes of thinking; their feelings; their customs; their phraseology, are brought back to life, and offer themselves for a comparison with what I hear and see among my cotemporaries. I would not draw their "frailties from their dread abode" in the tomb: but I delight to revive their virtues; and talk with their spirits, though their bones have long since mouldered into dust!

ART. II. *Psalmes of David drawen into English Metre by Tomas Sterneholde. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.* Col. Imprinted at London by Edward Whitchurche. Anno Domini 1551. 16mo. folds G eights.*

“To the most noble and verteous King, oure Soueraygne Lord Kyng Edward the vi Kinge of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, &c. Thomas Sternholde, Grome of hys Maiestie’s robes, wyseth increase of healthe, honour and felycytie. Althoughe moste noble Soueraigne, the grosnes of my wit doth not suffyce to searche oute the secrete mysteryes hidden in the boke of Psalmes, whyche by the opinion of many learned men, comprehẽdeth the effect of the wholle Bible: yet trustiḡ to the goodnesse of God, whyche hathe in hys hande the key thereof, which shutteth and no man openeth, openeth and no man shutteth, albeit I cannot geue to youre Maiestye great loaues thereof, or bring into the Lorde’s barne ful handefulles; yet to thintent I woulde not appear in the haruest vtterly ydle and barraine, being warned with the exaample of the drie figtre, I am bold to present unto youre Maiestie, a fewe crummes whiche I haue pycked vp from vnder the Lorde’s borde.—Seing further, that youre tender and godly zeale dooeth more delight in the holye songes of veritie, then in any fayned rymes of vanytie, I am encouraged to trauayle further in the saide booke of psalmes: trustynge that as your Grace taketh pleasure to heare them song sometymes of me, so ye will also

* In a compartment having the sun at the top, and at the bottom the printer’s mark, central of anno 1545.

delyght not only to see and reade thẽ youre selfe, but also to commaunde them to bee songe to you of others: that as ye haue the psalme it selfe in youre mynde, so ye maye iudge myne endeuoure by youre eare. And yf I maye perceyue youre Maiestie wyllinglye to accepte my wyl herin, where my doyng is no thanke worthy, and to fauour so this my beginning, that my labour be acceptable in perfourming the residue, I shall endeuoure my self with diligence, not only to enterpryse that which better learned ought more iustlye to doe, but also to perfourme that without faulte, which youre Maiestie wyll receyue with iuste thanke. The Lord of earthli kinges, geue youre Grace daily increase of honour and vertue, and fulfyll all your godlie requestes in hym, without whose gifte we haue or can obtain nothing. Amen."

After the Dedication follows the psalms, to the number of thirty-seven; each having a quatrain prefixed of principal matter.* At the conclusion "Here ende the psalmes, drawen into Englishe metre, by M. Sternhold." On the next page an address "to the Reader. Thou haste here (gentle Reader) vnto y^e. psalmes that were drawen into English metre, by M. Sternhold vii † moe adioined. Not to the intē't that they shoulde bee fathered on the dead man, and so through his estimacion to bee the more hyghly esteemed: neyther for that they are, in myne opinion (as touching the metre) in any part to be compared with his most exquisite doinges. But especially for

* This might be an imitation of the proem introductory to two of three psalms versified by Lord Surrey. *Nugæ Antiquæ*, by Mr. PARK, Vol. II. p. 360.

† No. 30, 33, 43, 52, 79, 82, 146.

that they are fruitfull, although they bee not fine: and comfortable vnto a Christyan mind, although not so pleasaunt in the mouthe or eare. Wherefore, yf thou (good reader) shal accept and take thys my doying in good part, I haue my heartes desire herein. Farewell. J. H."

ART. III. *Foure score and seuen Psalmes of Dauid in English mitre by Thomas sterneholde and others: confereed with the Hebrewe, ãd in certeine places corrected, as the sēse of the Prophet requireth. Whereunto are added the Songe of Simeon, the ten Commandements and the Lord's Prayer. James v. If any be afflicted let him pray: and if any be merie let him sing Psalmes. M.D.Lxj. Without printer's name. 12mo. 154 leaves.*

Warton, in the third volume of his valuable History of English Poetry, has given a long and critical account of the English version of the Psalms. He appears to have seen an edition of those translated by Sternhold, as printed by Whitchurch, in 1549, and another edition (which he considered the second) in 1552. These from his account must be supposed to contain in number fifty-one. "Sternhold died in the year 1549. His fifty-one psalms were printed in the same year by Edward Whitchurch." Unfortunately dates and numbers, when accurately preserved by an editor, seldom pass the chances of the press correctly. The useful and laborious Wood is the earliest writer I have seen that assigns such a number to Sternhold; his words are, that "being a most zealous reformer, and a very strict liver, he became so scandalized at the
amorous

amorous and obscene songs used in the court, that he forsooth turned into English metre 51 of David's psalms, and caused musical notes to be set to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets." In the same column, to a quotation from Heylin's Church History, there is added, by Wood, where it states Sternhold to have translated "no more than thirty seven, [that sure is false.]"* Wood also states the initials T. S. are "set before, to distinguish them from others:" but I have never in any copy of the whole psalms, that appeared like an authority, been able to extend the number beyond 43, and some of those doubtful.

Warton, whose genius kept no beaten track, like the steeple hunter, unheeding land-posts, turnpikes, and tickets, while he distanced his contemporaries, left little facts to be gleaned by lesser minds; and, as this number did not originate in the History of Poetry, Ritson, who could occasionally loiter to plumb a pool for pebbles, considered the authority sufficient to repeat it.

One error in Wood is manifest,—the considering Sternhold as having "caused musical notes to be set to them;" for although he had sung them to the King and others, neither of the editions of 1549, 1551, 1552, and one by the same printer, without date, contain any musical notes. †

* Ath. Ox. Vol. I. Col. 76.

† Upon this point there was considerable variation in the arrangement of the notes, and several omissions. Sixty psalms have musical notes in 1561, as well as the four accompanying pieces at the conclusion. In 1581 only forty-five psalms are thus distinguished with eighteen tunes for the additions.

How often the psalms were printed by Whitchurch is uncertain; nor should the above article of 1551, (now first known), be presumptively considered as the second edition. Neither is it probable, with their novelty and rising popularity, that they remained, without again reprinting, until 1561, although unnoticed in the most accurate researches into early typography. That of 1561 is not mentioned by Herbert, and may be considered extremely rare. For the copy here described I was obliged from the rich and extensive collection of Mr. Bindley, whose liberal communications and assistance in researches of this nature claims continual acknowledgment. The whole seems arranged for church service, having the musical notes attached. There is not any prefixure, but, in addition to the notice of the title, at the end is "a prayer to be said before a man begins his worke," in prose, and an index.

Every reader of Warton must regret the inattentive want of accuracy in quoting the several authorities before him. Although in the present instance there appears little doubt of the statement being erroneous and first taken from Wood, yet I cannot proceed with a task, begun some months since, without acknowledging that every attempt has proved ineffectual to obtain an inspection of either of the other editions, which Warton possessed, of 1562,* 1564, or 1577, when the entire version was first published. In a complete state my best authority is

ART. IV. *The whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into English meter by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and*

* An account of this edition, with notice of any prefatory advertisement, and corrections as to the following statement, would be a serviceable article.

conferred

others, conferred with the Hebrue, with apt notes to sing them withall. Set forth and allowed to be song in all churches, of all the people together before and after Morning and Euening prayer: as also before and after sermons, and moreouer in priuate houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all vngodly songes, and balades which tend onely to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth. James v. If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be mery, let him sing psalmes. Coloss. iii. Let the worde of God dwell plenteously in you, in all wisdom, teaching and exhorting one an other in psalmes, hymnes, and spiritual songes, and sing vnto the Lord in your hartes. At London printed by Iohn Daye, dwellyng ouer Aldersgate. Anno 1581. Cum &c. 4to. Sixty leaves.

Having enumerated the leading authorities I shall proceed to the list of persons who assisted in the first metrical version adopted in church service.

Thomas Sternhold, supposed to have been born in Hampshire. He held the situation of Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and Edward VI. and by the first esteemed a sufficient favourite to obtain a bequest of 100 marks in the Royal will.* He died 1549. His portion is the first seventeen; 19, 20, 21, 25, 28,† 29, 32, 34, 41, 43, 44, 49, 63, 68, 73, 78, 103, 120, 123,

* "Henry the Eighth, for a few psalmes of David, translated and turned into English meetre by Sternhold, made him Groome of his Privie Chamber." *Bratbwait's English Gentleman*, 1630, p. 191.

† By misprint this stands as 27, and 123 as 122, in edition 1561, and also in another noticed by Herbert, p. 549, containing only 19: again, 33 stands for 34; but 138 is a mistake for 128. A copy is in Mr. Bindley's possession, it was printed without date.

128, in all thirty-seven: in these numbers both the early copies uniformly agree. The following are additions of 1581. Psalm 18,* 23, 53, 56, 66, 67, making the whole 43. Of these number 23 is a second translation, following one by Whittingham, and unusually entitled "an other of the same by Thomas Sternehold." This circumstance favours the idea that some portion by this writer was posthumous in its appearance.—To 56, 66, and 67 † the initials are repeated in 1583, though in the Stationer's reprint of 1609, 1616 and 1620, and by Field (the printer to the University of Cambridge) 1666, they are displaced for those of Hopkins.

John Hopkins, a clergyman and schoolmaster, in Suffolk. He was living 1556. To him Wood has given 58; the certain ones are 24, 27, 30, 31, 33, † 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 45, 46, 47, 48, (a second version of) 50, 52, 54, 55, 57, to 62 inclusive; 64, 65, 69 to 72 inclusive; 74, 76, 77, 79 to 99 inclusive; 146, in all 56.

William Whittingham, Dean of Durham, died 10 June 1570, aged about 55. Only five are generally given to him, but he contributed more largely, and in

* Warton notices this as one "in which Sternhold is supposed to have exerted his powers most successfully." Should it be hereafter confirmed as the attempt of Sternhold, its posthumous appearance, joined to the revision and continual alterations of Hopkins, will leave it doubtful from which is derived that well-known passage, so happily rendered, of

"The Lord descended from aboue, and bowed the heauens hye,
And vnderneath hys feete he cast the darckness of the skye,
On Cherubes and on Cherubins full royally he rode;
And on the winges of all the windes, came flying all abroad."

† This was substituted instead of one by Whittingham.

‡ In some places given to S., but 33 is one of the seven, printed by H. in 1561.

the

the edition of 1561 the numbers are 23, 37, 50, ¶ 51, 67,* 71,* 114, 115,* 119, 121, 124, 127, 129,* 130, 133, 137, in all 16. He paraphrased the ten commandments,† still inserted at the end of the Psalms, and also the Song of Simeon, and two versions of the Lord's Prayer, now only to be found in ed. 1561.

William Kethe, an exile, during the reign of Queen Mary. He was "no unready rhymers," and another distinguished contributor towards the "fourscore and seven;" though his name was at first unknown to Warton,‡ it is there given at length. He translated 27,* 36,* 47,* 54,* 58,* 62,* 70,* 85,* 88,* 90,* 91,* 94,* 100,§ 101,* 104, 107, 111,|| 112, 113, 122, 125, 126, 134, 138, 142, in all 25. Of these only twelve were retained by Hopkins, the others being new versions either by himself or Norton.

Joh Pullain, (the name is thus spelt ed. 1561), born in Yorkshire, admitted senior student of Christ Church, 1547, at the age of thirty. He preached the reformation privately at Saint Michael, Cornhill, 1556, but afterwards became an exile. He returned in the happier period of Elizabeth, and was made Archdeacon of Colchester. He died 1565. His numbers are only 148 and 149.* The first stands in the general collection, and by mistake with I. H. prefixed. [The above *asterisks* denote the translations afterwards rejected.]

¶ In 1581 and 1583, same reprinted as anonymous.

† By 1581 he appears to have added a prayer at their conclusion.

‡ Undeciphered in note b. of V.III. p. 418.

§ Two versions of the hundredth Psalm are printed 1581 and 83 as anonymous. The first is by Kethe; the other unknown. T. N. is sometimes prefixed.

|| Retained in the whole collection, and improperly, under the letter N.

D. Cox. A version of the Lord's Prayer, printed anonymously 1561, is given afterwards with this name. *

Thomas Norton, a Barrister at Law, and assistant of **Lord Buckhurst** in the once popular tragedy of **Gorboduc**. His name, and the subsequent notices, first occur in the entire version. He appears to have studiously supplied deficient numbers. The initials T. N. are to a second translation of number 51, but the usual distinguishment is only the N. as prefixed to 75, 101, 102, 105, 106, 108, 109, 110, 115, 116, 117, 118, 129, 131,† 135, 136,‡ 138 to 145 inclusive; 147, 149, 150, in all 28.

Robert Wisdom. A second version of psalm 125§ and a well-known prayer at the end of the collection.||

M. Unnoticed by Ritson, it might be John Mard-

* A writer not mentioned by Ritson. He has likewise a grace before and after meat, in sixteen lines each, of alternate rhyme, in a *Manuel of Christian Prayers* by Abraham Fleming, printed by Peter Short for the assignes of William Seres, 1594, 16mo.

† Letter M. in 1581, the other authorities N.

‡ A second version by T. C. added at some period after 1583. From that period, when ascertained, the probability will appear of its being done by **Thomas Churchyard**.

§ So little care or research has been considered essential to rectify errors upon the present subject, that every mention of this writer particularizes this number as 25.

|| It seems improbable that this "arch-botcher of a psalm or prayer" should be ridiculed into celebrity by the facetious Bishop Corbet, unless he was a noted psalm singer, or author of more than generally ascertained. He is likewise mentioned by Sir Thomas Overbury, who says a *Precisian* "conceiues his prayer in the kitchen, rather than in the church, and is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the Almighty to talke with him extempore. He thinks every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather heare one of Robert Wisdom's psalmes, then the best hymn a Cherubin can singe." *Wife, &c.* 1638. Wisdom died in 1568.

ley,

ley, who "turned twenty four psalms into English odes, and made many religious songs." Supposing the first supplied number 132, from the last might be selected "the humble sute of a sinner," and "the lamentation of a sinner."

T. B. Usually supposed to denote Thomas Bastard, but appears too doubtful to be applied to the Morning and the Evening Prayer.

E. G. Initials unapplied, prefixed to *Da pacem Domine*.

Anonymous. Of the prefixtures, Veni Creator, Veni exultemus, Te Deum, Song of the Three Children, Benedictus, Magnificat, Song of Simeon, Creed of Athanasius, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and Complaint of a Sinner. Of the affixtures, the Creed, Prayer to the Holy Ghost, the Lamentation and Thanksgiving. Some of these are attributed to Whittingham in the History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 168.

To this detail of numericals may be subjoined comparative specimens of the psalmody. As an introduction I shall borrow part of Warton's just and appropriate observations, reviewing the translation as well with respect to the period of its first appearance, as also embracing the variation of an incumbered idiom arising from the lapse of time. "It is certain had they been more poetically translated, they would not have been acceptable to the common people. Yet however they may be allowed to serve the purposes of private edification, in administering spiritual consolation to the manufacturer and mechanic, as they are extrinsic to the frame of our liturgy, and incompatible with the genius of our service, there is perhaps no impropriety in wishing that they were remitted.—Whatever estimation,

mation, in point of composition, they might have attracted at their first appearance in a ruder age, and however instrumental they might have been at the infancy of the reformation in weaning the minds of men from the Papistic ritual, all these considerations can now no longer support even a specious argument for their being retained. From the circumstances of the times, and the growing refinements of literature, of course they become obsolete and contemptible. A work grave, serious, and even respectable for its poetry, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, at length, in a cultivated age, has contracted the air of an absolute travestie.—Attempts have been made from time to time to modernise this antient metrical version, and to render it more tolerable and intelligible by the substitution of more familiar modes of diction. But to say nothing of the unskilfulness with which these arbitrary corrections have been conducted, by changing obsolete for known words, the texture and integrity of the original style, such as it was, has been destroyed: and many stanzas, before too naked and weak, like a plain old Gothic edifice, stripped of its few signatures of antiquity, have lost that little, and almost only strength, and support which they derived from ancient phrases. Such alterations even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to explain; and exhibit “motley performance, belonging to no character of writing, and which contains more improprieties than those which it professes to remove. Hearne is highly offended at these unwarrantable and incongruous emendations, which he pronounces to be *abominable* in any book, “much more a sacred work;” and is confident, that were Sternhold and Hopkins “now living, they would be so far from ‘owning what is ascribed to them,

them, that they would proceed against the innovators as CHEATS."* It is certain that this translation, in its genuine and unsophisticated state, by ascertaining the signification of many radical words now perhaps undeservedly disused, and by displaying original modes of the English language, may justly be deemed no inconsiderable monument of our ancient literature, if not of our ancient poetry."

Hopkins is not traced later than 1556, but from the additions made, in his name, after 1561, there is little doubt he was living beyond that period, and was the ostensible editor of the complete version. Presuming this fact, notwithstanding in the above advertisement he expresses much cautious fear that his own performance might "be fathered on the dead man, and so through his estimation to be the more highly esteemed;" yet he proves not equally tenacious upon reprinting the portion by Sternhold. Though the thirty-seven psalms are considered as the translation of his predecessor, the alterations are always to be traced in a greater or lesser degree. The following specimen is long but not incurious. By the alternate pages will be seen what was the real performance of Sternhold, and what the subsequent revision supposed by Hopkins.†

* Gloss. Rob. Gl. p. 699. This united testimony in favour of correct transcripts may be aptly applied, as unanswerable, to those who object to the servile copy of a text which they consider obsolete and unintelligible.

† This can only extend to supposition. The question is every way doubtful, and to assert the revision entirely by Hopkins is inconsistent with the further language of the advertisement describing his own metre as not in any part to be compared with Sternhold's "MOST EXQUISITE DOINGS." If the "arch botcher" may be considered as the interpolating editor of the whole collection it would account for Corbet invoking the ghost of Wisdome to "patch us up a zealous lay, with an old *ever and for'ay*, or *all and some*;" language that is not used in either of the pieces ascribed to him.

(From

(From the edition of 1551.)

Quam bonus. Psal. lxxiii.

*He wondereth how the foes of God doe prosper and encrease :
And howe the good and godly men, doe seldome liue in peace.*

How good is God to suche as bee, of pure and perfect hearte ?
Yet slip my fete away from hym, my steppes decline apart,
And why, because I fondly fall, in enuye and d'sdayne
That wicked men all thynges enioye, without disease or payne.
And beare no yoke vpon their neckes nor burden on theyr backe
And as for store of worldly goodes they haue no wante or lacke.

And free from all aduersitie, when other men be shente :
And with the rest they take no parte of plage or punishment.
Wherby they be full gloriously in pryde so hyghe extolde :
And in theyr wronge and violence, be wrapte so many folde,
That by aboundaunce of theyr goodes, they please theyr appetite :
And doe all thynges accordyngly vnto theyr heartes delyte.
All thynges are vyle in theyr respect, sauing themselues alone :
They bragge theyr mischiette openlye to make theyr power be knowne.
The heauens and the liuing lorde, they care not to blaspheme :
And loke what thyng they talke or saye, the worlde doth well esteme.
The flocke therefore of flatterers, doe furnish vp theyr trayne :
For there thei be ful sure to sucke some profite and some gayne.
Tush, tush, say they vnto themselues, is there a God aboue ;
That knoweth and suffereth all this yll and wil not vs reprove ?
Loe, ye may see howe wicked menne, in ryches styll increase :
Rewarded well with worldly goodes, and live in rest and peace.

[Conclusion.]*

And loe, all suche as thee forsake, shall perysh euerychone,
And those that trust in any thyng sauyn in thee alone.

• The variation of the intermediate lines is very trifling.

(From

(From the edition of 1561.)

Psalme lxxiii. Tho Ster.

The p̃phet teachet by his exāple, that neither the worldelie p̃sp̃itie of the vngodlie, nor yet the afflictiõ of the good ought to discourage God's children, but rather ought to moue vs to consider our father's prouidence, and to cause vs to reuerẽce God's iudgemẽtes, forasmuche as the wicked vanish away like smoke, and the godlie euer into life euerlasting, in hope whereof he resigneth himselfe into God's handes.

Howeuer it be, yet God is good and kinde to Israel:

And to all suche, as safely kepe their conscience pure and wel.

Yet, like a foole, I almost slipt, my fete began to slide,

And, or I wist, euen at a pinch, my steppes awrie gan glide.

For when I sawe suche foolish men, I grudgde and did disdain,

That wicked mē all thĩgs shulde haue without turmoile or paine.

They neuer suffer pangs nor grief, as if death shulde them smite:

Their bodies are bothe stoute & strõg, and euer in good plite.

And fre from all aduersitie, when other men be shent;

And with the rest they take no parte of plague or punishment.

Therefore p̃sumptiõ doeth embrace their necks, as doeth a chaine.

And are euen wrapt, as in a robe, with rapine and disdain.

They are so fed, that euen for fat their eyes oft times out start:

And as for worldelie goods they haue more then can wish their heart,

Their life is moste licencious, boasting muche of the wrong,

Which they haue done to simple men, and euer pride among.

The heauens and the liuing Lord, they spare not to blaspheme,

And prate they do on wordelie thĩgs: no wight they do esteme.

The people of God oft times turne backe to se their prosprouis state;

& almoste drinke the selfe same cuppe, and followe the same rate.

How can it be that God, say they, shulde knowe and vnderstand

These worldelie thĩgs, since wicked men be lordes of sea & land?

For we may se how wicked men in riches still increase;

Rewerded wel with worldlie goods, and liue in rest and peace.

[Conclusion.]

And lo, all suche as thee forsake, thou shalt destroy echone;

And those that trust in any thing, sauing in thee alone.

Therefore wil I drawe nere to God, and euer with him dwell:

In God alone I put my trust, thy wonders wil I tell.

In attempting to supply the mechanic with the plainest version, the labour of the editor did not end with only improving the text of a deceased writer, and Hopkins sought by rejection to perfect the whole. Pursuing this laudable attempt, still it is doubtful if the untoward rhimes of Ainsworth, (who printed an English version at Amsterdam half a century afterwards), from more nearly resembling the original, would not have been considered better to supply a deficiency, than the refined strains of Lord Surry, and others, contemporary, which could have been adopted. The pen of Norton supplied a substitute to Whittingham's 129th Psalm, thus commencing,

“ Of Israel this may now be the song,
 Euen from my youth my foes haue oft me noyed;
 A thousand ils, since I was tendre and yong,
 They haue me wrought, yet was I not destroyed.

 As yet I beare the markes in bone and skin,
 That one wolde thinke that the plowmē with their plowes,
 Upon my backe haue made their balkes farre in,
 For, like plowde grounde, enen so haue I long forowes.” &c.

In the portion selected of Kethe's numbers the variation is very slight from the modern copies. The following may compare with the editor's second version.

“ Saue me, o God, for thy name's sake,
 And by thy grace my cause defend;
 Oh, heare my prayers which I make,
 And let my wordes to thee ascend.

 For strangers do against me rise,
 And tyrants sicke my soule to spil;
 They set not God before their eyes,
 But bent to please their wilful wil.

Beholde,

Beholde, God is mine helpe and stay,
 And is with suche as do me aide;
 My foes despite he wil repay;
 Oh, cut them of as thou hast saide.

Then sacrifice, o Lord, wil I
 Present ful freely in thy sight;
 And wil thy name stil magnifie,
 Because it is bothe good and right.

For he me broght frō troubles great,
 And kept me, from their raging ire:
 Yea, on my foes, which did me threat,
 Myne eyes haue sene mine heart's desire." (Ps. 54.)

Pullain is the last name requiring notice,* and being little known as a writer, I shall trespass on the page to give the single omission.

" Sing vnto the Lord with heartie accord
 A new ioyful song:
 His praises resounde in euerie grounde
 His Saintes all among.
 Let Israel reioyce, and praise eke with voyce,
 His maker louing;
 The sonnes of Sion let them euerie one
 Be glad in their king.
 Let all them aduance his name in the dance,
 Bothe now and alwayes;
 With harpe and tabret, euen so likewise let
 Them vtter his prayes.
 The Lord's pleasure is, in them that are his,
 Not willing to start,
 But all meanes do seke, to succour the meke,
 And humble in heart.

* Cox, Norton, &c. may be referred to in any copy.

The saintes more and lesse, his praise shal expresse,
 As is good and right;
 Reioycing, I saye, both nowe and for aye,
 In their beddes at night.
 Their throte shall brast out, in euerie route,
 In praise of their Lord;
 And as men moste bolde, in hand shall they holde
 A two-edged sworde;
 Auenged to be in euerie degre
 The heathen vpon:
 And for to reprove, as them doth behoue,
 The people echone;
 To bind strange kings fast in chaines that will last;
 Their nobles also;
 In hard yron bands, as wel fete as hands,
 To their grief and wo;
 That they may in dede giue sentence with spede,
 On them to their paine;
 As is writ. Alwayes suche honour and prayes,
 His saintes shal obtaine.

(Ps. 149.)

To render a translation in our vernacular tongue,
 that should unite all the energetic simplicity and wild
 sublimity of the original, when forced into measure,
 and fettered with rhyme, is perhaps impossible. The
 pressure of this difficulty might induce Warton, after
 "condemning the practice of adulterating this primi-
 tive version," to reprobate "any version at all, more
 especially if intended for the use of the church." Ad-
 mitting the many objections that must occur to reflec-
 tion upon this subject; admitting that any translation
 partakes of the character of "sacred poems;" that
 "the reader justly expects, and from good poetry
 always

always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; [and that] this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion;" (since "whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being;— Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved;") — admitting "all that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear;" yet as for these purposes it may be very useful, * let us not entirely reject metrical psalmody. In substituting hymns for this languid versification may be traced the rapid increase of the proselytes to methodism. Rather let the best paraphrastic imitations be selected, under dignified authority, and if those who have wandered do not return, it will at least prove, in part, an antidote to the chanting delusions of modern sectarists. †

J. H.

* Dr. Johnson's Life of Waller.

† In the critical observations, particularly on the ninetieth Psalm, which appear in the last volume of the CENSURA, the name of Sternhold seems intended to imply the whole version. The passages from psalms translated by him are the 7th and 120th, given at p. 403. Subsequent alterations leave little trace of their earlier translator.

"His sweorde to whet, his bowe to bend,
and stryke vs for our sinne.

He wyll prepare his killing tooles,

and sharpe his arowes preste;

To stryke and pearce with violence,

the persecutour's brest.

7th.

Howe hurtefull is the thyng,

Or els how doth it styng,

The tonge of suche a lyer;

It hurteth no lesse I wene,

Then arowes sharpe and kene,

Of whote consumyng fyer."

120th.

Such is the language printed by Whitchurch.

ART. V. *Religionis Funus, et Hypocritæ Finis.*

Quasi vulpes in deserto,
Prophetæ tui, O Israel. Ez. xiii. 4.

Ne rodas jubeo, mea carmina, Mome, sed orbi
Ede tua, et Momos etiam tu Momus habebis.

Londini, Excudit Tho. Whitaker, MDC. XLVII.

4to. pp. 22.

This rare little volume, which is accompanied by as rare a print of the author, Henry Oxinden, had never been seen by Granger, whose account is erroneous in both editions of his work. He calls the author Sir Henry Oxinden, and says he was ancestor of the present Baronet of that name. But he was only a collateral branch of that family.

The print (which is very prettily engraved, and has been lately copied by Richardson) is inscribed "*Hen. Oxinden de Barham.*" Beneath this motto "*Non est mortale quod opto. 1647.*" In the upper corners, the arms and crest, viz. 1 & 4. Arg. a chevron gules between 3 oxen passant Sab. for *Oxinden* 2 & 3 Az. on a chevron argt. 3 talbots passant sable for *Brooker* of *Maydekin*. Crest, a lion's head full faced issuing out of a ducal coronet. He was son of Richard Oxinden of Little Maydekin in Barham (or rather Denton, for the house stands in Denton Street at the junction of the two parishes) in East Kent, (which Richard died 1629,) by Katherine daughter of Sir Adam Sprackling of Canterbury, Knt. Richard, the father, was 2d son of Sir Henry Oxinden of Dene in Wingham, in East Kent, by Elizabeth daughter and heir of James Brooker

Brooker of Maydekin, who died 1588. Henry, the author, was buried at Denton June 17, 1670.* He seems to have been a decided loyalist, which was not the case with the head branch of his family.

The book has nothing but its rarity worthy of notice. On this account alone I give the following extracts.

“ Ad Lectorem.

“ Lector, conjuro te, ne carmina nostra in obliquum sensum, et extra intentionem nostram torqueas. Minime quidem propositum nostrum est, in ignominiam sanctorum, et hominum vere religiosorum tubam nostram inflare. Absit, absit a nobis hujus farinæ Musica. Nos tantum in cautionem hypocritarum, hominum bicordium, quales Apostolus in ultimo hoc sæculo venturos prædixit, metra nostra proferimus; quorum sermones satis prolixi plerunque tendunt ad suorum commodum, ideoque ut ipse dixit CHRISTUS, scrutator cordium, in speciem utuntur longis precibus, ut exinde exedant domos viduarum, ut ab hiis caveas, exoptat

Amicus tuus,

HEN. OXINDEN

de Barham.”

“ Hypocritæ Finis.

“ Quid si ipsas feriet capite excellentia nubes?

Ipsæ in perpetuum sicut sua fæda peribit

* His descendant and heir, Lee Wailey of Canterbury, Gent. lately died at Canterbury, aged upwards of 90; and left his library of books, many of which were collected by the above H. Oxinden, to the parish of Elham, next Denton; with money to build a room next the church, in which to deposit them.

Stercora; dicet ubi est tandem qui viderat illum?
 Atque volans non visus abest ut visio noctis.
 Et vidisse sat est oculo qui vidit, et ultra
 Heu locus ipsius non contemplabitur ipsum,
 Ossa juventutis vitiis implentur iniquæ
 Cumque illo remanent misero sociata sepulchro.
 O quam dulce suo scelus ipsius ore fuisset!
 Et quam sub linguâ tacite celaverat illud!
 Atque epulæ illius conversæ in viscera ventris
 Illic instanter factæ lethale venenum.
 Evomisset opes male quas surrepserat omnes,
 Nam de ventre ejus DEUS ipse extraxerat illas.
 Aspidis hic suxit cerebrum, quoque vipera lingua
 Occidit, hic nunquam rivos spectabit amœnos
 Mellis torrentes dulcis, butyrique placentis.
 Exitus hic malus est hominis, qui bella movebat
 In cœlum, DOMINUMQUE suum REGEMQUE beatum.
 Hi, quamvis titulis speciosis fallere mentes
 Mortales possunt, quamvis imponere turbis
 Simplicibus valeant verbis, et pectore ficto,
 Non tamen illi oculum qui conspicit omnia fallent
 Ætherie patris, qui cernens abdita rerum
 Intima rimatur clausi penetralia cordis.
 Qui capite obliquo incedunt, qui lumine terram
 Figunt, qui longo ducunt suspiria tractu,
 Quique preces longas bulbis de naribus efflant,
 Atque supercilio breviores ferre capillos
 Gaudent, sed ficto simulant pia pectora vultu,
 Qui facie gestant agnas, sed corde leones:
 Hi quamvis fallant homines mendacibus umbris,
 Et ficta pietate colant, et Sabbata servant,
 Non tamen illudent oculis vigilantis Olympi.
 Tempus erit, quando Dominus qui pectora cuncta
 Scrutatur, vultus simulatos deteget omnes,
 Et manifestabit secreta latentia cordis,

Tunc

Tunc deturbabit cunctos ad Tartara fictos
Torquendos sine fine pice, et nigrantibus undis
Cocyti, et facibus furiarum ardentibus intus."

Such are the contents of this little volume. I am afraid the author's English poetry has still less claims to praise, if we may judge from the only specimen in my power, which is copied from a mouldering tombstone under the communion rails of my little church of Denton. It is the epitaph on my remote predecessor.

" Epitaph.

" Sir Anthony Perceval, Knight, 12 Jan. 1646,
Aged about 45, and Dame Gertrude, * his Lady
Deceased May 12, 1647, aged 33; from hence
Expect the speedy return of their blessed Saviour."

" Behold the ashes of a worthy Knight,
Which make for thee, O Reader, a glasse light.
Hee had not been confined to this grave,
If wit or prudence him from thence could save.
But these his vertues only were the shade
Of heavenly grace that flowers in their fade.
And thou in Christ thy choicest giftes must raise

† ——— ——— ———
† ——— ——— ———

Who ——— with vertue's highest spheare,
And where both wits and beauties were abundant
E'en there for wit and beauty was transcendant.
But this her graces above all did beare,
That they were sublimated in God's feare,
Who loving her before the world began
Ordained her a spouse for 's only sonne.

* She was daughter of Sir Henry Gibbs, of Co. Warwick, Bart.

† Covered by the Communion rails.

O blest beyond the reach of human chance,
 Whom neither Order nor yet Ordinance
 Can hurt or reach, or Envy can annoye,
 Or vote them from the pleasures they enjoye.
 And Death ————— in vain,
 For these your Master ————— with him to raigne.*

TESTE HEN. OXINDEN
De Barham."

ART. VI. *The Whole Workes of Samuel Daniel, Esquire, in Poetrie. London: Printed by Nicholas Okes for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Crowne, 1623. 4to. pp. 231 and 479.*

The first series of pages contains the poem of *The Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, in 8 books.† In the second series of pages are several additional title-pages, viz.

1. *A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius. London, &c. as before.* Here, at p. 15, occurs *A Funeral Poem on the Death of the Earl of Devonshire.*

* Sir Anthony Percival (who appears by his arms to have been of the Egmont family) left a son and heir, John Percival, Esq. who married a coheir of the family of Monins of Waldershare, (now the seat of Lord Guilford.) He sold the Denton estate about the time of the Restoration. Sir Anthony's first wife, Alice Kempe, has a monument in St. James's church, Dover, 1637, (see Topogr. I. 125) where a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion by the learned John Reading, for whose numerous publications see Wood's Ath. II. 407.—Sir Anthony was at that time Comptroller of the Customs at Dover. He was knighted by Charles I. on Dec. 8, 1641.

† The four first books were published 1595, 4to.; a fifth book was added 1599; a sixth, 1602; and the two last 1609.

2. At

2. At p. 27, *A Panegyrike Congratulatorie, delivered to the King's most excellent Majestie at Burleigh Harrington in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also certaine Epistles,* with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the Author.*

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

London, &c. as before. The Epistles are to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper; to Lord Henry Howard; to Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland; to Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford; to Lady Anne Clifford; and to Henry Wrothesley, Earl of Southampton. Then follows "The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the sea, and having in his boat two women, of whom he loved the one that disdained him, and scorned the other, who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them to appease the rage of the tempest, but which was referred to his own choice," two pages.

3. At page 79, *Musophilus, containing a General Defence of Learning.*

4. At p. 113 *The Complaint of Rosamond.* † At p. 149 commence the Sonnets, called *Delia.* ‡ After p. 180, *A Description of Beauty, translated out of Marino,* three pages. Then an address *To the Angell Spirit of the most excellent Sir Phillip Sidney,* three pages. Then, *A Letter written to a worthy Countess,* three pages of prose. Then, "To the Right Rev. James Montague, Bishop of Winchester, a poetical epistle, three pages. All these pages are unnumbered.

* Published separately. London, 1603.

† First published 1592, 4to.—1594, 12mo.

‡ Daniel's first publication was "The Tract of Paulus Jovius, 1585."

5. At p. 181, *The Tragedy of Philotas*. London: Printed &c.*

6. At p. 257, *Hymen's Triumph*. *A Pastorall Tragicomædie*, presented at the Queene's Court in the Strand, at her Majestie's magnificent entertainment of the King's most excellent Majesty, being at the nuptials of the Lord Roxborough.

7. At p. 325, *The Queene's Arcadia*. *A Pastcrall Trage-Comedie*, presented to her Majesty and her Ladies by the University of Oxford in Christ's Church in Aug. 1605.†

8. At p. 403, *The vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, presented in a Maske the eight of January, at Hampton Court by the Queene's most excellent Majesty and her Ladies.‡

9. At p. 421, *The Tragedie of Cleopatra*.

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

ART. VII. *Poems by Michael Drayton, Esquier. Collected into one volume. Newly corrected MDCXXXVII. London: Printed for John Smethwick. In an engraved title-page by Marshall, with Drayton's head at top. pp. 487. 12mo.*

These poems consist of, 1. The Barons' Wars. 2. England's Heroical Epistles. 3. The Legend of Robert Duke of Normandie. 4. The Legend of Matilda. 5. The Legend of Pierce Gaveston. 6. The Legend of Great Cromwell. 7. Idea, containing sixty-three Sonnets. Why the historical poem of the Battle of Agincourt is left out, does not appear.

* First published 1602, 12mo.—1605, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

† Published following year, 1606, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

‡ Printed by Waterson, 1594, 12mo.—1599, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

ART. VIII. *The Battailes of Crescey and Poictiers, under the fortunes and valour of King Edward the Third of that name, and his sonne Edward, Prince of Wales, named the Black. By Charles Aleyn. Printed by Tho. Harper, &c. 1633.**

This is the 2d edition—the first was published in 1631.

ART. IX. *The Historie of that wise and fortunate Prince Henrie of that name the Seventh, King of England. With that famed battaile fought between the said King and Richard III. named Crook-back, upon Redmore, near Bosworth. In a poem by Charles Aleyn. † Printed for Tho. Cotes. 8vo. 1638. ‡*

ART. X. *The Reign of King Henry the Second, written in Seaven Bookes. By his Majestie's command.*

Invalidas vires Rex exutat, et juvat idem

Qui jubet; obsequium sufficet esse meum. AUSEN.

London: Printed by A. M. for Benjamin Fisher, dwelling in Aldersgate streete at the signe of the Talbot. 1633. Sm. 8vo.

These articles are thus placed here, that they may illustrate each other by way of juxta position. Of Daniel and Drayton it will be necessary to say very little, as they are well known, and have lately been reprinted in Anderson's Poets. In matters of taste it is neither my wish nor would it be possible to convince;

* This title is copied from Oldys's article of Aleyn in Kippis's Biogr. Brit. my copy having lost the title-page.

† Aleyn also published "The History of Euryalus and Lucretia," translated from Æneas Sylvius. 8vo. 1639.

‡ Athenæum, No. 23, (Novr. 1808) p. 422.

but

but, I confess, my own preference of Daniel to Drayton is decisive. If the language of the latter is less abstract, that of the former is more pure, perspicuous, fluent, pointed, and original; it abounds in a stream of the most acute moral reflections, often expressed with surprising force and felicity, the result of a discriminative head constantly exercised in meditating on all the variety of human affairs, and constantly arranging those meditations till they were ready with all their shades of difference at his call. But all these nice and masterly operations of the head would have been little, unless they had received a vivifying effect from the spirit of a feeling, warm, and virtuous heart. It is said that he is too much of an historian, rather than a poet. But does not Drayton, who makes this charge, * fall into the same defect?

I will select a short specimen from each on similar topics; the presages of death felt by K. Edward II. and K. Richard II. which are very favourable extracts of both poets.

*“ Edward II. at Berkeley Castle. By Drayton.
Baron’s Wars, Cant. V. st. 40, &c.*

40.

“ Thus they to Berkeley brought the wretched King,
Which for their purpose was the place fore-thought.
Ye Heavenly Powers, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horror to be wrought,

* “ Amongst these, Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse
‘To be too much historian in verse;
His rhimes were smooth, his metres well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose.”

Drayton’s Epistle to Reynolds of Poets and Poesy.

That

That might the nation into question bring?

But, O, your ways with justice still are fraught!

But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,

From whence he bade the wicked world farewell.

41.

They lodg'd him in a melancholy room,

Where through strait windows the dull light came far,

(In which the sun did at no season come)

Which strengthen'd were with many an iron bar,

Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,

Where night and day waged a continual war;

Under whose floor the common sewer past,

Up to the same a loathsome stench that cast.

42.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,

Whose croaking him of following horror tells,

Begetting strange imaginary fear,

With heavy echoes, like to passing bells:

The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,

As tho' they chim'd his last sad burying knells:

Under his cave the buzzing skreech-owl sings,

Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

43.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,

Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets,

Of falling down from steep rocks into streams,

Of deaths, of burials, and of winding sheets,

Of wand'ring helpless in far foreign realms,

Of strong temptations by seducing sprites;

Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,

His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

44.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,

Marching along with Lancaster's stern ghost,

Twenty-eight Barons, either hang'd or slain,

Attended

Attended with the rueful mangled host,
 That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
 At Burton-bridge, and fatal Borough lost;
 Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking every limb,
 As though that piece-meal they would torture him.

45.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled skies
 The least small star through any chink gave light,
 Straitways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
 As though that Heaven were angry with the night,
 That it should lend that comfort to his eyes;
 Deformed shadows glimpsing in his sight,
 As darkness, that it might more ugly be,
 Thro' the least cranny would not let him see.

46.

When all th' affliction that they could impose
 Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
 Above his torments yet his strength so rose,
 As though that Nature had conspir'd with Fate;
 When as his watchful and too wary foes
 That ceas'd not still his woes to aggravate,
 His further helps suspected, to prevent,
 To take away his life, to Berkeley sent.

47.

And to that end a letter fashioning,
 Which in the words a double sense did bear,
 Which seem'd to bid them not to kill the King,
 Shewing withal, how vile a thing it were;
 But by the pointing was another thing,
 And to dispatch him bids them not to fear:
 Which taught to find, the murderers need no more,
 Being thereto too ready long before.

48. When

48.

When Edward hop'd a chronicle to find
 Of those nine kings which did him there precede,
 Which some there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
 On which to pass the hours he fell to read,
 Thinking thereby to recreate his mind;
 But in his breast that did sore conflicts breed:
 'For when true sorrow once the fancy siezeth,
 What ere we see, our misery increaseth.'

Edward now reads the fates of the different Norman Princes from the Conqueror down to his father, Edw. I. Then,

58.

Turning the leaf, he found, at unawares,
 What day young Edward Prince of Wales was born;
 Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
 Or to despite him, they were set in scorn,
 Blotting the paper like disfiguring scars:
 'O let that name,' quoth he, 'from books be torn,
 Lest in that place the sad displeased earth
 Do loath itself, as slander'd with my birth.'

59.

'Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
 Sunk to a lake, or swallow'd by the sea;
 And future ages asking for that child,
 Say 'twas abortive, or 'twas stol'n away:
 And lest, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
 In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day:
 Let all be done, that power can bring to pass,
 To make forgot, that such a one there was.'

60.

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,
 Through which he did upon the letters look,
 Made them to seem like roundlets, that arise

By a stone cast into a standing brook,
 Appearing to him in such various wise,
 And at one time such sundry fashions took,
 As like deluding goblins did affright,
 And with their foul shapes terrify his sight."
 &c. &c.

*"Richard II. at Pomfret. By Daniel. From his
 Civil Wars, Book III.*

62.
 "Whether the soul receives intelligence
 By her near genius of the body's end,
 And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
 Foregoing ruin, wherein it doth tend:
 Or whether Nature else hath conference
 With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
 By prophetizing dreams what hurt is near,
 And gives the heavy careful heart to fear,

63.
 However so it is; the now sad King
 (Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound)
 Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
 Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
 Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
 Lists not to eat; still muses; sleeps unsound:
 His senses droop; his steady eyes unquick;
 And much he ails; and yet he is not sick.

64.
 The morning of that day, which was his last,
 After a weary rest rising to pain,
 Out of a little grate his eyes he cast
 Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
 And views the town, and sees her people press'd;
 Where others liberty makes him complain

The

The more his own; and grieves his own the more;
 Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

65.

'O happy man,' saith he, 'that lo I see
 Grasing his cattle in those pleasant fields!
 If he but knew his good, (how blessed he,
 That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
 Other than what he is, he would not be,
 Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
 Thine, thine is that true life, that is to live,
 To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

66.

'Thou sitt'st at home, safe by thy quiet fire,
 And hear'st of other harms, but feelest none;
 And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
 Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do moan.
 Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
 Of my restraint; why here I live alone;
 And pitiest this my miserable fall;
 For pity must have part; envy not all.

67.

'Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
 And have no venture in the wreck you see;
 No interest, no occasion to deplore
 Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
 How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
 To see our misery, and what we be!
 Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
 Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

68.

'Great Dioclesian, (and more great therefore
 For yielding up what thereto pride aspires)
 Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
 Than all the empire, all what th' earth admires;

Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor
 That little hath, but he that much desires;
 Finding more true delight in that small ground,
 Than in possessing all the earth was found.

69.

Are kings, that freedom give, themselves not free,
 As meaner men to take what they may give?
 What! are they of so fatal a degree
 That they cannot descend from that, and live?
 Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
 Nor may they their authority survive?
 Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
 Still am I fear'd? Is there no way but death?"

70.

Scarce this word *death* from sorrow did proceed,
 When in rush'd one, and tells him such a Knight
 Is now arriv'd! ————" &c. &c.

It is now my business to give a specimen of the
 poetry of ALEYN. The passage which I can most
 easily detach is the following.

*"Prelude to the Battle of Crescey. From C. Aleyn's
 Battle of Crescey, p. 18.*

"Now War doth quit her prison, and rejoice
 To try in Bretagne her uncertain chance;
 Edward for Montfort stands, Philip for Blois,
 Who both plead right in that inheritance:
 Weapons are drawn on both sides to cut out
 Their rights, but are put up before they fought.
 For now two Cardinals (a Nun before)
 Make a fair truce, and are the shields of France,
 As Fabius of Rome: their swords fence more
 Than arms; but when the English next advance,
 And march to Crescey, then the French shall know,
 Their church hath not a guard for such a blow.

Impatient

Impatient Mars once more to prison must
 And fast from blood; nor dare once dream of fight;
 Their tools of death for want of use shall rust,
 Whilst ploughmen stew'd in sweat make their's look
 bright.

'Twas iron's proper use for which 'twas found,
 Not to carve up a Christian, but the ground.

This pause doth not determine, but defer,
 And make more work for wounds, when next they
 fought;

This rest doth to another day refer;

This fire is yet but smother'd, not put out.

Truce is the curfew-bell, whose humming chime
 Rakes up war's embers for some other time.

Now tho' their helmets gather rust, and are
 The shops where spiders weave their bowels forth;
 Yet let not those brave heads, which did them wear,
 In rusty idleness entomb their worth.

The spirits are extinct, and valour dies,
 Without their sovereign diet, exercise.

Which mov'd our second Arthur to erect
 A table, lest their magnanimity
 Should languish in dull coldness and neglect
 Of practising their arms, and chivalry:
 For exercise and emulation are
 The parents that beget children for war.

Fam'd Arthur, worthy of best pens, but that
 Truth is so far before 'tis out of sight;
 Thy acts are made discourse for those that chat
 Of *Hampton's* cut-throat, or the Red-Rose Knight:
 Yet there is truth enough in thy fair story,
 Without false legends to enshrine thy glory.

Some Monkish pen hath given thy fame more blows,
 Than all the Saxons could thy body lend :
 The hand a sacrifice to Vulcan owes,
 That kill'd the truth by forgeries it pen'd.
 When truth and falsehood interlaced lie,
 All are thought falsehoods by posterity.
 And to invite great men from foreign parts
 (Guests worthy of this table) he did add
 Rich salaries to sublimate their hearts
 For high designs: some guerdon must be had
 To raise a great, and a dejected soul:
 Virtue steers bravely where there's such a pole.
 Antiquity the Arts so flourishing saw,
 Cheer'd by their patron's sweet and temperate air:
 'Twas hope of meed that made Apelles draw
 Such an unvalued piece of Philip's heir:
 And well he might: rewards not only can
 Draw such a picture, but make such a man.
 Philip well knowing this association
 Was of high consequence, and great import,
 A table did erect in imitation,
 Where Almain's and Italians should resort.
 He writ by Edward's copy: in all schools
 Examples may instruct, as well as rules.
 Yet in the reign of this first son of Mars,
 All is not sternly rugged; some delights,
 Some amorous sports to sweeten tarter wars,
 And then a dance begun the Garter Knights.
 They swell with love, that are with valour fill'd,
 And Venus' doves may in a head-piece build.
 As Sarum's beauteous Countess in a dance
 Her loosen'd garter unawares let fall,
 Renowned Edward took it up by chance,
 Which gave that order first original.

Thus

Thus saying to the wond'ring standers by,
There shall be honour to this silken tye.

From that light act this ORDER to begin,
 May seem derogatory from its worth:
 And yet small things have directories been,
 Actions of veneration to bring forth.
 That accident might the original prove:
 Nobility lies couching under love.

At least the MORT retorted on the Queen,
 And smiling courtiers might from hence proceed.
 Something like that of Philip's having seen
 The regiment of lovers that lay dead
 At Cheronea. *May Destruction fall*
On them, who these think any ill at all.

Some the beginning from first Richard bring,
 (Counting too meanly of this pedigree)
 When he at Acon tied a leather string
 About his soldier's legs, whose memory
 Might stir their valour up. But choose you whether
 You'll Edward's *silk* prefer, or Richard's *leather*.

But they take not a scruple of delight,
 More than's by nature given to relish pain,
 At once, you're welcome pleasure, and good night,
 Before 'tis settled, 'tis expell'd again.
 As dogs of Nilus drink a snatch, and gone;
 Sweets must be tasted, and not glutted on.

By this time France is rank; her veins are full
 And ripe to be let blood; death's instruments
 Are now keen-edged, which before were dull,
 And fit to execute the mind's intents,
 The furies roused from their loathed shelves,
 For former fastings now may feast themselves.

This truce was not to famish them, but get
 Them better stomachs when they next shall feed;
 The fight, and not the war was ended yet,
 War by peace only is determined;
 Truce but suspends a war, makes it not cease,
 For there's no medium between war and peace.

Th' act of hostility, and the exercise
 Of war hath stoppage, but the war is still:
 As when victorious sleep doth win my eyes,
 And captivate my senses; yet none will
 Say I have lost my sense: thus truces are
 But the mere sleeps, and holidays of war."

Of Thomas May I feel impelled to give a longer specimen.

"Description of Henry the Second's Coronation of his Son at Westminster. By Thomas May. From his Reign of Henry the Second. Book II.

"How ill Imperial Majesty can brook
 A sharer, seek not far; nor need you look
 Stories, whose credit time has ruin'd quite;
 Nor need you read, what old tragedians write
 Of this sad theme, or cast your pitying eyes
 Upon the Theban brothers' tragedies,
 Or brother's blood, that Rome's first voice did stain.
 The spacious heavens (as poets wisely feign)
 Brook'd not old Saturn and his Jupiter.
 By every age, and dire example near
 To us, how oft has this sad truth been prov'd?
 How many sons and fathers have been mov'd
 To parricide, to set themselves but free
 From that, which Henry makes himself to be,
 Rival'd in reign? But if he still retain
 Full regal powers, what more dost thou obtain

By

By this thy fat' er's kind donation,
 Young King, than title and a fruitless throne?
 How vain thy sceptre is, when thou shalt see
 The power divided from the dignity?

Yet do not so mistake thy fate; no less,
 Nay greater far esteem thy happiness
 Than if thou now wert seiz'd of all alone;
 The cares and dangers waiting on a crown
 Have made some fear the burden, or despise
 That sacred jewel of unvalued price.
 A prudent King, when he awhile survey'd
 The glittering splendour that his crown display'd,
 Was sighing heard to say, if those that view
 Far off thy flattering glories only, knew
 How many cares and griefs in thee are found,
 They would be loth to take thee up from ground.
 This wisest monarch, if he now should see
 Thy royal state, young King, would envy thee;
 And count thee happy sure, that dost alone
 Wear, without cares, the glories of a crown;
 That from the burden of a King art free,
 Invested only with the dignity.

Yet this prerogative brings no content
 To thee, that seem'st to want th' accomplishment
 Of royalty, the power and regal sway.
 Nothing, alas, this coronation day
 Has brought thee to, but to a nearer sight
 Of what thou hast not, nor is yet thy right.
 Thy stirring mind meets torture with a throne,
 But tantalized in dominion.
 The cause, alas, of woes that must ensue,
 And thy great father too too soon shall rue.

That day's solemnity in truest state
 The court of England strove to celebrate,
 And with such great magnificence, as night
 The majesty of that high presence fit;

When

When all at once two Kings, three Queens, were met,
 Besides so many high-born princes, great
 In fame and wealth. The feasting boards were fill'd
 With what this island or rich France could yield.
 Such cates as those, with which old poets feign'd
 In Thessaly the gods were entertain'd
 At silver-footed Thetis' bridal feast,
 Where Jove himself vouchsaf'd to be a guest;
 Where aged Chiron waited at the board,
 And brought what air, earth, waters could afford,
 When all rich Tempe, and th' adjoining seas
 Were search'd, besides what then the Naiades,
 What young Palæmon, Glaucus, and the green
 Sea-nymphs had brought to grace their beauteous Queen.
 The choicest wines that France or Spain could yield
 In cups of gold, studded with gems, were fill'd,
 And antique goblets, where the carver strove
 To equal Nature's skill; beasts seem'd to move,
 And precious birds their glistening wings display'd.
 The fair and massy vessels that convey'd
 The feast to them, did far in their high rates
 Exceed the value of those sumptuous cates.

King Henry, wanton with excess of joy,
 Which now he thought no fortune could destroy;
 (How soon deceiv'd! how soon enforc'd to find
 The error in his ill-presaging mind!)
 To testify a great affection,
 And grace the state of his young-crowned son,
 Himself, as sewer, will vouchsafe to wait
 Upon his son; who sits in regal state,
 And to his table the first dish present;
 The Lords and Princes all with one consent
 Applaud the King's great love, but secretly
 Are struck with wonder these strange rites to see.
 Some seek examples for it; some within
 Themselves do sadly from that sight divine;

When

When York's Archbishop the young King bespake;
 ' Rejoice, my princely son, and freely take
 The comfort of your state; no monarch, know,
 On earth has such a servitor as you.'
 With that the Prelate gently smil'd; but he
 With a proud look replies; ' why wonder ye?
 Or think these rites so strange, my father does?
 My birth is far more royal, well he knows,
 Than his; he only by the mother's side
 With high imperial blood was dignified:
 His father was but Anjou's Earl; but I
 Derive from both my parents royalty,
 A King and Queen!' They all with wonder hear;
 King Henry sigh'd; and 'gan e'en then to fear
 What after might ensue from such a pride.
 But at that triumph he resolv'd to hide
 His fears or griefs. Instead of which the court
 Was fill'd with revels; with all royal sport;
 All shows that high magnificence could give;
 There Art in strange varieties did strive
 Both to perplex and please the eyes of all;
 But Nature more; for to the festival
 From every part the choicest beauties came:
 There, like a fire etherial, every dame
 Did blaze more bright than elements could make,
 While from the countries they all flock'd to take
 Survey of kingly glories; while they sought
 To view the lustre of a court, they brought
 The lustre with them, and might seem to be
 Themselves that splendour, that they came to see.
 Amidst those sparkling beauties Cupid sat,
 Love's powerful god, and rul'd in highest state,
 Arm'd with his fires and shafts, resolv'd to be
 In Henry's court a greater king than he;
 Whose yoke the King must suffer. On the state
 Of Cupid there the little loves did wait.

Throughout

Throughout the court they took their wanton flight
 With wings unseen; and, when they list, would light
 Upon the ladies' shoulders, or their breasts,
 Their ruffs, or tires: they feel not those light guests
 Which they give harbour to. Bold LICENCE there;
 Sweet reconciled ANGER; blushing FEAR,
 Unseen DELIGHT, did with pale WATCHING fly;
 Desiring TEARS with wanton PERJURY,
 And all the rest. They say the beauteous Queen
 Of Love herself upon that day was seen
 Approaching London: up clear Thames's stream
 Borne on a sounding Triton's back she came:
 The river smooth'd his face to entertain
 The Queen of Love with her light-footed train.
 The silver swans ador'd her all the way,
 And churking did their snow-white wings display.
 The river-nymphs, that saw her coming, thought
 Some sweet achievement now was to be wrought;
 That Cupid sure had promis'd her to see
 Some high exploit, some royal victory,
 As that, when once he made imperial Jove
 Low like a bull for fair Europa's love;
 Or when he made rough Neptune feel his fire;
 Or warm'd chaste Cinthia's bosom with desire,
 And made her court the shepherd. Such a one
 Love's Queen now look'd for from her conquering son,
 Nor was her expectation void. She found
 As much as she could hope; a royal wound.
 No less than Henry's noble breast must be
 The trophy of her Cupid's victory.
 Henry's pleas'd eyes now wander'd every where
 Among those stars, that made his court their sphere,
 (For such they seem'd; and no less bright they shew'd,
 Although of different light and magnitude.)
 Oft could he change the objects of his eye
 With fresh delight; praise the variety

Without

Without distracted thoughts, till like the Queen
 Of Light, fair Cinthia, ROSAMUND was seen.
 There did he fix; there his amazed eye
 Forgot all pleasure of variety,
 And gaz'd alone upon her matchless hue.
 False Cupid laugh'd, and thence in triumph flew.
 Too much, alas, found Henry's wounded breast
 How much her beauty did outshine the rest.
 So golden Venus 'mong the sea-nymphs; so
 Did Deidamia 'mong her sisters shew
 When she inflam'd the young Achilles' heart.
 As Rosamund appear'd, each single part
 Of Love's rich dower, which she alone possest,
 Had been enough to fire a vulgar breast,
 And in another raise high beauty's fame.
 Into her form all several Cupids came,
 And all the Graces their perfection shew'd:
 Nature confess'd she had too much bestow'd
 On one rich mixture, which alone must wear
 All her fair liveries; pure whiteness there,
 Nor red alone must beauty's colours show;
 Blue pleads a title, since her veins are so;
 E'en black itself plac'd in her eye is bright,
 And seems to be the colour of the light.
 As they are hers, all forms, all colours please.
 Henry, the more he looks, does more increase
 His flame; and whether he should check desire,
 And go about to quench so sweet a fire;
 Or feed the flame he cannot yet resolve.
 A thousand thoughts does his sick breast revolve:
 Sometimes he seeks to cure the wound, and cast
 Out Cupid's fatal shaft; but still more fast
 The arrow sticks; and goes more deep into
 His wounded heart; ensnared fishes so,
 When they have once received the baited hook,
 The more they plunge the deeper still are struck

So

So when by chance the stately stag is shot,
 In vain he strives 'gainst fate; it boots him not
 Thro' all the forests, lawns, and fields to take
 His speedy course; no force, no flight, can shake
 The mortal shaft out of his wounded side.
 It boots not Henry to survey the pride
 Of other beauties now; converse with all
 The Princes met at his great festival,
 Or fix himself on the solemnities,
 The sports and revels of his court. His eyes
 Can recompense him with no sight at all;
 Nor yield him pleasure equal to the thrall
 They brought him to, by sight of Rosamund.
 No thoughts of state have power t' allay his wound.
 Sometimes he yields to Love's imperial flame;
 Resolves to court her favour straight; but shame
 Restrains that thought. His servants all discern
 A change; but are afraid the cause to learn.

'Tis not the crowning, Henry, of thy son,
 Though that shall breed a sad confusion,
 Can make thee less than King; or disenthroned
 Thee half so much, as love of her has done,
 That makes thee humbly sue: makes thee become
 Thyself a subject, forc'd t' abide the doom
 That sovereign beauty shall be pleas'd to give.
 Thou, mighty Prince, whose high prerogative,
 Equal to fate itself, us'd to bestow
 Or death or life on suppliants, art now
 Thyself an humble suppliant, and bound
 To sue for health to beauteous Rosamund!"

May's Reign of K. Edward the Third, in 7 books,
 was published in 1635, in 8vo.

His Translation * of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, though
 since

* It is dedicated to William, Earl of Devonshire, and has commendatory
 verses by Ben Jonson, H. V. and I. Vaughan. I have a copy in sm. 8vo.
 unpag'd;

since superseded by Rowe's, was highly praised by his cotemporaries.

unpaged; but extending to sign. T. The title-page being torn away, (probably an engraved one.) I know not the date; which however may easily be ascertained by a reference to catalogues. The third edition was *London*, 1635, 8^{vo}. The following description of the prodigies which preceded the Civil Wars between Cæsar and Pompey, on which he thus begins,

“ Wars more than civil, on CEmathian plains,
We sing; rage licens'd; where great Rome distains
In her own bowels her victorious swords;
Where kindred hosts encounter, all accords
Of empire broke: where arm'd to impious war
The strength of all the shaken world from far
Is met; known ensigns ensigns do defy,
Piles against piles; gainst eagles eagles fly;”

exhibits as favourable a specimen, as I could collect

FROM THE END OF BOOK I.

“ You gods, that easily give prosperity,
But not maintain it; that great city fill'd
With native souls, and conquer'd, that could yield
Mankind a dwelling, is abandon'd now
An easy prey to Cæsar; when a foe
Begirts our soldiers in a foreign land,
One little trench night's danger can withstand;
A sudden work rais'd out of earth endures
The foe's assault; the encamp'd's sleep secures,
Thou, Rome, a war but nois'd, art left by all,
Not one night's safety trusted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when Pompey flies,
’Tis time to fear; then lest their hearts should rise
With hope of future good, sad augury bodes
A worse ensuing fate; the threat'ning gods
Fill heaven, and earth, and sea with prodigies:
Unheard of stars by night adorn the skies:
Heaven seems to flame, and thro' the welkin fire
Obliquely flies; state-changing comets dire
Display to us their blood-portending hair;
Deceitful lightnings flash in clearest air.

Strange-

Strange-formed meteors the thick air had bred
 Like javelins long, like lamps more broadly spread.
 Lightning without one crack of thunder brings
 From the cold north his winged fires, and flings
 Them 'gainst our Capitol: small stars, that use
 Only by night their lustre to diffuse,
 Now shine in midst of day: Cinthia bright,
 In her full orb, like Phœbus, at the sight
 Of earth's black shades eclipses: Titan hides,
 (When mounted in the midst of heaven he rides
 In clouds his burning chariot) to enfold
 The world in darkness quite: day to behold
 No nation hopes: as once back to the last
 He fled at sight of sad Thyeste's feast,
 Fierce Vulcan opes Sicilian Ætna's throat,
 But to the sky her flames she belches not,
 But on the Italian shore obliquely flings;
 Blood from her bottom black Charybdis brings;
 Sadlier bark Scylla's dogs than they were wont;
 The vestal fire goes out; on th' Alban mount
 Jove's sacrificing fire itself divides
 Into two parts, and rises on two sides
 Like the two Theban princes' funeral fires;
 Earth opes her threatening jaws; th' Alps nodding spires
 Shake off their snow; Thetis does higher now
 'Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spain's Calpe flow.
 The native gods did weep; Rome's certain fall
 The Lares sweating shew'd; the off'rings fall
 Down in the temples; and, as we have heard,
 Night's fatal birds in midst of day appear'd;
 Wild beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
 And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
 Beasts make with men's articulate voice their moan,
 Births monstrous, in both limbs, proportion,
 And number; mothers their own infants fear'd;
 Sybilla's fatal lines were sung and heard
 Among the people; and with bloody arms
 Cybel's head-shaking priests pronounc'd their charms,
 I' th' people's ears howling a baleful moan;
 And ghosts from out their quiet urns did groan.

Clashing

Clashing of armour, and loud shouts they hear
 In desert groves; and threatening ghosts appear.
 The dwellers near without the city wall
 Fled; fierce Erynnis had encompass'd all
 The town; her snaky hairs and burning brand
 Shaking; as when she rul'd Agava's hand,
 Or the self-maim'd Lycurgus: such was she,
 Who once, when sent by Juno's cruelty,
 Great Hercules, new come from Hell, did fight:
 Shrill trumpets sounded; dismal airs of night
 That horrid noise, that meeting armies yield,
 Did then present: in midst of Mars his field
 Rose Sylla's ghost; and woes ensuing told:
 Ploughmen near Aniens streams Marius behold
 Rise from his sepulchre, and fly appall'd.
 For these things were the Tuscan prophets call'd,
 As custom was."

May continued this poem down to the death of Julius Cæsar in 7 books, both in Latin and English verse, which continuation was joined to the translation of the original in 2d edit. 1633, dedicated to the King. Sir Arthur Gorges had already translated this poem, which was published by his son Carew Gorges in 1614.

May was joined with Sir Robert Le Grys in the translation of "Barclay's Argenis, 1628, 4to." He also Englished "Barclay's Mirror of Minds, 1633, 12mo."

Langbaine says, that being candidate with Sir Wm. Davenant for the honourable title of Queen's Poet, and being frustrated in his expectations, out of mere spleen, as it is thought, for his repulse, he vented his spite in his "History of the late Civil Wars of England." In an Elegy on the Death of John Cleveland, printed in his Works, p. 282, and signed I. M. (supposed to be Jasper Mayne) are these lines:

"His honest soul in consultation sat,
 Unmasking vices both of church and state.
 It was not power, but justice made him write,
 No ends could, *May-like*, turn him parasite."

May also translated "Virgil's Georgics, London, 1622, 8vo. Oldys says "he died suddenly in the night of the Ides of November, 1650, being overcharged with wine. See Andrew Marvell's Poem on his death."

ART. XI. *A Letter sent by Sir John Suckling from France, deploring his sad estate and flight: with a discoverie of the plot and conspiracie, intended by him and his adherents against England. Imprinted at London. 1641.*

“A Letter sent by Sir John Suckling from France, deploring his sad estate and flight: with a discoverie of the plot and conspiracie, intended by him and his adherents against England.

1. “Goe, dolefull sheete to everie street
Of London round about-a,
And tell 'um all thy masters fall,
That lived bravely mought-a.

2. Sir John in fight as brave a wight,
As the knight of the sun-a,
Is forced to goe, away with woe,
And from his countrie run-a.

3. Vnhappy stars to breed such iars
That England's chief Sucklin-a,
Should prove of late the scorn of fate,
And fortunes unlucklin-a;

4. But ye may see inconstancie
In all things under heaven-a;
When God withdrawes his gracious lawes
We run at six and seven-a.

5. Alas, alas, how things doe passe?
What bootes a handsome face-a,
A prettie wit and legges to it
Not season'd well with grace-a.

6 I that in court have made such sport
As never yet was found-a,
And tickled all both great and small
The maides of honour round-a.

7. I that did play both night and day
 And revelled here and there-a,
 Had change of suits, made layes to lutes
 And bluster'd everie where-a.
8. I that could write and well indite
 As 'tis to ladies known-a,
 And bore the praise for songs and playes
 Far more then were mine own-a.
9. I that did lend and yearly spend
 Thousands out of my purse-a
 And gave the King a wondrous thing,
 At once a hundred horse-a.
10. Blest providence that kept my sense
 So well, that I fond elfe-a,
 Should chance to hit to have the wit,
 To keep one for myselfe-a.
11. I that marcht forth, into the North,
 And went up hills a main a
 With sword and lance like King of France,
 And so came downe again-a.
12. I that have done such things, the sun
 And moone did never see-a,
 Yet now poore Iohn, a poxe upon
 The fates, is faine to flee-a.
13. And for the brave, I us'd to have
 In all I wore or eate-a,
 Accurssed chance to spoyle the dance,
 I scarce have clothes or meate-a.
14. Could not the plot, by which I got
 Such credit in the play-a,
 Aglaura bright that Persian wight,
 My roving fancie stay-a.
15. But I must flie at things so high,
 Above me not allow'd-a?
 And I Sir John, like Ixion,
 For Juno kisse a cloud-a?

16. Would I had burn'd it, when I turn'd it,
 Out of a Comedie-a;
 There was an omen in the nomen
 I feare of Tragedie-a;
17. Which is at last upon me cast
 And I proclaim'd a sott-a,
 For thinking to with English doe
 As with a Persian plot-a.
18. But now I finde with grieve of minde
 What will not me availe-a,
 That plots in iest are ever best,
 When plots in earnest faile-a.
19. Why could not I in time espie
 My errour, but, what's worse-a,
 Vnhappy vermin must bring in *Iermin*
 The master of the horse-a.
20. The valiant Percie, God have mercie
 Vpon his noble soul-a;
 Though hee be wise by my advice
 Was in the plot most foule-a.
21. The wittie poet (let all know it)
 Davenant by name-a;
 In this design, that I call mine,
 I utterlie disclaime-a.
22. Though he can write, he cannot fight,
 And bravely take a fort-a:
 Nor can he smell a proiect well,
 His nose it is to short-a.
23. 'Tis true wee met, in counsell set,
 And plotted here in prose-a,
 And what he wanted, it is granted,
 Abridge made of his nose a;
24. But to impart it to his art,
 Wee had made prittie stuff-a;
 No, for the plot, that we had got,
 One poet was enough-a.

25. Which

25. Which had not fate and prying state
 Crusht in the very wombe-a,
 We had ere long by power strong,
 Made England hut one tomb-a.
26. Oh what a fright had bred that sight,
 When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,
 Within the wall of London all
 In severall troopes should prance-a.
27. When men quarter'd, woman slaughter'd,
 In heapes everie where-a,
 So thick should lie, the enemye,
 The very sight should scare-a.
28. That they afraid of what they made,
 A streame of blood so high-a,
 For safety fled, should mount the dead,
 And unto heaven get nigh-a.
29. The scarlet gowne, and best i' th' towne,
 Each other would bewaile-a,
 That their shut purse had brought this curse,
 That did so much prevaile-a.
30. Each Alderman in his own chaine,
 Being hang'd up like a dog-a,
 And all the city without pittie,
 Made but one bloody bog-a.
31. The Irish Kerne, in battell sterne,
 For all their faults so foul-a,
 Pride, use, ill gaine, and want of braine,
 Teaching them how to howle-a.
32. No longer then, the fine women,
 The Scots would praise and trust-a;
 The wanton dames being burnt in flames
 Far hotter then their lust-a;
33. But too too late lament their fate,
 And miserie deplore-a,
 By the French knocks, having got a pox,
 Worse then they had before-a.

34. Infants unborne should scape the horne,
 By being murther'd then-a;
 Which they were sure if life indure,
 To have when they were men-a.
35. The precise frie, that now mounts high,
 Full lowe we cast their lot-a,
 And all that thinke it sin to drinke,
 We doom'd unto the pot-a.
36. The parliament is fully bent,
 To roote up bishops cleane-a;
 To raze their fort and spoile their sport,
 Wee did intend and meane-a.
37. With many things, confusion bringes,
 To kingdoms in an hour-a
 To burn up tillage, sack and pillage,
 And handsome maides deflour-a.
38. But Argus eye did soon espy
 What we so much did trust-a;
 And to our shame and love of fame
 Our plot laid in the dust-a.
39. And had we staid, I am affraid,
 That their Briarian hand-a,
 Had struct us dead (who now are fled)
 And ceised all our land-a.
40. But thanks to heaven, three of the seven,
 That were the plotter's chiefe-a,
 Have led to France their wits a dance
 To finde out a reliefe-a.
41. But Davenant shakes and buttons makes,
 As strongly with his breech-a;
 As hee ere long did with his tongue,
 Make many a bombast speech-a.
42. But yet we hope hee 'le 'scape the rope,
 That now doth him so fright-a;
 The parliament being content,
 That he this fact should write-a. Finis.

From Paris, June 16, 1641.

I. S. K "

From

From a quarto tract of four leaves, the above is copied verbatim. The same rhyming measure was used in the ballad upon the Campaign of Sir John Suckling. The above is not without value, as far as such authority can be admitted. Joining in the plot with Sir William D'Avenant, and himself being alive at Paris in June 1641, are new biographical anecdotes. His death was given as upon May 7, 164—, some late writers say 1641, in the 28th, what by their own computation was the 29th year of his age, being, as they supposed, born in April 1613, until Mr. Lysons proved the inaccuracy from the parish register, where it is entered of Feb. 10, 1608-9.

That research is tedious work is no excuse for inattentive errors. Men that live in such turbulent periods as Suckling did, and take a prominent part in the national spectacle, should have their entrances and exits marked with accuracy, as forming no mean portion in the outline of their public character.

J. H.

ART. XII. *The copie of a letter sent from the roaring boyes in Elizium; to the two arrant Knights of the Grape, in Limbo, Alderman Abel and M. Kilvert, the two great projectors for wine; and to the rest of the worshipfull brotherhood of that Patent. Brought over lately by Quart pot, an ancient servant to Bacchus, whom for a long time they had most cruelly rackt, but hope shortly to be restored to his ancient liberties. Whereunto is added, the Oration which Bacchus made to his subjects, in the lower world; publishea for the satisfaction*

and benefit of his subjects here. [Two wood-cut oval portraits of Abel and Kilvert, with incidental accompaniments.] Brought over by the same Messenger. 1641. 4to. four leaves.

From the link of continuation created by the title, as brought from France with the last article, a brief notice of this tract seemed necessary. Seven pages of poetry, of lines introductory, the superscription, letter, and oration, commence thus:

“ Bacchus into Elizium tooke his way,
And to his crew proclaym'd a holy day;
And taking up his horne that held a tonne
Of right Canary, drunk't off, and begunne
To wind it so loud that Elizium
Rang with the noyes, and every blade did come;
First came the poets, of each land, and tooke
Their place in order, learned Virgill struck
In for the first; Ben Iohnson cast a glout,
And swore a mighty oath hee'd pluck him out,
And wallowing towards him with a cup of wine,
He did so rattle him with Catiline,
That had not Horace him appeas'd, 'tis said
He had throwne great Sejanus at his head.” —

J. H.

ART. XIII. *A true reporte of the death & martyr-
dome of M. Campion Iesuite and preiste & M.
Sherwin, & M. Bryan preistes at Tiborne the first
of December 1581. Observid and written by a
Catholike preist, which was present therat. Wher-
unto is annexid certayne verses made by sundrie
persons.*

persons. [Printer's device I. H. S. with a cross above; a heart pierced with three nails beneath; the whole in a double oval, and the inner irradiated].
Apoca. 7. These are they that came out of gret tribulation, and haue washed their stoles and made them white in the bloud of the Lambe. 16mo. 26 leaves.

It is probable this anonymous tract was printed at Doway; the device in the title appears similar to one used at that place in 1581.

By an address "to the reader," the work is declared to be a relation in answer to the slaunder spread abroad "to diminish the honour of their resolute departure & martirdome, as that M. Campion was timerous and fearfull, & that M. Sherwin died a Protestant.—And here by the way I might point out M. Elmer's folly, as not one of the least, who, notwithstanding the knowen lerning of M. Campion (he himselfe a man of knowen wisdom, & iudgement,) was not ashamed, at a sessions at Newgate, vpon the appaance of the Cutler of Holborne, to say openly, that M. Campion was vnlearned, and that a note booke or two of his felowes being taken from him he had nothing in him, as it was manifest in his disputations in the tower.—Muche more M. Elmer spake that day, as he thought, to the discredite of M. Campion, but I pray God giue him better consideration both of this and of further iustice, and so shall the poore poulter at his nexte complaynt be heard, euen of himself, beeing as he himself said a Bishop, a Lorde, and of some credite. Farewell."

This "true report" might be written by Robert
 Parsons,

Parsons, whose pen was repeatedly employed by the Catholics on similar defences. He describes himself as a priest and an eye witness of the execution. "Since which time, vpon request of some of my fellows and brethren, I wrote those dealings, to answere and satisfie our aduersaries generally, to content and comfort our persecuted brethren specially, and, in part, to diminishe those sinister rumors which are rayzed against these good men by a notable and most infamous libel, entituled, *An Aduertisement and defence for truth against her backbyters, and specially against the whispering fauorers and colorers of Campions, and the rest of his confederates treasons*, published there, and openly read, printed abroad without authoritie of seen and alowed, a pamphlet, false, impudent, and farssed with lyes and vntruthes, only to colour and shadowe with some face of equitie those strange proceedings."

Edmund Campion is described as a "Jesuite & preist, a man reputed and taken, and by diuers his co-equals plainlye confessed the flower of Oxforde for that time he studied there, and since abroad in foreine countries one in whom our countrey hath had great honor, the frute of his lerning, vertue, and rare giftes, whiche as they were in his childhood here among vs wonderful, so they were abroad, as in Italy, Germany, and Bohemia, an honour to our country, a glasse and mirror, a light and lanterne, a paterne and example to youth, to age, to lerned, to vnlearned, to religious, and to the laytie of al sort, state, & condition of modestie, grauitie, eloquence, knowledge, vertu and pietie, of which iust and due commendation some of our aduersaries can giue true and certeyn testimonie, who after diligent sifting and enquiring of his life, maners, and
demeanor,

demeanor, found nothing faulty, nothing worthy of blame."

"Rodulph Sherwin, a stoute, wise, discret, and lerned preist, was brought vnto the cart, a man so mortified, so febled with fasting, watching, and suche like spirituall exercise, as was wonderful vnto suche, who had conuersed with him before his imprisonment."

"Alexander Brian, a man, although in lerning & knowledge inferior to them, yet equal in patience, constancie and humilitie."

In the following passage are the names of the leading disputants who wrote in favour of Protestantism, or rather combined to unveil the errors and insufficiency of the Catholic system. "Truly it is a world to see the raggid rable of these petti prates who since M. Campion's imprisonment and death, haue caste vp their chargid gorge againste priesthoode, priests, and the societie of Jesus, who yf it would please her Highnes and her honorable counsel to lay open ether pulpit, or print, would shortly plume these dawes in suche short, that their nakednes aparently discovered wold shew them in their kind then should nether Charke, Hanmer, Whitakers, Fyld, Keltrigh, Eliot, kogging Munday, riming Elderton, and Iohn Nichols the disciple of bawdy Bale, all worshipful writers at this time against preistes and Jesuites, so daunse in their nettes, as now by sway of time they do, to the great hurte of infinite innotent soules then should not William Wiborn's Magg Howlet (a false and malicious practise of some fewe melancholike heretikes first broched and now renued by himselfe to diminish the credite and authoritie of counsels) flye free in the day from pursuite and wonder of other birds: at whom nowe with
the

the rest I think the lerned and wise Catholike will looke and laugh, as not worthy of refutation & answere, howsoever some yonger scoler may shortly exercise himselfe in reply vpon him whome all Englishe Catholikes (as they say) can not answere."

This virulent attack is resumed against Munday at the end of the report by "a caueat to the reader touching A. M. his discouery. Anthony Munday, or as it is (not without some consideration) thought, that some Macheuillian in Mundaye's name hath shuffled out of late a discouery of M. Campion's & his confederates treasons, the same in effect & substance with the aduertisement before rehearsed. My self considering this neiwe hatched discouery to peepe out by sene & allowed: haue thought good in the conclusion of this reporte for the more credit of this his discours to aduertise the reader, of the qualities and conditions of this davus, so rayling and rauing at uertuous and good men deseassed, that thereby he may the better iudge and value the truthe of that neiwe pamphlet which hath byn perused by no wurs man then by M. Norton a supposed traytor in the Tower, and now deliuered out by Munday, who first was a stage player (no doubt a calling of some credit*) after an aprentise which tyme he wel serued with deceauing of his master then wandring towards Italy, by his own report became a coosener in his iourney. Comming to Rome in his short abode there, was charitably releiued, but neuer admitted in the seminary as he pleseth to lye in the title of his booke,† and being wery of well doing, returned

* "Northbrooke's booke against plaiers."

† "The English Romaine Lyfe. Discouering the liues of the Englishmen at Roome: the orders of the English Seminarie: the dissention betweene

turned home to his first vomite againe. I omite to declare howe this scholler new come out of Italy did play extempore, those gentlemen and others whiche were present, can best guie witnes of his dexterity, who being wery of his folly, hissed him from his stage. Then being therby discouraged, he set forth a balet against playes, but yet (O constant youth) he now be- ginnes againe to ruffle vpon the stage. I omit among other places his behauior in Barbican with his good mistres and mother, from whence our superintendent might fetch him to his court, were it not for loue (I woulde save slaunder) to their gospel. Yet I thinke it not amiss to remember thee of this boyes infelicitie two seuerall wayes of late notorious. First, he writing vpon the death of Euerard Haunse, was immediatly controled and disproued by one of his owne hatche; and shortely after seting forth the apprehension of M. Campion, was disproued by George (I was about to saye) Iudas Eliot, who writing against him, proued that those thinges he did were for very lucre's sake only, and not for the truthe, although he himselfe be a

tweene the Englishmen and the VVelshmen: the banishing of the Englishmen out of Rome: the Popes sending for them againe: a reporte of many of the paltrie Reliques in Roome: their vautes vnder the grounde: their holy Pilgrimages: and a number other matters, worthy to be read and regarded of euery one. There vnto is added, the cruell tyranny, vsed on an English man at Roome, his Christian suffering, and notable martirdome, for the gossell of Iesus Christe, in Anno 1581. VVritten by A. M. sometime the Pope's Scholler in the Seminarie among them. Honos alit Artes. Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London, by Iohn Charlewoode, for Nicholas Ling; dwelling in Paules Churchyarde, at the signe of the Maremaide. Anno 1582. 4to. pp. 75, without dedication. A frontispiece in four compartments to "liuely decipher the order of the martirdom," of Richard Atkins.

person

person of the same predicament, of whom I muste say, that if felony be honesti, then he may for his behauiore be taken for a laweful witnes againste so good men. *

Al which considred, I wishe the reder to think that the credit of this discourser (at the time of their arraignment an accuser) shuld be such as in euery indifferent man's iugement we know and see by experience the accusers report against the accused doth deserue. Therefore, good reader, examine this man's honesti so reported, & suspend thy iugement against these good preists, vntill by God's grace the whole maner, course, and order, arraignment, accusation, condemnation, and answeres, shal come forth, which is shortly intēded for thy benefite and satisfaction."

"The certain verses made by sundry persons" are only material as again enumerating several writers of that period. From the first piece, of thirty stanzas, the following are taken.

"England looke vp, thy soyle is staind with blood,
thou hast made martirs many of thine owne,
if thou hast grace their deaths will do thee good,
the seede wil take which in such blood is sowne,
and Campion's lerning fertile so before,
thus watered too, must nedes of force be more.

Repent thee Eliot of thy Iudas kisse,

I wish thy penance, not thy desperate ende
let Norton thinke which now in prison is,

to whom was said he was not Cæsar's friend,
and let the judge consider well in feare,
that Pilate washt his hands, and was not cleare.

* A portion respecting Munday is inserted in the Biographia Dramatica.

The witnesse false, Sledd, Muuday, and the rest,
 which had your slanders noted in your booke,
 confesse your fault before hand it were best,
 lest God do find it written when he doth looke
 in dreadfull doome vpon the soules of men,
 it wil be late (alas) to mend it then.

You bloody iury Lea and all the leauen,
 take hede your verdit which was giuen in hast
 do not exclude you from the ioyes of heauen,
 and cause you rue it when the time is past:
 and euery one whose malice causd him say
crucifige, let him dread the terror of that day.

Fonde Elderton call in thy foolish rime,
 thy scurile balates are to bad to sell,
 let good men rest, and mend thy self in time,
 confesse in prose thou hast not meetred well,
 or if thy folly can not choose but fayne,
 Write alehouse toys, blaspheme not in thy vain."

"Another vpon the same," consisting of nine stanzas; then "a dialogue betwene a Catholike and Consolation," in ten stanzas, both similar measure, and eighty-eight divided Alexandrine, or fourteen syllable verse, as "the complaynt of a Catholike for the death of M. Edmund Campion." In the second piece a storm of the elements is succeeded by clouds of brinish tears, while,

"The riuer Thames a while astonied stoode,
 to count the drops of Campion's sacred blood."

And in the last it is described that

"Bohemia land laments the same,
 Rodulphus court is sad,
 With deepe regarde they now recorde
 What vertues Campion had.

Germania

Germania mourns, al Spayne doth muse,
 And so doth Italy,
 And Fraunce our friend hath put in print
 His passing tragedie."

J. H.

ART. XIV. *A treatise of Patience in tribulation; first preached before the right honourable the Countesse of Southampton in her great heauines for the death of her most worthy husband and Sonne: afterward enlarged for the helpe of all that are any way afflicted crossed or troubled. By William Iones B. of D. and P. of Arraton in the Isle of Wight. Psal. cxxvi. 5. They that sowe in teares shall reape in ioy. Herevnto are ioyned the Teares of the Isle of Wight shed on the tombe of their most noble Captaine Henrie Earle of Southampton, and the Lord Wriothesley his sonne. The tombe and epitaph. [On the slab] Henrye Iames Wriothesley. Anagram. Here I see many worthies ly. [On the side]*

*Here yce see two but two's not all; for why
 In these two Worthyes many Worthyes dye;
 O what a generation's here surprized
 Of noble bloud which was in them comprized?*

Printed at London by William Iones dwelling in Redcrosse-streete. 1625. 4to. pp. 48.

The name of a patron of Shakspeare must ever be hallowed.—Title-pages are somewhat similar to the canvas rolls that decorate the outside of a showman's booth, and delineate some strange or interesting subjects, to decoy the inquisitive multitude, while all within are stuffed skins and moppets. The Epistle
 Dedicatory

Dedicatory is addressed to the Countess of Southampton, but the treatise, for the little it contains relative to the deceased heroes, might have been preached over the body of Jack Cade, as admonitory precepts of patience to check his riotous followers. The text is from "Rom. xii. 12. Patience in tribulation." After quoting a short saying of Saint Augustine, the sermon commences. "First, to open the words. The word translated tribulation, comes of a verbe which signifies to pinch, as the foote is pinched in a strait shooe; or to presse as grapes are squeezed in the wine-presse. Metaphorically tis vsed for to afflict, or to bring into any strait of body or mind; and so the substantiue signifies any thing which is hard and crosse to the nature of man;—yea any euill which we suffer in bodie or mind."—*Quan. suff.*

The teares of the Isle of Wight, shed on the tombe of their most noble, valorous, and louing Captaine and Gouvernour, the right Honourable Henrie, Earle of Southampton; who dyed in the Netherlands, Novemb. 10-20 at Bergen-vp-Zone. As also the true image of his person and vertues, Iames, the Lord Wriothsley, Knight of the Bath, and Baron of Titchfield; who dyed Novemb. 5-15 at Rosendaell. And were both buried in the sepulcher of their fathers at Titchfield, on Innocent's day, 1624. They were louely and pleasant in their liues; and in their death they were not diuided. 2 Sam. i. 23.

———— Quis talia fando
Temperat à lachrymis? —————

Honoris, Amoris, Doloris, Ergô.

[Representation of tomb, inscriptions, printed, &c.
ut sup.]

At the back of the title is a short prose address to Thomas Earl of Southampton, who was a diligent observer of his father's virtues, and therefore exhorted to "behold the shadow of them delienated here," sig. W. Jones. An address to the reader from the same pen.

"An Epicede vpon the death, &c." of the father, sig. Fra. Beale, Esq.

"An Elegie vpon, &c." both father and son, and probably by Jones, as the poetry and prose bear kindred similarity.

"O that I could suppose my selfe to bee
True poet, rap't into an extasie!
And speaking out of a redundant braine,
Not what is simplie true, but what I faine,
That I might thinke the storie I impart
But some sad fiction of that coyning art!
How pleasing would th' adult'rate error bee?
How sweet th' imposture of my poesie?
What euer true esteeme my life hath gain'd,
I would haue false, that this were also fain'd.
But grieve will not so leaue the hould it had,
But still assures me, 'tis as true, as sad.

You bonds of honour, by th' Allmighties hand,
Seal'd and deliuer'd, to this noble land,
To saue her harmlesse from her debt to fate;
How is't, that you so soone are out of date?
You promis'd more, at your departure hence,
Than to returne with your deere liues expence
Defac't, and cancell'd. You most glorious starres,
Great ornaments both of our peace and warres,

Than

Than which, there moves not, in Great Britain's
 spheare,
 Sauing the Mouer's selfe, and his great heire,
 A brighter couple; when you left our shore
 In such great lustre, you assur'd vs more,
 Than to returne extinct. O vaine reliefe!
 To fill that state with ioy, your owne with grieve;
 You were not with Dutch ioy receiued there,
 As now, with sorrow, you are landed here."

At the end of the elegy are "certain touches vpon the life and death of the Right Honourable Henrie, Earle of Southampton, and his true Image, Iames, the Lord Wriothesley his eldest sonne," in fifteen short pieces of poetry, with some lines to the reader, as introductory, signed "W. Pettie." A piece entituled "the least part of the shadow of Southampton's worth;" with signature, "Ar. Price." Five short pieces finally subscribed "Gvlielmvs Iones, *Capellanus mestissimus fecit invitâ Minerva.*"

There are several attempts by Jones of laborious trifling in the forming of anagrams, of which there is sufficient specimen in the title.

J. H.

ART. XV. *Dia*, a poem by William Shipton.
 1659. Sm. 8vo. pp. 172.

This scarce little book has been already recorded in CENS. LIT. VI. 231, by Mr. PARK, who had only seen one copy. Another having fallen in my way, I give an additional extract.

“ To his friend, on the sight of his Lady.

“ See where she comes; behold, espy
A second Helen's beauteous face;
A front of thunder lightning eye;
Transmorphosing Acteon's case.
Just in my breast, for now I feel
The golden dart no leaden steel,
Ixion's ever turning wheel.

Forbid it Jove, or how shall I
At sacred altars pray;
When I am Venus' votary
Conducted with that May.
Impossible to quench, I burn
In flames, less I return
Chaste Phenix from a dying urn.

Is Celia fallen from above,
To court some human race;
Here is no Ganymede of love,
A Paris, Jove-like grace.
To wanton with the sweetest sport
As petulants who do resort
To the admired Roman court.

Is the world's paramour in mind,
In this undaunted wrath,
Her childish amorist to find
Wilder'd in some path,
Of woods where noxious creatures lye,
And so in equipage to try
If he be void of jealousy.

To wander thus, is but in vain,
What secret Phillis proves
That heaven which mad poets feign
Elizium's but in loves.

Blest

Blest Indies there, but every grace
 Of happiness dwells in the place
 Of a rare-welcomed embrace.
 There is an injeweled May
 On the odoriferous bowers,
 There is April's courtier's gay,
 Dismantling royal flowers.
 June's July's golden crest
 All spiceries which verdant rest
 I' th' roseals of the perfum'd east,
 Elixir-fragrant blossoms rise
 With the unpregnant sweets,
 Fair types of flowery paradise,
 Here roses lilies greets.
 And all to satisfy the sight
 Of her I viewing appetite,
 Still hunting pleasures with delight.
 But now we've seen enough I know,
 Gods often are in human show,"

ART. XVI. *Old Poetry.*

[A second piece from the Caxtonic volume in the possession of the Marquis of Blandford.]

Man with good aduertisement,
 In mynde compas this subsequent.
Dum sedes in mensa,
 Havyng grete fuson and plente;
Pormio do paupere pensa,
 Relevyng his necessitee.
 As holy church techith thee, thyne almes hide and laye,
 In the pour mannys bosom, and it will for the praye;
 As water fire quenchith, so almes doth synn allaye,
 Geve thyne almes thou shalt * God himself doth saye.

* The omission is an uncertain abbreviation.

Blessid is that man whiche hath any intelligence,
 And list to remembre the poure mannys indigence;
 In almannere yll seasons God shalbe his defence,
 The prophite in his psalme witnessith this my sentence.

And also for hym that prophite his prayer thus dooth make,
 God he saith conserue hym, whethir he slepe or wake;
 Long to lyve he mot hym bliss, neuer hym to forsake,
 Ne at the wille of his enemyes, hym for to betake.

Fere the not, seith Daud, when man is enhaimod high,
 Thowe that he his richesse and glory dooth multiply;
 For he shalnot heue wit hym take all, when he shal dy,
 But thanne peraventure he shal deerely aby.

Neithir yit his said glory shall than wit hym destende,
 For here is his hevyn, here shal his blessing ende;
 In this lif stondith his rewarde, than whider to wende,
 God knowith likly to payn, wherfromm God vs defende.

Wherfor I averre more precious by rightwisesse,
 Is a litle good gotenn, thann mucche synful richesse;
 The rightwis God doth mayteynn the synners myzt oppresse,
 This seith holy Daud and ferthirmore expresse;

I haue be yong he saith, now drawen in age take hede,
 Sawe I neuer perfizt rightwismann, nor any of his sede,
 In myserable penury, fayne to begg his brede;
 A man not knowyng his hono^r. is a beste in dede.

q^d Stevens.

J. H.

ART.

ART. XVII. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

Nº LVIII.

On the Reception originally given to Dr. Johnson's Rambler.

The ill-nature of the world amuses itself with the vanity of authors, who seek consolation for present neglect by anticipating the applause of posterity. It is true that this anticipation is often a bubble blown up by the fumes of the writer's brain: but it is equally true that men of the greatest genius, who deserve the highest fame, have frequently no other reward, than the well-founded confidence that Time will do them that justice, which is refused them by their cotemporaries.

I am afraid that excellence in many sorts of literary production is rather repulsive to a large portion of readers, as long as they are left to their own unprejudiced judgments. When at length the opinion of the few has prevailed over that of the many, and a reputation has become generally established, the author's works find an universal circulation, because it is fashionable to possess them, and be acquainted with their contents. Of poor Collins, whose Odes could not obtain a vent for one small edition when he first published them himself, impression after impression has been called for since his death, till the number of copies, which in many varied forms are every year taken off at the market, is beyond calculation.

Sometimes however men live to reap in their own

time that esteem and praise, which was long withheld from them. The booksellers, who very naturally and almost of course appreciate the merits of an author's labours by their vendibility, held Dr. Johnson in his latter years in the highest degree of favour. At that time whatever flowed from his pen met with the most flattering reception. But it was not always so. His *RAMBLER*, which is almost all essence of thought, unalloyed by those baser ingredients which so commonly add to the quantity without adding to the worth of human compositions, experienced at first a general coldness, discouragement, and even censure and ridicule.

The most decisive proof of this will be the following cotemporary extracts from the Correspondence between Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Miss Talbot. They form a very curious and instructive piece of literary history.

From Miss Talbot, Oct. 20, 1750.

“ The *RAMBLER* is to me very entertaining. The Letter from Mr. Frolick has a certain strain of humour, and the last from Rhodoclea will, if he makes use of it, give him an excellent opportunity to introduce humourous descriptions of, and reflections on, the London follies and diversions, of which she may be supposed to write him the sentiments of her full heart, sometimes rejoiced, sometimes mortified and disappointed. Then another should write by way of contrast, who voluntarily spends hers or his in the country, rationally enjoys it, describes its frosty prospects, land or sea, its Christmas mirth, joy, and hospitality. Mr. JOHNSON would, I fear, be mortified to hear that people know a paper of his own by the same mark of
somewhat

somewhat a little excessive, a little exaggerated in the expression. In his *Schreech-Owl** were so many merchants discouraged, so many ladies killed, matches broke, poets dismayed! The numbers are too large. Two or three—five or six, is enough in all conscience in most cases. 'Tis else like the Jewish way of speaking, who, to express a man's being rich, say he has 800 ships at sea, and 800 cities on the land."

From Mrs. Carter, March 30, 1752.

" You will think to be sure that I am determined to call you to an account for all your omissions, when I tell you I was outrageous at your not uttering a sigh of lamentation over the departure of the RAMBLER, nor once mention his farewell paper. For some minutes it put me a good deal out of humour with the world, and more particularly with the great and powerful part of it. To be sure people in a closet are apt to form strange odd ideas, which, as soon as they put their heads out of doors, they find to be utterly inconsistent with that something or other that regulates, or rather confounds, the actions of mankind. In mere speculation it seems mighty absurd that those who govern states, and call themselves politicians, should not eagerly decree laurels and statues, and public support to a genius who contributes all in his power to make them the rulers of reasonable creatures. However, as honours and emoluments are by no means the infallible consequences of such an endeavour, Mr. Johnson is very happy in having proposed to himself that reward to his labours which he is sure not to be disappointed of by the stupidity or ingratitude of mankind."

* See No. 59.

From

From Miss Talbot, April 22, 1752.

“I must beg a thousand pardons, my dear Miss Carter, for my absolute silence on the death of that excellent person, the RAMBLER. I assure you, I grieved for it most sincerely, and could have dropt a tear over his two concluding papers, if he had not in one or two places of the last commended himself too much; for I knew there were people whose very unjust prejudices against him would be strengthened by them. Indeed 'tis a sad thing that such a paper should have met with discouragement from wise, and learned, and good people too. Many are the disputes it has cost me, and not once did I come off triumphant. I have heard he means to occasionally throw some papers into the Daily Advertiser; but he has not begun yet, as he is in great affliction I hear, poor man, for the loss of his wife.”

From Mrs. Carter, May 9, 1752.

“I congratulate you, dear Miss Talbot, on your retreat from the hurry and flutter of fashionable visiting to the quiet conversation of wood nymphs and hamadryads, and other good sort of company, who have wrought so happy a reformation in you, and taught you to express yourself with becoming sorrow on the death of the RAMBLER. It must be confessed however that you shewed an heroic spirit in defending his cause against such formidable enemies even in London. Many a battle have I too fought for him in the country, but with very little success. Indeed I was extremely disheartened in my last defeat in argument with a lady of excellent skill in the weapons of plausibility,
who

who so absolutely got the better of me, that after having displayed the whole force of my eloquence, with no manner of effect on her understanding, in defence of the RAMBLER, she afterwards almost convinced me that there was a tolerable degree of merit in the idle foolish farce of "Miss in her Teens." I must positively take care how I venture to engage with her again, for fear she should take it into her head to convince me of the wit, good sense, and morality of — Mrs. Cibber's Oracle." *

Had Johnson, instead of dealing in general truths, exercised his pen in temporary and personal descriptions of manners and characters, he would have instantly engaged the attention of vulgar minds, and procured present fame to his essays; but he would have composed them of fading materials, which would long since have perished and been forgotten.— It is probable that those papers in the Spectator, which, sporting with the little foibles and petty customs of the day, have long since lost their interest, and are now only an incumbrance to the work, were when first published the most popular.

The fate of the RAMBLER holds out a lesson of encouragement to the virtuous exertions of a pure and unsophisticated mind. To such a mind the passing subjects of fashionable interest in the intercourse of familiar life, are unattractive, and even contemptible. "I have never," says Johnson, "complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the

* From Mrs. Carter's Letters.

topic of the day. I have rarely exemplified my assertions by living characters; in my papers no man could look for censures of his enemies, or praises of himself, and they only were expected to peruse them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity."

It would be uncandid to deny that the criticism of Miss Talbot on these essays is just. Johnson wants the happy ease of Addison, whose exquisitely nice touches of character were beyond the attainment of his successor, both in point of perception and language. The pen of Johnson makes its strokes with a heavy and laborious hand; but the strokes have force and truth, though perhaps a little exaggerated.—If there be "the nodosity of the oak," there is also "its strength." Johnson had not in early life, like Addison, been familiar with the circles of polished society; and the structure of his own mind and disposition was not calculated to counteract this deficiency. He was indeed so far from wanting a moral sensibility, that it predominated in every act and expression of his life. It flowed from a constant contemplation of the frailties and sorrows of human nature. But he wanted those delicate and excessive feelings, which are instantaneous; and too often are opposite to reason; never the result of it. His characters of FROLICK and RHODOCLEA, if full of good sense, are coarse; the outline is well drawn, but it is not filled up with felicity or niceness; the colours are laid on with a trowel; and the lights and shades are not happily blended.

But what human work is perfect? And what author, unless Shakspeare, ever possessed every varied excellence?

lence? There is merit enough in the RAMBLER to reflect eternal disgrace on its contemporaries, by whom it was so coldly received.

Jan. 14, 1809.

Nº LIX.

On the Love of Fame.

“Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.”

MILTON.

The love of Fame, if we limit the word to the result of virtuous and honourable exertions, burns brightest in those bosoms, whose powers are best adapted to attain it. It is a generous passion, which is unfelt by selfish minds. Its gratifications are generally ideal; and remote both in point of time and place.

The effects of wealth and titles come home to the presence of the possessor; they feed his sensual gratifications, and are seen by the eye, and heard by the ear. The ardour therefore with which they are pursued, and the sacrifices which are made to acquire them, are perfectly consistent with the most narrow and the basest motives.

It may be admitted, that of Fame, which is justly won, these observations are not equally applicable to every different kind. Of a warrior the fame in some degree surrounds him; accompanies his footsteps; precedes his march; and follows at his heels. Nor is the orator unattended by a reward which comes directly
home

home to him. All these recompences however are empty sound to the selfish disposition ; which demands something that it deems more solid ; that is, something better calculated to please the part of our nature approaching nearest to the brutes of the field.

Of all Fame, the passion for literary Fame is the most praiseworthy, as it is the purest, the most abstract, and the least liable to the suspicion of being intermingled with those grovelling views, which would debase it. Its nutriment is airy food ; it is cheered by sounds which are not heard by common ears ; and the chaplets with which it is crowned are invisible to common eyes.

He who gives up his days and nights to win esteem by his intellectual exertions from those who are capable of appreciating his merits, or receiving pleasure from his productions, is treated by his neighbours, and by those among whom he is thrown by the common intercourse of life, with coldness and neglect, if not dislike. To their vulgar judgments it would be the highest presumption and ignorance to place him in competition with Folly or Vice themselves, should they possess more rank, or a better fortune.

True it is that this ordinary and contemptible estimate prevails more in country neighbourhoods than in a metropolis ; and I am not sure that if a man of genius have any alloy in his desire of renown, he ought to pass his life among rural acquaintances. But, O ! how much would he lose by the exchange ! Airs of heaven, that blow upon the breast of the poet in all your purity, and fan his solitary and uninterrupted meditations ! Leaves, that spread yourselves beneath his feet, and delight his senses with your fragrance !

Deep

Deep woods, that shelter from his sight the polluted haunts of men! And songs of birds, whose tender notes distinctly thrilling the quiet atmosphere, make him forget the hum and clamours of distracted cities! Would he forsake the exquisite enjoyments, which you afford him, for a little addition of stupid flattery?

If there should be any one so mistaken as to fix on the pursuit of literature for any other purposes than the intrinsic pleasure which it affords, and the honourable fame, which may be the remote reward of the instruction or the amusement it will confer; bitter disappointment will be the almost necessary consequence of his error. It is not an occupation fitted for the ends of the worldling. The castles which it builds in the clouds give no satisfaction to him; and the "ideal nothing," in which its riches consist, in his opinion only deserves the pity, which is excited by the straw-crowns of the maniac.

But we cannot suppose that this intense desire of Fame, as well future as distant, is implanted in us for nothing: we cannot suppose it would be most violent in those endowed with the highest qualities both of head and heart, unless for some wise and important purposes. Nor does it seem to me consistent with the benevolence and justice of the Creator to animate us with the wish for *delusive* rewards as the result of virtuous exertions. I can never therefore bring my mind to believe that that fame which is sought and won by the pure efforts of intellectual labour, is when obtained hollow and valueless.

Let us instance in Milton. Giving all the credit, which has ever been demanded, to his genius; yet
before

before he could raise his talents to that admirable command of fancy and language, which the progressive productions of his Muse exhibit, can we doubt that it cost him continued toils, repeated self-denials, years of ordinary pleasures foregone, and a thousand sensual wishes conquered? When we compare the time of his life thus spent with the mode in which the generality consume it, what a very exalted station must he hold in our opinions? Was not the hope of that station the solace of many weary and ill-paid fatigues, many "outwatchings of the Bear?" Perhaps it may be observed, that if these exertions were virtuous, he will enjoy in common with others the rewards of virtue. But if these rewards were sufficient to excite him to exertions of a kind so extraordinary, why should he be led on by the auxiliary motive of a false hope?

The future is unknown to us; the world of spirits, with their occupations and enjoyments, is hid from our narrow sight. Perhaps, since the grave has closed over the body of this illustrious Bard, it has been one of the exquisite enjoyments of his angelic soul to listen to the increasing praises, which have continued to swell, in louder and louder tones, over every enlightened nation of the earth!

Jan. 16, 1809.

N^o LX.

A new Translation of Martial's Epigram on the chief ingredients of human happiness; with remarks on the capabilities of the SONNET.

I am indebted to Mr. LOFFT for the excellent accompanying translation of the following beautiful Epigram of Martial. I need scarcely apprise my readers that the original has been introduced before in this work, Vol. IV. p. 195.

“ MARTIALIS,
L. X. 47.

Ultimo versu auctum.

EPIGRAMMA.

“ Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissimæ Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relictæ;
Non ingratus ager; focus perennis;
Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;
Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus;
Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;
Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;
Non tristis torus; attamen pudicus;
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras;
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes;
Lætus præteriti; post fata, felix.”

"TRANSLATION.

" These blessings, without more, most pleasant friend,
 The real happiness of life compose :
 Competence, which unearnt by Labour flows;
 Inherited ; a kindly farm to tend ;
 No suits to vex ; some business to attend ;
 Ingenuous Strength ; Health which contentment knows ;
 Prudent Simplicity ; Friendship which glows
 Liberal and equal ; Converse to unbend ;
 A modest board ; hearth always warm and bright ;
 Nights from intemperance free alike and cares ;
 A bed which constant chaste affection shares ;
 Slumbers which gently yield to chearful light :
 Be what thou art ; and wish not more to be ;
 And pleas'd with Time, await Eternity."

C. L.

Troston, 11 Jan. 1809.

" The exquisite Epigram," continues Mr. LOFFT,
 " which I have transcribed on the other side, has
 tempted me to venture on a translation. You are
 aware that every thing with me converts itself into a
 SONNET: not unnaturally, I think ; since the resem-
 blance of many of the best *Sonnets* to the best *Epi-*
grams, (those on the Greek model) is very obvious.
 And in this class the Epigram of Martial stands very
 high indeed. By attempting to translate I am become
 more sensible of its completeness ; and of its exquisite
 and perfect beauty, in diction, numbers, and senti-
 ment. The translation of so sweet a writer, (where
 he writes in his own unaffected manner, and not in
 the vicious taste of his times) as COWLEY is, perhaps
 is liable to little objection but its diffusiveness ; except
 the

the ‘*if not all,*’ * which supposes a defectiveness by no means I think imputable to this pure and delightful summary of genuine felicity in this life. To look *beyond* with assured hope could hardly be the lot of the best philosophers and men, *before Christianity*; and we know that it was not. This idea I have ventured to supply by a closing line, which at the same time brings the whole into the form of a *Quatuorxain*.

“That the SONNET is favourable to condensation of thought is clear from theory and experience; when the subject is well chosen and suitably treated. And condensed as the original is, I think I have expressed its ideas without omission in an *equal* number of lines. I flatter myself I shall prove that no subject worthy of poetry is so great and comprehensive, as not to have been with becoming dignity expressed in this form. And indeed I hardly know, or can imagine any subject which is worthy of the Muse, which has not been thus included. And it is the glory of the Sonnet to add that it has most rarely been disgraced by any unworthy subject.” †

I feel

* The first line of Cowley’s translation is,

“These are the chief ingredients, *if not all.*”

† I cannot refrain from adding the following passages of Mr. LORFT’S letter, (which seem more properly placed in a note) though I have to apologize for the unmerited expressions of kindness regarding myself which occur in them. The benevolent writer refers to some peevish expressions regarding the bar, which I had presumed to use in No. IV. of *the Ruminator*.

“I have treated,” continues he, “*the forensic gown*, with tenderness; indeed with affection: for although in more than thirty years my gown has brought me but little profit, and perhaps not much of fame, it would be disingenuous not to own, that both it and the profession, have been, and I trust always will remain exceeding dear to me. And I cannot do otherwise than acknowledge, that I wish the ingenuous delicacy of your mind would have

I feel no common pleasure in being able to prove the justness of these observations of Mr. LOFFT, by one of his own Sonnets, than which a nobler does not exist in the English language, even including those of Milton.

“ SONNET.

Occasioned by one of Miss Caroline Symmons “on a blighted Rose-bud,” written in her 12th year; she having herself fallen a victim to a consumption at the age of fourteen years and one month, on June 1, 1803.

“ O, what a length of days indulg'd to me,
 Who little have employ'd the boon of Time !
 While thee Death cropt in the first dawn of prime;
 Sweet, and hope-breathing Flower!—How ill agree
 Such hopes, such early Fate!—But no:—to thee
 Expands the beauty of a purer clime;
 The eternal radiance of that blest Sublime
 Which tenderest Innocence may happiest see!—
 And such the will of Heaven. Nor could it speak
 More clearly to mankind.—That loveliest bloom,
 That Morn of Promise which began to break,
 Clos'd in the dreary darkness of the Tomb

permitted you to have continued in it. Where, to be silent as to any living characters, we can think of such men (all of them more or less cotemporaries) as Mr. Charles Yorke, the Earl of Hardwicke, Earl Camden, the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. John Lee, Sir Michael Foster, Sir William Blackstone, Sir William Jones, it conveys the pleasing and satisfactory sentiment that the ENGLISH BAR has been, and may it ever be, not incompatible with the most elegant, the most enlightened, the most cultivated, vigorous, upright, and comprehensive minds; with the steadiest attachment to freedom, to their country, and to the best interests of human society: that it may ever supply the most splendid, noblest, and most permanently effectual opportunities of promoting all these pure and sublime objects !”——

Proclaim :

Proclaim: 'Look, Mortals, to that world on high,
Where Sweetness, Genius, Goodness cannot die.'

C. L. 4 Jan. 1804."*

However unequal the following may be to the subject, it is a tribute which the feelings of my heart demand that I should not withhold.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

On reading the last Sonnet.

Son of the Muse, urge thy untir'd career
Right onward thro' the clouds of worldly wrong;
Thro' all the ills that round life's pathway throng;
Nor flag thy plumes at Envy's frown severe;
Nor listen to the baleful Critic's sneer;
With voice unfaltering speed the moral song;
And pour the copious stream of Truth along!
Genius shall strains like these delighted hear,
And Virtue with a swelling breast attend
Enraptur'd on the lay. The holy Muse
Of Milton's self from yonder clouds shall bend,
And on thy lyre drop fresh Castalian dews;
While Petrarch and deep Dante clap their wings,
And each in blended notes about thee sings.

Jan. 17, 1809.

* This is taken from "LAURA, or Select Sonnets and Quatuorzains," a work not yet published—containing the most copious collection of compositions of this kind ever made, not only English, but both original and translations from the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German—which will raise admiration in every enlightened mind, not only at the industry but at the learning and genius of the accomplished and amiable collector, who has himself executed the major part of the translations; and many of them with a happiness which will be sure in time to find its due praise.

N° LXI.

On Birth.

All the arguments, which have been urged to depreciate the lustre of high birth, apply only to an abuse of its advantages. No one of strong sense, no one of elevated sentiments, could ever for a moment suppose it a substitute for virtue, or talents. If on the contrary it does not operate as an incentive to the strenuous cultivation of the mind; to an honourable ambition, and to noble actions; it has really an injurious effect, for it exposes mediocrity of character, and still more it exhibits deficiencies, in a light more glaring by the contrast.

But let men boast of their splendid descent as they will, its glory must be considered as at best dormant, till accompanied by personal merits. There is no doubt that it gilds and graces the fame of a conspicuous character, but let him, whose personal qualities are obscure, reserve it till it can be brought to co-operate with his own exertions.

The numbers are great of those, who presume to rest their claims to distinction on the merits of their ancestors alone. But what wise or spirited person will forbear to express scorn for such empty boasts? Birth cannot put itself in competition with genius or virtue; it is only in conjunction with these that it displays a genuine brightness. On this account equal pretensions to birth alone, without the aid of something more, can never put persons on an equality.

The various ways in which the consciousness of a brilliant descent influences an active rich and generous mind, it would require a wider space and deeper investigation

igation to develope, than this cursory essay will allow. It fans hope; impels a daring courage; breathes a generous complacency; calls forth a noble scorn of what is mean and vulgar, and directs the aspiring ambition to rule the empire of minds, if not of material kingdoms. It sets the possessor above the intimidation of ordinary greatness; and teaches him to treat the mean gewgaws with which undeserved elevation, or upstart wealth, endeavour to dazzle the world, with playful or indignant contempt.

Conscious that he has no obscurity in his origin which can be urged to disqualify him from those lofty stations, which his own efforts are put forth to acquire, he proceeds to his point firm and undaunted. There is a sort of self-depreciation in those who do not possess birth, which too frequently operates secretly to depress a noble ambition. The advantage of that feeling which has been so well expressed,

— Possunt, quia posse videntur,
is wanting in them. I say frequently, for it is not always so in minds, that ought to be conscious of it; and on the other hand it in too many cases controls the aspirations of minds that ought not to be controlled by it.

The greatest characters have in very numerous instances risen from the most obscure progenitors. There is something animating in the contemplation of men who could thus emerge from the clouds and oppressions of an humble station, and who could break from the bonds of those circumstances in which it has too generally happened, that

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

At the same time it must be admitted, that low men derive from their condition some qualifications for rising in the world, which are not possessed by those who have been born and educated in the higher walks of life. Necessity will be content under many privations, and reconcile itself to many submissions, which a nobler spirit would spurn. Elevation is as often gained by corruption, and wicked compliances, as by merit. Greatness therefore and worldly prosperity are not in themselves proofs or even strong presumptions of desert in those who have been the fabricators of their own fortunes. We must scrupulously examine the grounds and nature of the progress of a vulgar man from its first point to wealth, place and honours, before we can pronounce that the consideration of his origin increases the glory of his subsequent distinction.

Of the major portion of those who have been thus exalted, I suspect it will be found, that neither superior virtues, nor superior talents have been the main ingredients of their prosperity; but habits of accommodation, of which their better-descended and more highly-endowed rivals could not brook the practice.

Let me be excused for closing this essay with a celebrated, and often-cited passage from Lord Bacon.

“As for nobility in particular persons, it is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay; or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time. Those that are first raised to nobility, are commonly more virtuous* but less innocent, than

* Here virtuous must be used as synonymous to active and full of exertion.

their descendants; for there is rarely any rising, but by a commixture of good and evil arts: but it is reason the memory of their virtues remain to their posterity, and their faults die with themselves. Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry; and he that is not industrious envieth him that is. Besides, noble persons cannot go much higher; and he that standeth at a stay, where others rise, can hardly avoid motions of envy. On the other side, nobility extinguisheth the passive envy from others towards them, because they are in possession of honour. Certainly kings that have able men of their nobility, shall find ease in employing them; and a better slide into their business; for people naturally bend to them, as born in some sort to command.” *

Jan. 18, 1809.

Nº LXII.

On the Impolicy of Complaint.

Johnson, in his Life of Cowley, says, that after the Restoration that poet having missed the Mastership of the Savoy, “published his pretensions and his discontent, in an Ode called *THE COMPLAINT*; in which he styles himself the *melancholy* Cowley. This met with the usual fortune of complaints, and seems to have excited more contempt than pity.”

I am afraid that the remark, if applied to the generality of mankind, is too true; but it ought not to have

* Bacon's Essays—No. XV. on Nobility.

been

been spoken so irreverently of such a man as Cowley; nor without a strong reprobation of its illiberality and injustice. There is on the contrary a sarcastic tone in the critic's expressions, as if he thought the world on such occasions were in the right.

We are, no doubt, too disgracefully inclined to estimate people according to their prosperity. Success is deemed the sure test of ability or virtue. He therefore, who would stand well in the opinion of the coarse, which is the major part of society, should never complain. He should, on the other hand, pass unnoticed every affront, conceal every miscarriage, boast of his friends, and exult in his good luck. Sighs and melancholy will only be deemed the proofs of ill fortune; and ill fortune will be the signal for new attempts at injury and defeat. The world is like a herd of deer, that always set themselves upon the wounded stag.

It is among the most prominent frailties of "base mankind" to give a helping hand to those who do not want it, and withhold it from those who do. One success leads to another; and one injustice to another. "Woes cluster;" and he, who has received a wrong from one neighbour or alliance, is much more exposed to a second from some quarter, which was before well-intentioned towards him, than if the first had never happened. Nothing but sad and repeated experience will induce the honourable and pure-hearted to believe this frightful truth. One would have thought that injuries heaped on an undeserving head would operate as motives for the counterbalancing kindness of benefits even before unthought of. Alas! No! The example is more effective than the warning. The bad passions of our nature are drawn into play. What one has done with-
out

out meeting the opprobrium of the world, another may safely indulge in.

I should have extended this paper; but alas! the melancholy events announced from Spain stop my pen; and the press admits of no delay till I can compose my agitated spirits.

All I can say now is, that the terms of contempt in which Johnson concurs, regarding *Cowley's Complaint*,* disgrace himself. It is one of the finest of his Poems; beautiful and affecting in its sentiments, and admirably happy, for the most part, in its vigorous and eloquent language. And as to the disclosure of ill usage, which reflects real shame only on its propagators, if it draw forth the scorn of the vulgar-hearted on the innocent sufferer, such frank and ingenuous pictures of the feelings of a pathetic or indignant bosom will always secure the sympathy, the love, the esteem, and gratitude of the wise and the good.

Jan. 25, 1809.

Nº LXIII.

Lines by Bloomfield on his Mother's Spindle.

Every one is acquainted with the pastoral poetry of Bloomfield. It is not so generally known, with what

* "The plan of this poem," says Dr. Hurd, "is highly poetical: and though the numbers be not the most pleasing," (a position in which I cannot agree with him) "the expression is almost every where natural and beautiful. But its principal charm is that air of melancholy, thrown over the whole, so expressive of the poet's character. The address of the writer is seen in conveying his just reproaches on the court, under a pretended vindication of it against the Muse." *Hurd's Cowley.*

wonderful

wonderful power and pathos he can write in blank verse.

“ Robert Bloomfield to his Mother’s Spindle.”

TO A SPINDLE.*

“ Relic! I will not bow to thee nor worship!

Yet treasure as thou art, remembrancer

Of sunny days, that ever haunt my dreams,

When thy brown fellows as a task I twirl’d,

And sung my ditties ere the farm receiv’d

My vagrant foot, and with its liberty

And all its cheerful buds and opening flowers

Had taught my heart to wander.

Relic of affection, come;

Thou shalt a moral teach to me and mine.

The hand that wound thee smooth is cold, and spins

No more. Debility press’d hard around

The seat of life, and terrors fill’d her brain;

Nor causeless terrors: giants grim and bold,

* “The portrait of my mother,” says Bloomfield, “was taken on her last visit to London, in the summer of 1804. During the period of evident decline in her strength and faculties, she conceived, in place of that patient resignation, which she had before felt, an ungovernable dread of ultimate want, and observed to a relative with peculiar emphasis, ‘that to meet WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, was like meeting three great giants.’ To the last hour of her life she was an excellent spinner; and latterly, the peculiar kind of wool which she spun was bought exclusively for her, as being the only one in the village, who exercised their industry on so fine a sort. During the tearful paroxysms of her last depression she spun with the utmost violence, and with vehemence exclaimed ‘*I must spin.*’ A paralytic affection struck her whole side while at work, and obliged her to quit her spindle when only half filled, and she died within a fortnight afterwards! I have that spindle now. She was buried on the last day of the year 1804. She returned from her visit to London on Friday the 29th of June, just to a day twenty-three years after she brought me to London, which was also on a Friday, in the year 1781.” *Bloomfield.*

Three

Three mighty ones she fear'd to meet; they came—
 WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, all came:
 The last had dropp'd his club, yet fancy made
 Him formidable; and when Death beheld
 Her tribulation, he fulfill'd his task,
 And to her trembling hand and heart at once,
 Cried, 'spin no more;' thou then wert left half fill'd
 With this soft downy fleece, such as she wound
 Through all her days! She who could spin so well!
 Half fill'd wert thou, half finish'd when she died.
 Half finish'd! 'tis the motto of the world!
 We spin vain threads, and dream, and strive, and die,
 With sillier things than Spindles in our hands.

Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
 The bias set upon my soul for verse,
 Oh! should old age still find my brain at work,
 And Death, o'er some poor fragment striding, cry,
 'Hold! spin no more!' Grant Heav'n, that purity
 Of thought and texture may assimilate
 That fragment unto thee, in usefulness,
 In strength, and snowy innocence. Then shall
 The village school mistress shine brighter, through
 The exit of her boy; and both shall live,
 And virtue triumph too, and virtue's tears,
 Like Heav'n's pure blessings, fall upon her grave." *

There is no reader of English poetry, who does not
 recollect Cowper's exquisite lines on his Mother's
 Picture. This fragment of Bloomfield forms a noble
 companion to them. It strikes me to be written in a
 loftier tone, and still more excellent manner than any
 of his other productions. Let him give new delight

* The whole of this is taken from the interesting memoir by BRAYLEY,
 which accompanies Storer and Greig's Illustrations of Bloomfield, 1806:
 4to.

and astonishment to the world by a moral and descriptive poem in blank verse!

Jan. 26, 1809.

ART. XVIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

In the library of the Earl of Egremont at Petworth, are some curious political pamphlets of an early date, which have been bound up in several volumes. I have copied the titles of these for your Bibliographical Catalogue, and make a few extracts. I. S. C.

Art. 1. *A Consideration of the Papist's Reasons of State and Religion, for toleration of Poperie in England, intimated in their supplication unto the King's Maiestie, and the states of the present Parliament. At Oxford, Printed by Joseph Barnes, and are to bee sold in Paules Church yarde at the signe of the Crowne, by Simon Waterson. 1604. By Gabriel Powel, of St. Marie Hall. Pages 128.*

It concludes with the "auctor's teares and humble petition unto Almighty God."

Art. 2. *The Order of Equalitie, contrived and divulged as a generall directorie for common sessements, seruing for the indifferent defraying, taxing, and rating of common impositions and charges, lyable to citties, townes, or villages, that they may be done in some equall and proportionable order, for the benefit of the Common-wealth. Very necessarie for all persons,*

sons, to whome the execution and apprehension of this businesse appertaine. Printed by John Legat, Printer to the Vniversitie of Cambridge, 1604, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in Pauls Churchyard, by Simon Waterson. Pages 32.

In the Preface, signed C. Gibbon, he thus addresses himself *to all judiciall and indifferent readers*. “It was no mervaile that the heathen man Xenophon willed euery one *æqualitatem colere*, to honoure equalitie, seeing it serueth so much to the commending of a ciuill life, to the managing of common affaires, to the conseruing of popular vnitie, which is so excellent in comparison, so generall in comprehension, so necessarie in all actions, that no Commonwealth can doe well without it: yet such is the error of this age, that more are readie to confesse than to expresse this equalitie in any of their actions.”

Art. 3. *Anti-Coton, or a refutation of Cotton's Letter Declaratorie: lately directed to the Queene Regent, for the apologizing of the Jesuites doctrine, touching the killing of Kings. A booke, in which it is proued, that the Jesuites are guiltie, and were the authors of the late execrable parricide, committed vpon the person of the French King, Henry the Fourth of happy memorie.—To which is added, a Supplication of the Vniuersitie of Paris, for the preuenting of the Jesuites opening their schooles among them: in which their King-killing doctrine is also notably discouered, and confuted. Both translated out of the French by G. H. Together with the Translator's animadversions vpon Cotton's Letter. London. Printed by T. S. for Richard Boyle, and are to be solde at his shop in the Blacke Fryers. 1611. Pages 88.*

Extract,

Extract, page 35.

“That in the yeare 1594, the 27 of December, John Chastell, clarke, brought vp in the colledge of the Jesuites, having giuen the late King a stab with a knife in the mouth, thinking to have giuen it in the breast, was taken and committed to the prouost of the King’s house, and brought into the bishop’s prison, where vpon an interrogatory, hee confessed, that *long agoe he had proposed in himselfe to giue this stabbe, and missing of his purpose, he would doe it yet if he could, being perswaded that it would be for the good of the Catholique Apostolique and Roman religion.*”

ART. XIX. *Further Bibliographical Catalogues.*

Art. 1. *Coopers Chronicle contenyng the whole discourse of the histories as well of thys realme, as all other countreys, with the succession of theyr kynges, the tyme of theyr raign, and what notable actes were do ne by the newly enlarged and augmented, as well in the first parte wyth diuers profitable Histories: as in the latter ende wyth the whole summe of those thynges that Paulus Iouius and Sleigdane hath written of late yers that is, now lately ouersene and with great dilligence corrected and augmented vnto the vii yere of the raigne of our most gracious Quene Elizabeth that now is, Anno 1565 the first day of Auguste. 4to. b.1.*

Originally published as an Epitome of Chronicles in 1549; ten years afterwards it was surreptitiously printed, with a continuation by Robert Crowley, which occasioned the editor to republish his work in the year following (1560.) Then followed the present edition without any printer’s name. Back of the title is “an admonition to the reader” against Crowley’s work, then a Preface addressed “to the ryghte honorable Lorde Russell Earle of Bedforde, and one of
of

of the Queenes Maiesties most honorable counsell [to whom] Thomas Cooper wisheth long continuance of prosperous life and much honoure;" the table; and a dissertation "of the vse and profite of histories, and with what iudgemente they ought to be redde." The volume is divided into four parts with the running title of "Lanqvettes Chronicle;" which is explained in "an Epistle to the Reader" prefixed to the third part. "From the beginning of the world, to this time of the birth of our Sauour Christ, the studious young man Thomas Lanquet, not withoute great labour and diligence, brought his chronicle." He "was than attached with a greuous sicknesse, whereof he died, whan he was of age xxiiij yeres; on whose soule god haue mercie; and the same followed and finished, by Thomas Cooper." The work has the folios to 376 (exclusive of the introductory matter which occupies 30 leaves), then follows one sheet differently printed, the marginal dates being omitted, making the whole volume 384 leaves. Part, if not all, of this last sheet appears to have been castrated from time to time as suited the sale of the work and continuation of the history. The solemn exequie, or funeral, kept at St. Pauls the 3d day of October, 1564, for the Emperor Ferdinand, is the last article in my copy, but there are copies of the same title and edition that bring the chronicle to a later period.

Mr. Dibdin has a short notice of the earlier editions, in his late elegant specimen of a Bibliothecæ Britannicæ, a plan that combines utility and entertainment, and it is to be hoped he will receive sufficient encouragement to pursue the work. If confined to the seventeenth century, it would form a valuable continuation to the Typographical Antiquities.

Art. 2. *To the Queenes Maiesties poore deceyued Subiectes of the North Countrey, drawen into rebellion by the Earles*

VOL. X.

H

of



of Northumberland and Westmerland. Written by Thomas Norton. Seen and allowed according to the Queenes Iniunctions. Colophon. Imprinted at London, by Henrie Bynne-man for Lucas Harrison. Anno Domini 1569, small oct. 28 leaves.

Norton, the poet, commences this address abruptly, with the following specimen of his prose style: "Albeit I knowe not by what name wel to call you, sithens you haue loste the iuste name of Englishmen by disturbing the common peace of Englande, with cruell inuasion and spoile like enimies: and the Queenes subiectes ye can not well be named, hauing throwne away your due submission and obedience: and yet her subiectes still must you be, and cannot enioy the name of lawfull enimies, being vnder her highnesse authoritié of correction, not to be raunsoned, nor by the curtesie of Marshall lawe to be dealte with as iust enimies; but to be executed as traitours and rebels: Christians I cannot term you that haue defaced the communion of christians, and in destroying the booke of Christes most holie testament, renou'ced your parts by his Testament bequethed vnto you: yet I remember what you haue ben, by contrie englishmen; by nature our kinsmen and allies; by allegeaunce subiects by profession christian men; I pitie what you now are, by crueltie and spoile of the land worse than enimies, by vnaturall doings farther from duties of loue than extreamest strangers, by rebellion traitors, by blaspheming Christ our Sauour, and destroying the monuments of his religion, worsse than Jewes and Infidels: Lastly I doe not wholly despeire, though you be far gone, what by good aduise and repentance hereafter you may be, if you shall cease from outrages, assay the dayly mercie of our God, and the oft approued clemencie of our most gracious Queene, wherby you may become againe preserued Englishmen in Englande, reconciled kinsmen and frendes, pardoned subiectes, and reformed

reformed christians, who otherwise stand in state to vndo your selues, your wiues, children and posteritie for euer, to feele the sharp reuenge of her Majesties necessarie iustice and due execution to be most rigorously layde vpon you by her inuincible power, & by the hands of her true loyall subiects, to lose al that you possesse, to die with shame, and (that is most terrible and greevous) to die in state of damnation," &c.

Art. 3. *A Pitvovs Lamentation of the Miserable Estate of the chvrche of Christ in Englande, in the time of the late reuolt from the gospel, wherin is conteyned a larned comparison betwene the comfortable doctrine of the gospell, & the traditions of the popish religion: with an instruction how the christian ought to behaue himself in the tyme of tryall. Wrytten by that worthy martyr of god Nicolas Rydley late Bysshoppe of London. Neuer before this tyme imprynted. Wherevnto are also annexed certayne letters of Iohn Careles, written in the tyme of his imprisonment. Perused and allowed according to the Quenes Maiesties Iniunctions. Colophon. Imprinted at London by VVitlyam Powell, dwelling in Fletestrete at the signe of the George, nere to Saint Dunstons Church. Extends to G folded in small eights.*

In this little tract the bishop draws a comparison in favour of the Protestant religion, as it had then lately prevailed, against the revived doctrines of the Romish church. He censures and complains of the re-adoption of the old idiom. "Of late it was agreed in England of all handes, accordinge to Paules doctrine and Chrystes commaundements, as Paule saythe playne, that nothing oughte to be doone in the church in the public congregation, but in that tongue which the congregation coulde vnderstande, that all might be edified therby, wheather it were common praier, administratio

of the sacramēts, or any other thinge belonging to the public mynisterie of gods holy and wholesome woorde: but alas all is turned vpsidedowne. Paules doctrine is put apart: Christes commaundemente is not regarded: for nothing is hearde commonly in the churche but in a straunge tongue that the people doth nothing vnderstande.

“ Of late all men and women were taught after Christ's doctrine to pray in that tongue which they could vnderstand, that they might pray with harte, that which they shuld speake with their tongue: Nowe, alas, the vnlearned people is brought in that blyndnesse agayne, to thyncke that they praye, when they speake with their tongue, they can not tel what, nor whereof: their harte is nothyng mynde-full at all, for that it can vnderstande neuer a whyt thereof.”

At the end of the lamentation is a new title;

Cerleyne Godly and comfortable letters of the constaut wytnes of Christ Iohn Careles, written in the time of his imprisonment, and now fyrst set forth in printe. Anno Domini 1566.

Prefixed to this part are the following lines, which adds a new name in the list of poets.

“ Thomas Pirry to the Christian reader, in commendacion of that worthy man of god John Careles.

Much care did carefull Careles bide,

in time of Romishe rage:

Whe^r flesh & bloud with fier was tried,

to make mennes faith to swage.

But god be thanked for his grace,

who did him so defende:

That in the truth he ran his race,

and made a godly ende.

No

No man more carefull for the crosse,
 of Christe his sauving health :
 no man more careles for the losse,
 of frendes and worldly wealth.

When he was hated and abhorde,
 of Cayphas and his sede :
 he cast his care vpon the Lorde,
 and Careles was in dede.

For why ? he knewe that worldly power,
 no farther could procede :
 then god whose worde doth still endure,
 already had decrede.

And that the Lorde would in the ende,
 worke all things for the best :
 when of great mercy he shoulde sende,
 his soule to ioyfull rest.

In hope whereof he careles was,
 and ready to the stake :
 if gode so woulde, he did not passe :
 such ende on earth to make.

But gods will was he should not die,
 Such death in open sighte :
 Wherefore in prison ioyfully,
 to Christ he yelde his sprite.

The letters are three in number, addressed to the prisoner's sister, and have been repeatedly printed.

Art. 4. *A Glasse of vaine glory translated out of Augustine, entit. Speculum peccatoris, by W. Prid. Doct. of the Lawes : with certaine Praiers added thereto. Printed by John Windet, 1593.—Herbert, 1230. 12mo.*

Ritson mentions an edition by the same printer in 1600. From the contents it might have been a yearly publication. The copy before me has neither title or conclusion. As a dedication, "To the worshipful Edmund Hasselwoode of Kingstone in the Countye of Lincolne Esquire W. P. wisheth most prosperous felicity in this world, and in the world to come life euerlasting—Finding my self deeply indebted (by your only means) to al y^e. name of Hasselwood, & namely to master Edward Hasselwood, your good brother, & to that vertuous ge^ttlewoman his wife, (a rare example of godlynes & modesty) but especially to your worship, &c. &c.—Wherfore—accept of my trauaile herein, and think me rather vnable, than vnwilling any way to discharge my duty, wherof I am careful, as knoweth the Lord, who euer preserue your worship, and that vertuous Gentlewoman your wife long to continue among vs, with increase of godlinisse & worship in his feare. Your worships most faithfull friend in the Lord. W. P."

To this succeeds an elegant specimen as an almanack, having a wood-cut at the head of each month, with the zodiacal sign in one corner, and the other portion a fancy piece. In the month of April the subject is hawking. Each month is also accompanied at the beginning with four lines as directions in agriculture or gardening, and a couplet at the end for preservation of bodily health. One column is appropriated to notes of information, principally a register of the burning of the English martyrs. The month of September records "in the yeare 1450 was the noble science of printing inuented by one John Faustus a goldsmith dwelling first at Argentine, afterwards a citizen of Mentz; who perceiuing the inuention to come wel to passe, made one Johaⁿ Guttemberge and Peter Stafford of his couⁿsel, binding them by oath to keepe silence for a while. After fwe yeares, John Guttemberge first began to print at Strasborough.

rough. Vlricus Han first printed at Rom. and William Caxton a mercer of London, did first print in England."

"A preface to the christian reader and louing looker in this glasse of vain glory" upon the subject of death, for, "thou shalt dye the death, it tarrieth not, the couenant of the graue is not shewed to any, but as water spilt on the sand, so is man soon consumed, and brought to nothing: to day a man, to-morrow none: our life passeth away like a shadow, and vanisheth into the aire, as smoke: as a post that passeth by and tarrieth not; as a ship that saileth with full winde, or a birde swift of flight; yea swifter then a weeners shittle; or an arrow that is strongly shot out of a bow; it is a tale that is told, or a spanne in length; for no sooner are we born but streight waies we decay, and draw towards an end, shewing no token of virtue, &c." This prefatorial dissertation is long, and succeeded by several prayers interspersed with poetical pices. About the centre of the volume is a page with a wood cut, representing a corpse laid upon a spade and pick-axe over a grave, with emblematical accompaniments and sentences; then follows,

"The complaint of a sorrowfull soule, that loathing this earthly Tabernacle, and bewailing the miseries of this life, desireth to be dissolued, and to be with Christ. Out of S. Augustines praiers, the 20 chapter thereof, faithfully translated into English verse by W. P.

Let me depart in peace,
 O Lord, I daily grone,
 And loath this life I lead
 O helpe that I were gone,
 In mischiefes manifold,
 my Pilgrims part I play:
 Oh then that I dissolued were
 to liue with Christ for aie.

O miserable life,
 and transitory plaine,
 Vncertaine, fully fraught,
 with sorrowes, grieve & paine :
 Of life polluted oft,
 that do my deedes display :
 Oh then that I dissolved were
 to liue with Christ for aie.

This life is Queene of pride,
 that errors foule doth breede :
 A wretched state that is,
 no life but death in deede.
 We yeelde to natures want,
 and sundry waies decay :
 O then that I dissolued were
 to live with Christ for aie.

And though the blindest man,
 may soone spie this geare :
 Yet with her golden cup,
 which shee in hand doth beare,
 She makes a meany drinke,
 their folly to bewray :
 O then that I dissolued were
 to liue with Christ for aie.

O rare and happy men,
 that do despise her draught :
 Her pleasures vaine eschew
 and shunne her snare vncaught,

Least they by her deceiu'd
 deceiue themselues I say :
 O then that I dissolued were
 to live with Christ for aie.

Least

The volume is printed with flowered borders to the pages, and is a mixture of the black letter and common type.

Art. 5. *Newes from Italy of a second Moses or, the life of Galeacius Caracciolus the noble Marquesse of Vico. Containing the story of his admirable conuersion from popery, and his forsaking of a rich Marquessedome for the Gospels sake. Written first in Italian, thence translated into latin by Reuerend Beza, and for the benefit of our people put into English: and now published by W. Crashavv Batcheler in Diuinitie, and Preacher at the Temple. In memoria sempiterna erit Iustus. Psalme 112. The iust shall be had in euerlasting remembrance. Printed by H. B. for Richard Moore, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleete streete. 1608. 4to. pp. 82.*

This translation is by William Crashaw, a learned divine, and father of the poet. It is dedicated to Edmund Lord Sheffield, the lady Dowglasse his mother, and Lady Vrsula his wife; and commences with a short relation of the tenor of the work. "Give me leaue (right honourable), to put you all in one Epistle, whom God and nature haue linked so well together: Nature in the neerest bond, and God in the holiest religion. For a simple new-yeares gift, I present you with as strange a story, as (out of the holy stories) was euer heard. Will your Honoures have the whole in briefe afore it be laid downe at large? Thus it is.

Galeacius Caracciolus, sonne and heire apparent to Calantonius, Marquesse of Vicum in Naples, bred, borne [Jan. 1517] and brought vp in Popery, a Courtier to the Emperour Charles the fift, nephew to the Pope Paul the fourth, being married to the Duke of Nucernes daughter, and hauing by her six goodly children; at a sermon of Peter Martyrs was first touched, after by reading Scripture and other good meanes, was fully conuerted: laboured with his Lady,
but

but could not perswade her. Therefore that he might enioy Christ, and serue him with a quiet conscience, he left the lands, liuings, and honoures of a Marquesdome, the comforts of his Lady and children, the pleasures of Italy, his credit with the Emperour, his kinred with the Pope, and forsaking all for the loue of Jesus Christ, came to Geneua, and there lived a poore and meane, but yet an honourable and an holy life for fortie yeares. And though his father, his Lady, his kinseman; yea the Emperour, and the Pope did all they could to reclaime him, yet continued he constant to the end, and liued and died the blessed seruant of God, about fiftene yeares agoe, leauing behind him a rare example to all ages."

"The storie it selfe, (says the translator) I first found in the exquisit library of the good Gentleman Master Gee; one that honours learning in others, and cherisheth it in himselfe; and hauing not once red it, but often perused it, I thought it great losse to our church to want so rare a iewel; and therefore could not but take the benefit of some stolne houres to put the same into our tongue.—But I wrong your honours to trouble you with these my too many and too ragged lines; and I wrong this noble Gentleman to cloth his golden story with this my rude and home-spun English stile; and I wrong you all to keepe you so long from being acquainted with this noble Marquesse. From my studie, Ian. 12. 1603. Your honours in all Christian duety, W. Crashavv."

An address to the reader, dated Temple, September 30, 1608, describes the translation made divers years ago and only communicated to private friends, but unavoidable reasons had given it to the public, and that the Latin story was enlarged upon as circumstances required and warranted by other

other stories. The work is divided into thirty chapters, and the incidents of the life of the Marquis are principally those of his communications with Peter Martyr and Calvin, and not likely to either amuse or gratify curiosity.]

Art. 6. *The Complaint or Dialogue, betwixt the Soule and the Bodie of a damned man. Each laying the fault upon the other. Supposed to be written by S. Bernard, from a nightly vision of his; and now published out of an ancient Manuscript Coppy. By William Crashaw. London, Printed by G. P. for Leonard Becket, and are to be solde at his shop in the Temple neere the Church. 1616. 16mo. 34 leaves.*

An Epistle Dedicatory to some of the translator's friends, benchers of the Inner Temple. The poem is divided in eighty-five verses, as a dialogue between the authour, a soul departed, a dead carcase, and the divels. The original and translation occupy the alternate pages; from the last the soul thus complaineth:

“ Wast not but yesterday
the world was thine?
And all the countrey
stood at thy deuotion?
Thy traine that followed thee
when thy sunne did shine
Haue now forsaken thee:
(O dolefull alteration!)

Those turrets gay
Of costly masonry,
And larger palaces
are not now thy roome;

But

But in a coffin
 of small quantity,
 Thou lyest interred
 in a little tombe.
 Thy palaces, what help
 they thee, or buildings?
 Thy graue vnneth's
 of largenesse for thy feet,
 Hence-forth thou canst
 hurt none with thy false iudgings;
 For thy misdeeds
 in hell we both must meete."——

*Manuale Catholicorum; Sive, Enchiridion piarum precum
 & Meditationum. Ex vetustissimis Manuscrip. pergamenis
 descripta. Per Guliel. Crash. Londini, Ex officina Georgij
 Purslow; sumptibus Leonardi Becket. 1616.*

*A Manvall for true Catholicks, or a handfull or rather a
 heartfull of holy Meditations and Prayers. Gathered out of
 certaine ancient Manuscripts, written 300 yeares agoe, or
 more. By William Crashaw. London. Printed by G. P.
 for Leonard Becket, and are to be solde at his shop in the
 Temple neere the Church. 1616. pp. 115. The printer's let-
 ter continued from "the Complaint," &c.*

The first division contains orthodoxical confessions and
 meditations in verse, afterwards "followeth the meanes
 and manner how our forefathers in the time of popery pre-
 pared themselves and others to dye, consisting first of the
 confession of their faith, and secondly of the prayers which
 were made by them and for them in their last sicknesse.—
 Truly and verbatim Englished out of the Latine, being an
 ancient copie." At the conclusion are two copies of verses
 in praise of the authour, signed, W. Lort, and B. L.

J. H.

Art.

Art. 1. *Supositiones terminorum legum Anglorum. Et natura brevium cum diversis casibus regulis & fundamentis legum tam de libris Magistri Litteltoni quam de aliis legum libris collectis et breviter compilatis pro juvenibus valde necessariis.* Colophon. *Impressum xv die Julii Anno Domini M.V.C.XXVII. Cum privilegio regali.* (No place, bookseller, or printer's name.) Small 18mo. but in a 4to. shape, 103 leaves. b. l.

This is a law-dictionary, with an alphabetical index, written in old French, with some mixture of Latin and English, probably the language introduced into our courts of law by the Normans. The following is an extract from the *Prohemium*.

“Lykewise as the universall worlde can never have hys continuance but onely by the order and law of nature whyche compellyth every thinge to do hys kinde.”—“And for as myche as the law of this realme of Englund is ordeyned and devysed for the augmentacion of justyce and for the quietness of the people, and for the commyn-welth of the same, ergo it is convenient that divers bokes be made wherby the studentis of thys law may the soner come to the knowlege therof.”—“Whyche knowlege of the law so had and the trew execution of the same law shall be gretly to the augmentation of the commyn welth of this realme whyche the eternall God increse and presserve to his grete honour and glory. Amen.”

Art. 2. *A handfull of holesome (though homelie) heartes, gathered out of the goodlie garden of God's most holie word; for the common benefit and comfortable exercise of all such as are devoutlie disposed. Collected and dedicated to all religious Ladies, Gentlewomen, and others; by Anne Wheat-hill, Gentlewoman. Imprinted at London by H. Denham, 1584. Small 18mo. b. l. 144 leaves.* [The edges of all the leaves are surrounded by a pretty wide flourished engraving]
Colophon,

Colophon, (which is also engraved) *Imprinted at London by Henrie Denham, dwelling in Paternoster Rowe, at the signe of the Starre. Cum privilegio.*

This little book contains forty-nine prayers, upon various occasions, written with a great deal of devotion and good sense, and, for the most part, with a very small tincture of enthusiasm. The writer appears evidently to have been a Protestant. The following extract from the dedication will serve as a specimen of her style.

“To all Ladies, Gentlewomen, and others, which love true religion and virtue, and be devoutlie disposed; grace, mercie, and peace, in Christ Jesus.”

“For a testimony to all the world, how I have and doo (I praise God) bestowe the pretious treasure of time, even now in the state of my virginitie or maidenhood; lo heare I dedicate to all good ladies, gentlewomen, and others, who have a desire to invoke and call upon the name of the Lord, a small handfull of grose hearbs; which I have presumed to gather out of the garden of God’s most holie word. Not that there is any unpureness therein, but that, (peradventure) my rudenes may be found to have plucked them up unreverentlie, and without zeele.” Signed, “Your’s in Christ, Ann Wheathill, Gent.”

Art. 3. *The Treasurie of auncient and moderne times. Containing the learned collections, judicious readings, and memorable observations. Not only divine, morall and phylosophicall, but also poetically, martiall, politicall, historicall, astrologically, &c. Translated out of that worthy Spanish Gentleman, Pedro Mexio, and M. Francesco Sausovino, that famous Italian. As also of those honourable Frenchmen, Anthonie Du Verdier, Lord of Vauprivaz: Loys Guyon, Sieur de la Nauche, Counsellor unto the King: Claudius Gruget, Parisian, &c. London, Printed by W. Jaggard, 1613. Fol. 965 pages.*

There

There are two dedications, the first by Du Verdier to "the magnanimous and virtuous Lord, Anne D'Urfé, Marquesse of Bauge," &c. &c. The second to "the right worshipful, learned, and most judicious gentleman, Sir Thomas Brudenell, Baronet," by his "namelesse wellwisher, desirous to be known to none but yourself." The work is a collection of anecdotes, facts, events, and reasonings of all sorts. It was probably the prototype of "Wanley's Wonders," and perhaps many of the narratives related in that work are taken from it. But it is by no means equal to Wanley's celebrated collection in the arrangement of its matter, in which indeed it is rather deficient. It is divided into books and chapters; both modern and ancient, sacred and profane history, anecdotes, of different kinds and persons, follow each other without order or connection. It contains, however, much curious matter, the result of various and extensive reading, related in the quaint style of that age.

P. M.

ART. XIX. *Inscription on the Monument of George Steevens, Esq. By W. Hayley, Esq.*

"Peace to these reliques! once the bright attire
Of spirit sparkling with no common fire!
How oft has pleasure in the social hour
Smiled at his wit's exhilarating power!
And truth attested with delight intense
The serious charms of his colloquial sense!
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay;
His critic's labours, of unwearied force,
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheered,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endeared.

Learning

Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
 In sport displaying, and with graceful ease,
 Lightly the stage of chequered life he trod,
 Careless of chance, confiding in his God."

ART. XXI. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. April 28, at Mymunsing, in the Burrampooter, in Bengal, æt, 25, Henry Townley Roberdeau, Esq.

1809. Jan. 6, at Stourbridge, county of Worcester, the Rev. Thomas Moss, B. A. perpetual curate of Brierly-hill Chapel, Staffordshire. He was the author of the beautiful and pathetic little Elegy, entitled, "*The Beggar's Petition*," published with some others, in one small volume. See *Shaw's Staffordshire*. It was soon after inserted in "*Enfield's Speaker*."

Jan. 13, at his house in Great Denmark Street, Dublin, Theobald M'Kenna, Esq, a political writer of some celebrity. He enjoyed a pension of 200l. a year from government.

At his house, in Clifton, Thomas Beddoes, M.D. If by his death Physic has lost one of her ablest practitioners, Philosophy certainly has been deprived of one of her profoundest disciples. As an author he was read and admired, and as a private character he was esteemed and beloved. If jealousy detracted from his merit while living, justice will be done to his memory now he is dead." *Courier*.

At Birmingham, Mr. John Ireland, who published the *Illustrations of Hogarth*.

To Correspondents.

The favour of S. &c. which came too late, shall have place next month.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

[Being Number XXVI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Fishing.*

FISHING may probably claim origin with the expiration of the poet's golden age. When the vitiated palate of man first imbibed the savoury gratification of animal food, the weak and the indolent, alike too supine to share in the fatigues of the chase, contrived the obtainment of a viscous substance by a less laborious but more cunning depredation upon the tenants of the deep. As mankind increased in number, and nations were formed, the art became general; nor was the simple character of the fisherman finally unimportant. Upon the foundation of the mild doctrines of the Christian religion an "astonishing and rapid propagation of it [took place] by a few illiterate tent-makers and fishermen through almost every part of the world." * From that period, in the earliest history of every country, it may be gleaned, that fishing

* Lecture I. upon the Gospel of St. Matthew, by the present Bishop of London.

supplied a large portion of nutritive sustenance to the various inhabitants, and, in some places, has progressively risen from a domestic trade to a material branch of the public revenue by exportation. As a practical art it has experienced little if any alteration for centuries. Instances may be found of the untutored savage exercising his adroitness by diving, while the invention of more polished regions is exhibited in the varying mesh and subtle deception of a baited hook. Painters and poets of all periods describe similar modes of destruction. Of our domestic records, upon the research of a late antiquarian, into the sports and pastimes of the people, not any particulars were met with “sufficiently deviating from the present method of taking fish to claim a place in his work.”* The following extract is curious, and is one of the earliest notices upon the subject, which combines the statute and common law of the realm at that period. “If any man fysshe in the lordes pooles or meynes, the lorde maye haue his accyon vpon the statute of Westmynster prim^m. [3 Ed. I. C 20—1275.] And yf he fysshe in the rynning and seuerall waters, the lorde may haue his actyon at the com^men lawe, & in lykewyse the lordes tenaunt, if any man fysshe in his ferme holde, be it standynge waters and rynninge waters: and where he saythe de omnibus of com^men fysshynge, that is lytell profyte to y^e. lorde but to his tenautes, except he dwell nighe the sea, and wyll cause his seruant to fysshe there for hym, for y^t. is the best com^men water y^t. any man can fyshe in. And some rynning waters be com^men, as lytell brokes, and sytches, and in some rinnyng waters the

* Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 7.

lordes tenaũtes haue lybertie by custoẽ to fysshe with shouenettes, trodenettes, small pytches, and suche other." * To recapitulate the various English writers upon fishing, according to the science of angling, would prove too voluminous for a brief essay. Such an attempt must commence with the "treatyse of fyshynge wyth an angle," of 1496, by Juliana Berners, and after enumerating near two hundred various publications connected with the subject, conclude with the late edition of Walton's Complete Angler, as re-edited by, and with the subsequent additions of Sir John Hawkins.† Several inquiries have been made respecting

* Boke of surveyeng and improumẽtes, 1523.

† "Although this work [the Complete Angler] seems to be little more than a treatise on fish and fishing, the reader, whether he is a proficient in angling or not, will find abundant entertainment in it.—It is written in dialogue, and is interspersed with several pieces of excellent old English poetry, and discovers such a vein of natural humour, and harmless pleasantry, as has rendered it the delight of the most ingenious for more than a century. The author, Mr. Walton, was intimate with the wits of King James the First's time; of whom, and of many other remarkable persons, there are, in this edition, many curious anecdotes. Cuts are now added of the principal scenes, designed by Mr. Wale, and engraved by Mr. Ryland, in which the characters are dressed in the habits of the times: which cuts, the reader may be assured, cost, in designing and engraving upwards of one hundred pounds." *Bookseller's advertisement of first edition by Hawkins, from Newspaper July, 1760.* The late edition of this work forms a handsome volume in quarto, and in two different sizes octavo. The embellishments are by Mr. Philip Audinet, who has again copied from the original designs of Wale: to these are added some portraits, and the fish are engraved from a set of new designs, made for the purpose. *

The following extract from the preface to the experienced Angler (another old and valuable publication) by Col. Venables, claiming the superiority of

* For an account of Bagster's late edition, which is disclaimed by Mr. I. S. Hawkins, Sir John's son, see *Gent. Mag.* Jan. 1809, p. 6.

specting the following poem, and there is reason to conclude it is now first printed. The date of the manuscript

this pursuit over other more expensive diversions is too connected with the present article to be omitted:

“Hawking and hunting have had their excellencies celebrated with large encomiums by divers pens; and although I intend not any undervaluing to those noble recreations, so much famed in all ages and by all degrees, yet I must needs affirm, that they fall not within the compass of every one’s ability to pursue, being, as it were, only entailed on great persons and vast estates; for if meaner fortunes seek to enjoy them, Actæon’s fable often proves a true story, and those birds of prey not seldom quarry upon their masters: besides, those recreations are more subject to choler and passion, by how much those creatures exceed a hook or line in worth; and indeed in those exercises our pleasure depends much upon the will and humor of a sullen cur, or kite (as I have heard their own passions phrase them) which also require much attendance, care, and skill, to keep her serviceable to our ends. Further, these delights are often prejudicial to the husbandman in his sown, grass, and fences; but in this pleasant and harmless Art of Angling, a man hath none to quarrel with but himself, and we are usually so entirely our own friends as not to retain an irreconcilable hatred against ourselves, but can in short time easily compose the enmity; and besides ourselves none are offended, none endamaged; and this recreation falleth within the capacity of the lowest fortune to compass, affording also profit as well as pleasure; in following of which exercise a man may employ his thoughts in the noblest studies, almost as freely as in his closet; the minds of anglers being usually more calm and composed than many others, especially hunters and falkoners, who too frequently lose their delight in their passion, and too often bring home more of melancholy and discontent than satisfaction in their thoughts; but the angler, when he hath the worst success, looseth but a hook or line, or perhaps (what he never possessed) a fish, and suppose he take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightfull walk by pleasant rivers, in sweet pastures, amongst odoriferous flowers, which gratifie his senses and delight his mind; which contentments induce many (who affect not angling) to choose those places of pleasure for their summer’s recreation and health. But peradventure some may alledge that this art is mean, melancholy and insipid: I suppose the old answer, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, will hold as firmly in recreations as palats; many have supposed angling void of delight, having never tried it, yet have afterwards experimented it so full of content.

script is uncertain, probably about 1750, and from several corrections in the original must have been the translator's copy. Extracts from other works are given as notes, but discussions upon manufacturing flies, or the ingenious torment of threading a live bait, are purposely omitted; yet it is hoped amusement and information will prove sufficiently blended for those notes to be considered rather above the character of "a string of whiting's eyes."

Vaniere. Book XV. Of Fish. Translated from the Latin. By I. D. of C. C. Coll. Camb.*

Of Fish I sing, and to the rural cares
Now add the labours of my younger years.
These lays, Lemoignon, your protection claim,
Now more improv'd since first they gave me fame;
From hence to tend the doves and vines I taught,
And whate'er else my riper years have wrought.

Here, where in pleasing fables I relate,
How various bodies were transform'd by fate,

content, that they have quitted all other recreation (at least in its season) to pursue it.... The cheapness of the recreation abates not its pleasure, but with rational persons heightens it; and if it be delightful the charge of melancholy falls upon that score, and if example (which is the best proof) may sway any thing, I know no sort of men less subject to melancholy than anglers; many have cast off other recreations and embraced it, but I never knew any angler wholly cast off (though occasions might interrupt) their affections to their beloved recreation; and if this art may prove a noble brave rest to my mind, 'tis all the satisfaction I covet."

* Rev. John Duncombe, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Rector of Hearne, Kent, and St. Andrew, with St. Mary Bredman, Canterbury. Ob. Jan. 19, 1786, æt. 56. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. pp. 187-451, where this translation is mentioned. It is now printed from the copy referred to as in the possession of the late Mr. Reed. See his Translation of Vaniere's fifth book in George Jeffreys's Miscellanies, 1754, 4to.

Your youthful grandsons may amusement find,
 Who, Virtue's seeds now rip'ning in their mind,
 Nor yet in Greek or Roman writers read,
 But by your life and sage instructions bred,
 May nourish in their minds the sweet essays
 Of virtue rising to their grandsire's praise.

Curson by you was taught to guide the helm,
 And that, when dead, you may protect the realm,
 You fashion in their turn his blooming heirs,
 That, while great Lewis for the world prepares,
 A line of future monarchs he may view,
 A line of ministers, prepar'd by you ;
 Whose names and deeds our annals may adorn
 In future times and ages yet unborn.

Whether the place you for your fish provide,
 High hills with springs surround on ev'ry side,
 (The work of nature this, and not of art,)
 Or, lying in a valley, ev'ry part
 By banks with ease may be sustain'd, in all ;
 Improve the land that to your lot may fall.

Who dwells on level ground, tho' rais'd with pain,
 His banks the waters weight can scarce contain.

Yet let him not despair; for wealth and toil
 Will model to his mind the stubborn soil.
 Where like a channel you behold a field,
 Which, tho' it would increase of harvests yield,
 Will yet, if flooded, still more fruitful grow,
 Pour in the tide, and let it overflow :
 Then fish may nibble grass, beneath the flood,
 Where goats were wont to crop their flow'ry food.

When now for sixty months the scaly breed
 Has kept possession of the watry mead;
 Drain'd in its turn it will reward the swain
 For sixty months with more than promis'd gain;
 Thus may a valley fish and harvests yield,
 And now appear a lake, and now a field :

Water

Water and corn by turns possess the plain,
And Ceres now, and now the Naiads reign.

Lakes for their fishes some on hills prepare,
From whence the water with a friendly care
Supplies their gardens with refreshing tides;
Or, under ground, thro' wooden pipes it glides,
Till, with a sudden noise it mounts again,
And sportful falls in sheets of copious rain.
Oft will the streams, o'erflowing, fill the mead
With wond'ring nations of the scaly breed;
The fish exulting wanders o'er the plain,
And now admires the grass and now the grain;
Deep in the spacious furrows lies conceal'd,
Or crops the floating herbage of the field;
Till, left to perish in the mud, too late
He sees his error, and bewails his fate.

By Vice's stream a youth, thus hurry'd o'er
Fair Virtue's bounds to paths unknown before,
With transport follows where soft pleasure leads,
And roves thro' flow'ry but forbidden meads:
But, when his joys are like a torrent fled,
Sad he reviews the life that once he led;
Now, tho' too late, he struggles to retire,
But still remains and flounders in the mire;
Till, by experience vainly render'd wise,
He sees his folly and repenting dies.

In hollow depths of rocks the fish delight,
The cooling shade t' enjoy and shun the sight;
Be thou indulgent to the finny race
And after nature's model, form the place;
But since the stream, unable here to flow,
Will often stagnate and corrupted grow;
Rather let shelt'ring trees o'ershade the flood;
But then the leaves, when shaken from the wood,
Should with the current down the river swim,
Lest by corrupting they defile the stream.

Let rivers therefore from the mountains flow,
 To change the water of your lakes below.
 Fish, by the river brought, your ponds receive,
 Which with the stream, when they attempt to leave,
 To bar their flight a fence of hurdles place,
 Thro' which the stream may flow; the finny race,
 Struggling in vain, becomes an easy prize,
 And still pursues the stream with eager eyes.

No place for fish is more convenient found,
 Than moats which do your house's walls surround;
 For here the mazes of the stream they trace,
 And chuse in Winter's cold, a sunny place,
 Or to the house's friendly shade repair
 As oft as summer suns inflame the air:
 Be mindful thou the hungry race to feed,
 The fish themselves in their own cause will plead;
 And, rising to the surface of the flood,
 With hungry gaping jaws demand their food.
 Let then your children crums of bread bestow,
 Or bits of biscuit from their windows throw,
 From whence they may behold their sportive play,
 And see how greedily they snatch the prey.*

Sometimes

* " One, like a pirat, only lues of prizes,
 That in the deep he desperately surprises:
 Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam;
 Another round about the rocks doth roam,
 Nibbling on weeds; another, hating thieuing,
 Eats nought at all, of liquor only liuing;
 For the salt humor of his element
 Serues him, alone, for perfect nourishment.
 Som loue the clear streams of swift tumbling torrents,
 Which, through the rocks straining their struggling currents,
 Break banks and bridges, and doo neuer stop,
 Till thirsty sommer come to drink them vp;
 Some almost alwayes pudder in the mud
 Of sleepy pools, and neuer brook the flood

Of

Sometimes your servant scraps from table brings,
 Or meat your cook into the water flings :
 Fish sometimes yield to fish a rich repaste,
 And sons insatiate on their fathers feast.
 You grains of corn may scatter, and survey
 Your fish engag'd in battle or in play;
 Or, if in sport and shooting you delight,
 With pleasure here at home, conceal'd from sight,
 May use by turns your arrows and your gun,
 Safe from the show'rs and from the scorching sun;
 Whether they sportive leap into the air,
 Or to the surface of the stream repair.
 Ponds for your fish wherever you provide,
 They with fresh store in spring should be supply'd;
 In spring the male with love's soft flames inspir'd,
 And in defiance of the water fir'd,
 Can scarce perceive the change; and, big with young,
 A num'rous breed the female bears along !

Now o'er the neighb'ring streams extend your nets,
 And throw your lines, well furnish'd with deceits;
 Join scarlet colours, which, expos'd to view,
 Fish thro' the water greedily pursue;
 And as a skilful fowler birds employs,
 Which, by their well-known voice and treach'rous noise,
 Allure their fellows and invite to share
 Their fate, entangled in the viscous snare;
 So fish, when taken, other fish allure;
 Who, seeing them, grow dauntless and secure : *

But

Of crystall streams, that in continuall motion
 Bend t'ward the bosom of their mother Ocean."

Sylvester's Du Bartas, 5th day.

* " Dialogo, xlviii. Of a Fisser and a lytyll Fissh. A fisser as he
 fished he cawght a lytell fissh and whan he wolde haue kylled him he spake
 and sayde. O gentyll fisser haue mercy vppon me, for yf thou kyl me thou
 shalt

But not thro' studied malice they betray,
 But by our art deceive the finny prey:
 This may be pardon'd in a silent race,
 Who cannot warn their friends of the deceitful place:
 Man only with premeditated mind
 Betrays his brethren, and ensnares mankind. *

If

shalt haue but little auantage of me. But & if thou wilt suffre me to go fre and delyuer me from this daunger & captiuitie, I promise to God and to the, that I shall cawse the to haue greate wynnynge, for I shal retourne vnto the daylye withe greate multitude of fisshes and I shall lede them into thy nettis. To whom the fissher sayd. How shall I mowe knowe the emonge so many fisshes. Then sayd ye. fissh. Cut of a lytell of my taylor that thou mayst know me emong all othir. The fissher gaue credence to his woordis and cut of his taylor and let him go. This lytel fissh was euer vncurteys, for contrary to his promyse he lettyd the fissher as oftyn as he shuld fissh, and withdrewe ye. fisshes from him and sayd. Faders and worshipfull senyours be ye ware of that deceyuar for he deceyuyd me, & cut of my taylor, and so shall he serue you if ye be not ware, and, yf ye beleue not me, beleue his workis that apere vpon me. And thus saynge the fissh shewed them his taylor that was cut. Wherfor the fisshes abhorryd ye. fissher and fled from him in al possible haste. The fissher vsid no more fysshinge, wherfore he leuyd in great pouerte. Of fortune it happid so that a long while aftir the fissher cawght agayne the same fissh emong othir; and whan he knew him, he kyllid him cruelly and sayde;

He that hath a good turn and is vncurteys agayn,
 It is veray rightfull that he be therfore slayne."

The Dialoges of Creatures Moralyed, applyably and edificatyfly, to euery mery and iocunde mater, of late translated out of Latyn into our Englysshe tonge right profitable to the gouernaunce of man. And they be to sell, vpon Powlys Churche Yarde. 4to. n. d. Has a prologue and table. Interspersed with many wood cuts. Folded in fours, and extends to I. I. iiij. Col. Thus endith the Dialoges of Creatures moralyed, &c. ut supra.

* Though this duplicity is nurtured by the factitious wants of a crowded city, it seldom intrudes upon the hovel of industry; yet the pillow of weary labour is not unvisited by the baneful dreams of gold.

"Two ancient fishers in a straw-thatch'd shed,
 Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed,

Reclin'd

If in the stream a craggy rock there lies,
 Thither the finny race for shelter flies:
 This from the rising water may be known,
 Which breaks in bubbles, by the fishes blown;

Reclin'd their weary limbs: hard by were laid
 Baskets, and all their implements of trade,
 Rods, hooks, and lines, compos'd of stout horse-haire,
 And nets of various sorts, and various snares,
 The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
 To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways:
 A crazy boat was drawn upon a plank;
 Matts were their pillow, wove of osier dank;
 Skins, caps, and rugged coats, a covering made;
 This was their wealth, their labour, and their trade,
 No pot to boil, no watch dog to defend,
 Yet blest they liv'd with penury their friend. —

[The one relates.]

Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,
 And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep;
 Suspended by my rod, I gently shook
 The bait fallacious, which a huge one took;
 (Sleeping, we image what awake we wish;
 Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish;)
 Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood
 With crimson stream distain'd the silver flood.
 I stretch'd my arm out, lest the line should break;
 The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak!
 Anxious I gaz'd; he struggled to be gone;
 'You're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon—'
 'Still do you tease me?' for he plagu'd me sore;
 At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,
 Then grasp'd him with my hand for surer hold,
 A noble prize, a fish of solid gold. —
 — Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake,
 Hunger will soon discover your mistake;
 Catch real fish; you need not sure be told
 Those fools must starve who only dream of gold."

Fawkes's Theocritus, Idyl. xxi.

If

If rocks deny, let art retreat bestow,
 And leafy branches in the water throw.
 Now when the fish, invited by the food,
 Frequent the shade, hang nets around the flood,
 And drawing down the stream your boughs, convey
 Into your flaxen snares the finny prey.
 Then leafy boughs and branches place again,
 And with fresh arts a fresh supply obtain.
 Tubs, which to lakes your captive fishes bear,
 Should at the top admit the vital air;
 And if a brook or spring is in the way,
 With cooling draughts refresh the thirsty prey.

Various of waters, as of soils, the kind;
 Some stagnant, others running there you'll find,
 The bottom fill'd with oose, and mud, and here
 Sand mixt with golden gravel will appear.*

* "The fish of lakes, and motes, and stagnant ponds
 (Remote from sea, or where no spring commands,
 And intermingling its refreshing waves
 Is tench unto the mote, and tenches saves
 And keeps them medical) are of all sorts
 Lesse innocent, unless some river courts
 The sullen nymph, and blending waters, she
 Of a foul *Mopsa's* made *Leucothoe*.
 Her inmates otherwise, like herself, smell,
 Taste of the harbour (that is) scent not well;
 Slow to digest: alive, they liv'd to close,
 And dead they can't their native dulness lose.
 Give me a salmon, who with winged fins
 'Gainst tide and stream firks o're the fishing-gins
 Of locks and hives, and circling in a gyre
 His vaulting corps, he leaps the baffled wyre.
 Let fish have room enough and their full play,
 No liquor want, not on a Fish-street day."

Edmund Gayton's *Art of Longevity*, 1659.

In

In lakes where the dull waters ever sleep,
 You perches,* bleaks, and salmon-trout,† may keep,
 Who

* "Of the meruayles and wonders of Wales.

Ther ben hylles in snowdonye
 That ben wonderly hye;
 With heyght as grete awaye,
 As a man maye go a daye:
 And kete eriri on Walsshe,
 Snowy hylles in Englysshe:
 In these hylles ther is
 Leese inough for all beestes of Walis.
 The hylles on coppe beres,
 Two grete fysshe weres;
 Conteyned in that one ponde,
 Meueth with the wynde an Ilonde,
 As though it dyde swymme,
 And neyhet to the brymme:
 So that heerdes haue grete wonder,
 And wene yt. the worlde meueth vnder.
 In that other is perche and fysshē,
 And eueryche one eyed is." Polychronicon.

† Extract from lines on taking a salmon, 1787.

———"O bliss divine!

A salmon flound'ring at my line!
 Sullen, at first he sinks to ground,
 Or rolls in circles round and round;
 Till, more inflamed, he plunging, sweeps,
 And from the shallows seeks the deeps;
 Then bends the rod, the winch then sings,
 As down the stream he headlong springs;
 But, turned with fiercer rage, he boils,
 And tries indignant all his wiles;
 Yet vainly tries, his courage flown,
 And all his mighty powers gone,
 I wind him up with perfect ease,
 Or here, or there, or where I please;
 Till quite exhausted now he grows,
 And now his silver sides he shews;
 Nor one faint effort more he tries,
 But near my feet a captive lies;

His

Who on their backs as many colours show,
 As heav'nly Iris on her painted bow.
 With these the smelt and smaller turbot place,
 And tench, the fav'rites of the vulgar race,
 With slipp'ry eels which may be caught with ease
 Descending from the rivers to the seas;
 For as each year the wand'ring swallow flies
 The southern suns and more indulgent skies;
 So when rough northern blasts the rivers freeze,
 The tender eel, of cold impatient, flees
 To the warm sands and caverns of the seas; *
 And thence returns in summer as before,
 To the cool streams and shelter of the shore.

Chuse then a place to practise your deceit,
 Where rocks reduce the river to a strait,
 So that the stream may flow, when thus confin'd,
 With force to turn a mill and corn to grind:
 Then near the flood gates in a narrow space,
 Hard of access, with reeds enclose a place;
 The bending osiers will with ease allow
 The stream retiring thro' the chinks to flow;

His tail I grasp with eager hand,
 And swing, with joy, my prize on land."

* The tackle must be adapted to the season, but the angler may remain indifferent as to the wind; "so (as one instructor gravely adds) that he can cast his bait into the river." The planetary influence upon fish is alluded to by Gower, in the *Confessione Amantis*, 1554.

"Benethe all other stont the moone,
 The whiche hath with the sea to doone,
 Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe,
 Vpon his chaunge it shall be knowe,
 And euery fische, whiche hath a shelle,
 Mote in his gouernance dwelle,
 To waxe and wane in his degree,
 As by the moone a man mai see."

But,

But, in the wicker prison will detain
 The slipp'ry eel descending to the main;
 By whom a time for flying will be chose,
 When now the stream a safe return allows,
 And swoln with wintry show'rs o'er all its borders flows.

But, as a leader, who attempts to go

By night in secret, to elude the foe,

Will find the foe prepar'd to stop his flight,

And equally befriended by the night:

So with the fisherman, with timely care

In muddy streams the flying Eel ensnare,

And nets to stop the fugitive prepare.

The Carp, the native of th' Italian Lar,*

And Whiting standing waters will prefer;

And Blease, and Umbles, like an ancient trout,

Tho' weak in fight, yet threatening with their snout;

For tho' sharp teeth in triple ranks are shown,

Whole nations fly before the pike alone;

Fierce to destroy with blood the stream he stains;

For courage, and not strength, the conquest gains.†

The

* Venice is described in Purchas's Pilgrimes, as

———— a riche toun of spicery :

And of alle other marchandise also,

And right well vitelet therto ;

And namely of fresche water fische,

Pike, Eile, Tench, Carpe, I wis:

Vol. II. p. 1236, Ed. 1625.

“The Carp is a stately, and very subtle fish, stiled the fresh-water fox, and queen of rivers; he is originally of foreign growth; Mr. Mascall a Sussex gentleman, having the honour of first bringing them hither, about the year 1524, Ann. Reg. 15 Hen. VIII. Dr. Heylin informs us that,

Reformation, turkeys, carps, hops, and beer,

Came all into England in the same year.

And as Sussex had the first, so does it at this time abound with more carps than any other county.” *Whole Art of Fishing*, 1714.

† “The pike is the pirate of the lake, that roves and preyes upon the little

The Carp which in th' Italian seas was bred,
 With shining scraps of yellow gold is fed :
 Tho' chang'd his form, his avarice remains,
 And in his breast the love of lucre reigns.
 For Saturn flying from victorious Jove,
 Compell'd of old, in banishment to rove
 Along th' Italian shore, a vessel found
 Beyond the lake of wide Benachus bound ;
 He, for his passage, at a price agreed,
 And with large gifts of gold the master fee'd.
 But he the master (Carpus was he nam'd)
 With thirst of gain, and love of gold inflam'd ;
 Prepar'd in chains the passenger to bind,
 But to the god his face betray'd his mind,
 And from the vessel in revenge he threw
 Into the waves the pilot and his crew ;

little fishermen of that sea, who is so covetous and cruell, that he gives no quarter to any ; when hee takes his prize hee goes not to the shore to make his market, but greedily devoures it himselfe ; yea, is such a cormorant, that he will not stay the dressing of it. He is called the wolfe of the water, but is indeed a monster of nature ; for the wolfe spares his kinde, but hee will devoure his own nephewes ere they come to full growth. He is very gallant in apparell, and seemes to affect to go rather in silver than in gold, wherein he spares for no cost ; for his habit is all layd with silver plate downe to the foot in scallop wise. Hee is a right man of warre, and is so slender built, and drawes so little water, as hee will land at pleasure, and take his prey where he list ; no shallop shall follow where hee will lead. The pikes themselves are the taller ships, the pickerels of a middle sort, and the Jacks, the pinnaces amongst them, which are all armed according to their burden. The master or pilot sits at the prore, yet hath he the rudder so at command, that hee can winde and turne the vessell which way he will in the twinkling of an eye. He sets up but little sayles, because he would not bee discovered who he is, yea, many times no sail at all, but he trusts to the finnes, his oares. The youthfuller sort of pikes, whom through familiarity they call Jacks, are notable laddes indeed, and to their strength and bigness will fish as their fathers will. In a word, a man would easily bee mistaken in him in beholding him so handsome and gentle a creature, and never imagin him to be half so ravenous as he is ; but *fronti nulla fides.*" *A strange metamorphosis of man, transformed into a wilderness.* 1634.

Then

Then into fish the traytors he transform'd,
 The traytors, still with love of lucre warm'd,
 The sailing ship for golden fragments trace,
 And prove themselves deriv'd from human race.*

If running waters overflow your lakes,
 There best the barbel † thrive with speckled backs;
 And roach, which shoot as swiftly thro' the flood
 As arrows, flying from the bending wood; ‡

From

* To the tale of lucre respecting the carp, may be not inappropriately attached "a controuersie of a conquest in loue 'twixt Fortune and Venus."

Whilst fissher kest his line the houering fish to hooke,
 By hap a rich man's daughter on the fissher kest hir looke:
 Shee fryde with frantick loue, they marid eke at last:
 Thus fissher was from lowe estate in top of treasure plast.
 Stoodde fortune by and smylde: 'how say you, dame,' quoth shee
 To Venus, 'was this conquest your's, or is it due to mee?'
 'Twas I (quoth Vulcan's wife) with help of Cupid's bowe,
 That made this wanton wench to rage, and match hir selfe so lowe.'
 'Not so, 'twas Fortune I, that brought the trull in place;
 And fortune was it that the man stoodde so in mayden's grace;
 By fortune fell their loue, 'twas fortune strake the stroke;
 Then detter is this man to mee that did the match prouoke."

Epitaphes, Epigrams, &c. by George Turberville.

† "Timorous barbels will not taste the bit
 Till with their tayls they haue vnhooked it:
 And all the bayts the fisher can deuise,
 Cannot beguile their wary jealousies."

Sylvester's Du Bartas.

‡ ————— like as the litle roch
 Must either be eat, or leap upon the shore,
 When as the hungary pickerell doth approch,
 And there finde death which it escapt before.

Baldwin's Owen Glendour, Mirrour for M. 1575.

A somewhat unfair and rapacious mode of fishing is occasionally adopted by anglers, who lay several rods, and have an increased number of gentles attached to each float; for which practice the only excuse is poor Cunningham's apology for breaking the sabbath, "the dinner lying at the bottom of

From whence of darts they have obtain'd the name;
The mullets also love a living stream,

With

the river." To such marauders the following humourous ballad is applicable.

" You that fish for Dace and Roches,
Carpes or Tenches, Bonus neches,
Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,
When the Fryday signe was fishes.
Angler's yeares are made and spent,
All in Ember weekes and Lent.

Breake thy rod about thy noddle,
Throw thy wormes and flies by the pottle,
Keepe thy corke to stop thy bottle,
Make straight thy hooke, and be not afeard,
To shave his beard;
That in case of started stitches
Hooke and line may mend thy breeches.

He that searches pools and dikes,
Halters Jackes, and strangles Pikes,
Let him know, though he think he wise is,
'Tis not a sport but an assizes
Fish so tooke, were the case disputed,
Are not tooke, but executed.

Breake thy rod, &c.

You whose pastes fox rivers throat,
And make Isis pay her groat,
That from May to parch October,
Scarce a Minew can slepe sober.
Be your fish in oven thrust,
And your owne Red-paste the crust.

Breake thy rod, &c.

Hookes and lines of larger sizes,
Such as the tyrant that troules devises,
Fishes nere beleive his fable,
What he calls a line is a cable;
That's a knave of endlesse rancor,
Who for a hooke doth cast an anchor

Breake thy rod, &c.

But

With powts which in the muddy bottom lie;
 Menows, which constant stores of eggs supply;
 Lotes, on whose chins long hairy bristles grow;
 And skates and wide-mouth'd lampreys, which below
 Resemble eels, but gape like frogs above;
 With fragrant fish,* which murm'ring fountains love,
 Sweet to the smell like thyme's delightful flow'r;
 Gudgeons who gravel greedily devour;
 Perch like sea mullets both in taste and smell,
 And pollards which within with prickles swell;
 With gaping sheaths, and plaise, whom, if their snouts
 Were less obtuse, we might mistake for trouts.†

In either stream the carp contented dwells,
 With plenteous spawn thro' all the year she swells,

But of all men he is the cheater,
 Who with small fish takes up the greater,
 He makes carpes without all dudgeon,
 Make a Jonas of a gudgen;
 Cruell man that stayes on gravell
 Fish that great with fish doth travell.

Breake thy rod, &c.

Llewellyn's Men Miracles, &c. 1656.

* Thymallus.

† "The pike, the roach, the cheuen and the dace,
 The bream, the barble with his bearded face,
 The pearch, the gudgeon, and the siluer eele,
 Which millers taken in their ozier weele,
 Dwell in the riuer as principall fish,
 And giuen to Pan to garnish thy dish;
 The salmon, trout, flounder and creuise,
 Doe dwell in riuers where the menow is.
 The princely carpe, and medicinable teach,
 In bottom of a poole themselues doe trench."

Breton's Ourania.

And in all places and all seasons breeds,
 In lakes as well as rivers: hence proceeds
 The name of Cyprian, which the Cyprian dame
 Bestow'd; the French to carp have chang'd the name.
 Of all the fish that swim the wat'ry mead,
 Not one in cunning can the carp exceed.
 Sometimes when nets enclose the stream, she flies
 To hollow rocks, and there in secret lies:
 Sometimes the surface of the water skims,
 And, springing o'er the net, undaunted swims;
 Now motionless she lies beneath the flood,
 Holds by a weed, or deep into the mud
 Plunges her head, for fear against her will,
 The nets should drag her and elude her skill:
 Nay, not content with this, she oft will dive
 Beneath the net, and not alone contrive
 Means for her own escape, but pity take
 On all her hapless brethren of the lake;
 For rising, with her back she lifts the snares,
 And frees the captives with officious cares;
 The little fry in safety swim away,
 And disappoint the nets of their expected prey.*
 No other fish so great an age attain,
 For the same carp, which from the wat'ry plain
 The Valois' seated on the throne survey'd,
 Now sees the sceptre by the Bourbons sway'd;

* Thus Montaigne relates of the *Scarus* "having swallowed the fisher's hooke, his fellowes will presently flocke about him, and nibble the line in sunder; and if any of them happen to be taken in a bow net, some of his fellowes turning his head away, will put his taile in at the neck of the net, who with his teeth fast holding the same, never leave him, vntil they have pulled him out. The Barble fishes, if one of them chance to be engaged, will set the line against their backes, and with a fin they have, toothed like a sharp saw, presently saw and fret the same asunder." Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1613, p. 266.

He now beholds the children, and admires
 Their dress and customs so unlike their sires,
 What greater wonder would he now express
 Did he but know what signal triumphs bless
 Our arms, thro' all the world attended with success?

Tho' age has whiten'd o'er the scaly backs
 Of the old carp which swim the royal lakes;
 They, neither barren, nor inactive, grow,
 But still in sport the waves around 'em throw:*

Here

* The Dialogue of Creatures moralised, being one of the scarcest works of early typography, another extract may amuse. "Dialogo xlii. Of a fyssh callyd a carpe, and a fissh called Tymallus. It happyd in a greate solempne feste, fishes of the floode walkyd togidre aftyr dynar in great tranquillyte and peace for to take ther recreacyon and solace; but the carpe began to trowble the feste, erectyng hym self by pryde & saynge, I am worthy to be lawdyd aboue all othir, for my flesshe is delicate and swete more then it can be tolde of. I haue not be nourished nothir in dychesse, nor stondyngh watyrs, nor pondes; but I haue be brought vppe in the floode of the greate garde. Wherfore I owe to be prynce and regent amonge all yowe. Ther is a fissh callyd Tymallus, hauinge his name a flowre, for Timus is callyd a flowre; and this Tymallus is a fissh of the see, as saith Isidore, Ethimologiarum, xii. and allthoughe that he be fauoureable in sight and delectable in taste, yet moreouir the fyssh of hym smellyth swete lyke a flowre and geuith a pleasaunte odour. And so this fyssh Tymallus, heringe this saynge of the carpe, had greate seorne of him and sterte forth & sayde: It is not as thou sayste, for I shine more bright then thowe, and excede the in odowre and relece. Who may be comparyd vnto me, for he that fyndith me hath a great tresowre. If thou haue thy dwellynge oonly in the waier of garde, I haue myn abydyng in many large floodes. And so among them were great stryuis and contencyons. Wherfore the feste was tournyd in to great trowbl, for some fauowryd the parte of the one and some of the othir, so that be lyklyhode there shuld haue growen greate myschefe emonge them: for euery of them began to snak at othir, & wolde haue torne eche other on smale pecys. Ther was monge all othir a fissh calyd Truta euyr mouyd to breke stryfe; and soo thys trowte for asmoche as she was agid, and wele lernyd, she spake and sayde: Bredryn, it is not good to stryue & fight for vayne lawdatowris and prayzers; for I prayse not my self though some personis

Here safe the depths no longer they explore;
 But, their huge bulk extending near the shore,
 Take freely from our hands what we bestow,
 And grace the royal streams at Fountainbleau:
 But, chiefly they rejoyce, when, near the side,
 Great Lewis walks, and as in youthful pride,
 Strong both in body and in mind remains,
 And all youth's vigour ev'n in age retains:
 We could not think he sixty years had reign'd,
 Did we not count our gains by sea and land;
 Or view his grandsons round the monarch stand.

Tho' the rich pike, to entertain your guest,
 Smokes on the board and decks a royal feast;
 Yet must you not this cruel savage place
 In the same ponds that lodge the finny race:
 In the same tow'r you might as well unite,
 The fearful pigeons and the rav'nous kite;
 In the same yard the fox with chickens keep,
 Or place the hungry wolf with harmless sheep.
 For he, the tyrant of the wat'ry plains
 Devours all fish, nor from his kind abstains;

thinke me worthy to be commendid ; for it is wryttyn, the mowth of an othir
 man mote commende the and not thyn owne, for all commendacyon and
 lawde of hym self is fowle in ye. mouth of the spekar. Therefore bettyr hit
 is that those that prayse them self goo togider to the see iuge, that is, the
 Dolphyn, which is a iuste iuge and a rightfull and dredinge god, for he shall
 rightfully determyn this mater. This counsell pleeyd them well, and forth
 went these twayn togider vnto the Dolphyn and shewyd to him all ther
 myndes, and to ther power comendid the self. To whom the Dolphyn
 sayde: children, I neuyr sawe yowe tell this tyme, for ye be alwaye hydde in
 the floodes, and I am steringe in the great wawys of the see; wherfore I
 cannot gyue ryghtfull sentence betwene yowe, but yf I first assaye and make
 a taste of yowe. And thus saynge, he gaue a sprynge and swallowyd them in
 both two, and sayde,

Noman owith hym self to commende,
 Aboue all other, laste he offende.

Unless

Unless hoarse frogs infest the fenny place;
 For then he feasts on the loquacious race;
 Dragg'd from the filthy mud, they croak in vain,
 And with loud babblings ev'n in death complain.
 Or when a goose sports on the azure wave,
 Delighting in the stream her limbs to lave,
 Or dips her head, and with a clam'rous sound,
 Provokes the rain, and throws the water round;
 The pike arrests the fowl with hungry jaws,
 And to the bottom of the river draws;
 Nay, as a boy in the smooth current swims,
 His teeth he fixes in his tender limbs.*

* Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on Walton, has given several stories of the voracity of this fish. The diurnals, which seldom neglect to propagate the marvellous, in the year 1800 related, that "a yearling calf was heard to make an uncommon noise by the side of the river Blackwater, where it had been drinking; on going up to it, there was a large pike hanging to its nostrils, which had seized the calf while it was drinking, and which the animal had dragged about fifty yards from the river. One of the people disengaged them, by striking the pike with a stone which killed it. There were found in the belly of this voracious fish, a large rat, a perch entire, besides part of several other fish. The pike weighed 35 pounds." The conclusion of the story, proving there was no provocative from hunger, renders the veracity of the first part doubtful; otherwise similar relations have been made. A common-sized Jack, placed by mistake on the wrong side of the division in a keep, destroying in a few hours near thirty gudgeons, (a small brace of perch escaping) is a circumstance within my own knowledge; but, whatever may be its propensity for the gudgeon, the reader must decide the credit due to a newspaper of 1801 for the following story. "A party angling at Sunbury, one of them sat across the head of the boat, as a punishment inflicted on him for wearing his spurs. Another having caught a gudgeon, stuck it on one of the spurs, which he not perceiving, in about a few minutes a large jack bit at the gudgeon, and the spur being crane-necked, entangled in the gills of the Jack, which, in attempting to extricate itself, actually pulled the unfortunate person out of the boat. He was with difficulty dragged on shore, and the fish taken, which was of a prodigious size."

The trout loves rivers in obscure retreats ;
 Thrown into standing water, she forgets
 Her former beauty, and neglects her love,
 And all the flesh will then insipid prove ;
 From hence remember, with a timely care,
 For trout a running water to prepare :
 Near some wide river's mouth a place provide,
 And with smooth grass and turf adorn the side ;
 Let the clear bottom shining gravel show,
 And gently murm'ring o'er smooth pebbles flow.
 This situation always grateful proves,
 For still the trout a murm'ring current loves,
 And still the same desires her bosom warm,
 Nor has she chang'd her manner with her form : *

For

* The following extract from a modern poem disguised with antique semblance, is too appropriate to the history of the trout to be omitted.

———“ When atop the hoary western hill,
 The ruddie sun appears to rest his chin,
 When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
 And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
 The gamesome trout then shows her silverie skin,
 As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
 Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
 Then, dropt with pearie and golde, displays her sides,
 While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.
 On the green bank a truant school-boy stands ;
 Well has this urchin markt her mery play,
 And ashen rod obeys his guileful hands,
 And leads the mimick fly across her way ;
 Askaunce, with listly look and coy delay,
 The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
 Semblant of life, with speckled wings so gay ;
 Then, slyly nibbling, prudish from it flies,
 Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.
 Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch ;
 Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypright

Deepe

For once she liv'd a nymph of spotless fame
 In an obscure retreat, and Truta was her name.
 It chanc'd that in a flow'ry path she stray'd,
 Where a clear river with the pebble play'd,
 And just disturb'd the silence of the shade.
 Truta now seated near the spreading trees,
 Enjoys the coolness of the passing breeze;
 In the clear stream she casts her modest eyes,
 And in a fillet her fair tresses lies.
 While in this solitude she thus remains,
 And dies her beauteous face with various stains;
 It chanc'd the robber Lucius, thro' the shade,
 With eager eyes perceiv'd the lonely maid;
 He saw and lov'd her riches, on her face,
 For both her dress and form appear'd with equal grace.
 The nymph now heard the rustling with affright;
 She saw a man, and trembled at the sight;
 Swiftly along the winding shore she fled,
 And cry'd, and vow'd, and call'd the gods to aid.
 Truta despairing sought, with trembling speed,
 A rock that overlooked the wat'ry mead;
 Hither she bent her course, the summit gain'd,
 And thought her virtue now might be maintain'd

Deepe in her gills, and, plunging where the beech
 Shaddows the poole, she runs in dread affright;
 In vain the deepest rocke her late delight,
 In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
 The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
 The more entangled still the more she flies,
 And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
 That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
 That lately welcom'd the retourning ray,
 When by the riv'lets banks, with blushes coy,
 April walk'd forth—ah! never more to toy
 In purling streams, she pants, she gasps, and dies!"

Mickle's Syr Martyn, Can. I.

Cheaply

Cheaply with loss of life: while here she stood,
 And just prepar'd to leap into the flood,
 Lucius approach'd, and while he held behind
 Her flow'ry vest, that flutter'd in the wind,
 Chang'd into fish an equal fate they bore,
 And though transform'd in shape, yet, as before,
 The pike of slaughter fond and fierce appears,
 And still the trout retains her female fears!
 Beauty and virgin modesty remains,
 Diversify'd with crimson tinted stains;
 And, once the fairest nymph that trod the plain,
 Swims fairest fish of all the finny train.*

Not pikes alone defile the streams with blood,
 But over all the brethren of the flood,
 Perpetual discord bears tyrannic sway,
 And all the stronger on the weaker prey.
 As among men the great the small oppress,
 And still the same confusion and distress,
 Which in the city and the forest reign,
 Distract the tenants of the wat'ry plain.
 Banish'd from earth, peace could not find a place
 Beneath the streams, among the finny race;
 But, since for want they otherwise would die,
 Regard this fury with indulgent eye.
 Why need I mention all the waste of blood,
 Which the fierce otter causes in the flood;
 Among the willows secretly he lies,
 And from the shore surveys, with eager eyes,

* "To observe the ravenous disposition of the pike, the sociable condition of the trout, the various discolouring of the polypus, the strong digestion of the porpoise, would beget in the curious surveyors of nature, much admiration. And then to compare the natures of these water inhabitants with ourselves, who follow, for most part, the bent of our desires, as if we were estranged from that beauty which incomparably most adorns us, and drenched in the leas of our owne corruptions, which makes man most unlike himselfe, by idolatrizing that which gives the greatest blemish to his excellence." *Braithwait's Nursery for Gentry*, 1638.

The

The sport or battles of the wat'ry breed,
 And swiftly swimming with resistless speed,
 Defeats the hostile bands, and makes the warriors bleed. }

Few deaths assuage the hunger of the foe;
 No bounds his hate and savage fury know;
 The fish he bowels, stains the stream with blood,
 And mangled bodies float upon the flood:

The otter heaps in caverns of the shore
 The fish half eaten and besmear'd with gore;
 Of slaughter proud, he there delights to dwell,
 And the long night enjoys the nauseous smell.

Snares for the beast, and gins, let others lay,

Or into traps by tempting baits betray;

But you with missive weapons in your hand,

Conceal'd from view behind a thicket stand;

And while on fraud he muses on the shore,

Or tir'd returns with jaws besmear'd with gore,

The felon slay, and throw into the flood

His wounded body for your fishes food:

But first tear off the skin (for fear your fry

Should from the dead, as from the living fly,) }

Which some rich matron will rejoice to buy.

If you should find the young ones, steal away,

In th' absence of the dam, the tender prey,

And by his youthful years yet pliant, breed

The gentle otter to the fishing trade;

For when suspended in the stream you place

Your flaxen snares, to catch the finny race,

He will explore each cavern and retreat,

And rouse the fish, and hunt them to the net:*

As

* "It is a very crafty and subtile beast, yet it is sometimes tamed, and used in the northern parts of the world, especially in Scandinavia to drive the fishes into the fishermen's nets: for so great is the sagacity and scence of smeling in this beast, that he can directly winde the fishes in the waters a mile

As dogs drive trembling stags into the snare,
 Or by the scent pursue the fleeting hare.
 In these amusements while I pass the day,
 Autumnal hours roll unperceiv'd away;
 When tir'd of town and study, I retreat,
 My honour'd friend, * to thy fair country seat;
 Where you with all the rural sports invite,
 But most with mirth and attic wit delight;
 For tho' your seat, which from the neighb'ring stream
 Derives its name, is first in my esteem;
 Yet, in your absence, nor the flow'ry beds,
 Nor silver floods can please, nor painted meads,
 Nor ev'n the stream which in a mournful strain
 Appears with me to murmur and complain;
 No longer now the verdant laurel grove,
 Where oft, in contemplation wrapt, I rove,
 Can without you poetic thoughts inspire,
 Or reconcile me to the tuneful quire.
 When pleasure to the plains returns with you,
 Together oft we take delight to view
 Th' obsequious otter, thirsting after blood,
 Chase thro' the stream the natives of the flood;
 Or near the stew, which with a bounteous hand
 Your ancestors prepar'd, together stand

mile or two off, and therefore the fishers make great aduantage of them, yet
 do they forbear his vse because he deuoureth more then needeth, for he is
 neuer so tamed that he forgeteth his old rauening; being tamed, on the land
 he is very full of sport and game. The flesh of this beast is both
 cold and filthy, because it feedeth vpon stinking fish, and therefore not fit to
 be eaten. Tragus writeth that this notwithstanding is dressed to bee eaten
 in many places of Germany. And I hear that the Carthusian fryers, or
 monkes (whether you wil,) which are forbidden to touch al manner of flesh,
 of other foure-footed beasts, yet are they not prohibited the eating of otters,"

Edward Topsell's Historie of foure-footed beastes. 1607.

* Duke de Ressegeuer.

To

To see him dive for food, and joyful draw
The gasping captives from his bloody jaw.*

Among

* Could an animal be thus tutored for use on the sea coast, in addition to the amusement, it would save many qualms to the summer excursionist.

“ Whyle gale of wynde the slacke sayles filles full strayte,

He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,

And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,

Or els beholdes and feeles the pray from hye;

The trembling fish he feeles with line extent,

And paied hand.”

Hercules Furens, 1581.

This is a pigmy's mimic of the

“ — day (a day as fair as heart could wish)

When giant stood on shore of sea to fish;

For angling rod, he took a sturdy oake,

For line a cable, that in storm ne're broke;

His hook was such as heads the end of pole,

To pluck down house, ere fire consumes it whole;

His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,

And then on rock he stood, to bob for whale;

Which strait he caught, and nimbly home did pack

With ten cart load of dinner on his back.”

The last lines, with trifling alteration are inserted in the Poetical Works of Dr. King, born 1663, but certainly not the production of that facetious writer. They are copied from the mock romance printed with “ The Loves of Hero and Leander, and other choice pieces of drollery, &c.” 1653. From a ballad in the same collection, which appears to have been made on the setting fire to London-bridge, the following humorous stanzas are selected.

“ Into the chips there fell a spark

Which put out in such flames,

That it was known into Southwark,

Which lives beyond the Thames.

For loe the bridge was wondrous high,

With water underneath,

O're which as many fishes fly,

As birds therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridg,

Not far from place of landing;

And though the building was full big,

It fell down not with standing.

And

Among the sportive tenants of the lake;
 Wide havoc water-rats and beavers make:
 These foes with subtlety alone pursue:
 If from the shore you at a distance view
 A beaver plunge into the stream, in vain
 You'll hope by darts a conquest to obtain;
 The conscious robber dives beneath the flood,
 Nor to the bank returns where late he stood.

If reeds and rushes should your lakes infest,
 Cut not away the heads and leave the rest;
 The stems corrupt, if suffered to remain,
 And from the roots fresh crops appear again:
 But with a little skiff destroy the reeds;
 With gloves upon their hands some hold the heads,
 With stretch'd-out arms, against the adverse waves;
 While others row with oars; or with long staves
 The boat together with the rushes strove,
 And to the shore the reedy forest move.

Since nothing to the natives of the flood
 Is more destructive than the want of food,
 Throw grains of corn, or scatter crumbs of bread,
 And if, of some unknown distemper dead,
 You chance to find a sheep, or in the yoke
 An ox should yield to death's untimely stroke,
 To feast your hungry fish their bodies throw,
 Or pounded acorns and cheap pulse bestow;
 With figs by constant show'rs corrupted grown,
 And apples from the trees untimely blown:
 For famine will compel the wat'ry breed
 Like beasts on flesh, on grass like sheep to feed,
 With fruit like birds to fill their hungry maw,
 And on their kind to rush with greedy jaw.

And eke into the water fell,
 So many pewter dishes;
 That a man might have taken up very well
 Both boyld and roasted fishes."

The

The eel, swift-gliding thro' the wat'ry plain,
 Devours the fry, and smaller finny train,
 And smelts, and gudgeons, seek the shore in vain.
 In bulk with years while other fishes rise,
 Why gudgeons, loach, and smelts are small in size,
 And still the old continue dwarfs, relate
 The rise, ye Muses, of the minim state.

Where, with a tardy current, near the sea,
 The Po in slow meanders takes its way,
 A band of children on the borders stood,
 Engag'd in play, and in the silver flood
 Threw stones, which, sliding on the wat'ry plain,
 Now seem to sink and now emerge again.

Beneath the stream the sisters of the sea
 Then list'ning sat to Clio's tales, whom she
 Amused with amours of absent Ephiré.

When Ægle first the dashing pebbles heard,
 She at the surface of the stream appear'd,
 Enjoin'd the boys to leave the river's side,
 And added threats; they bold her threats defy'd,
 And casting impious stones, in scorn they cry;
 "Lo, thus to your complainings, we reply!"

Ægle affrighted soon return'd again,
 And filling with her shrieks the wat'ry plain;
 "Ye gods shall this audacious crew," she cries,
 "Who me with taunting words and stones defies,
 Escape unhurt? shall youth their crime excuse?
 No age unpunish'd must the gods abuse!
 Call then a monster from the neighb'ring main,
 To wreak our vengeance on the impious train."

She said, and Ocean to the sisters gave
 A dreadful form, which rose above the wave.
 The boys beheld and trembled at the sight,
 And try'd to fly, but fear arrests their flight;
 Breathless they fell, their limbs the monster tore,
 And in the river cast 'em from the shore;

Then

Then shook his head, and in the silver flood
 Wip'd from his dropping jaws the streaming blood.
 The nymphs the slaughter saw and heard the cries,
 And feasted with revenge their eager eyes.
 What female heart but may by youth be gain'd?
 And beauty in the boys that still remain'd
 Like a fair flow'r which yielding to the share
 Reclines its drooping head, but still continues fair.
 How credulous is Love! * they see the shore
 O'erspread with bodies, all besmear'd with gore,
 Yet hope by fear they fell, and signs of life explore;

Their

* Flecknoe, in the character of a young female enamorist, says, "it is with lovers as it is with anglers, who feed fishes till they are caught, but caught once, feed on them; so it will be long enough ere she bite at the bait, unless he has more to bait her with than fine words or lamentable compliments." Upon the subject of love the angler's muse seldom drags a simile from the tackle; or floats the lines in a stream of sorrow to bait a barbed hook with a gentle heart. Turberville introduces an allusion to the art, where he writes in "dispraye of Women that allure and loue not."

"That troupe of honest dames

those Grisels all are gone;

No Lucrece now is left aliue,

ne Cleopatra none.

Those dayes are all ypast,

that date is fled by:

They myrrors were, dame Nature made

hir skilful hande to try.

Now course of kinde exchaungde

doth yeeld a woorser graine,

And women in these latter yeares

those modest matrones staine.

Deceit in their delight,

great fraude in friendly looks:

They spoyle the fish for friendship's sake,

that houer on their hookes.

They buye the baite to deare

that so their freedome loze;

And they the more deceitfull are,

that so can craft and gloze."

The

Their hands the heart, no longer beating, try,
 Or their fair fingers ope th' unwilling eye;
 Another seeking whether yet the breath
 Hangs on the lips, nor quite extinct by death,
 Joins her's to their's, compassionately kind,
 And leaves, unseen, a tender kiss behind.
 But these their cares were vain, for death's cold hand,
 Had clos'd the eyes of all the youthful band;
 And now their weeping ghosts were seen to gain
 The darksome realms of Pluto's dreary reign:
 With pray'rs and tears stern Charon they implore,
 To take and waft them to the Stygian shore;
 And if or youth or beauty could prevail,
 His breast had melted at their mournful tale.
 The nymphs, with pity mov'd, the gods implor'd
 That to their bodies life might be restor'd;

The contrariety of love is also thus depicted in the sign Cancer, fourth book of Palengenius, translated by Barnaby Googe.

" ——— if so be that loue weare not
 by God's aduisement right,
 To euery man apoynted here,
 by limites parted iust:
 No dout of al might one be loued,
 and on them all should lust,
 And euery man might safe enioy
 the damsel that he likes:
 But as the fisher doth not take
 the fishes all in dikes;
 Nor foulers all the birdes do catch,
 nor hunters all do kill;
 But euery one his chance doth take,
 obtaines, and hathe his will;
 So, loue to euery one is delt
 by God's arbitrement;
 So doth the seruaunt, base, ful oft
 his lady wel content."

But when their pray'rs the gods no longer heard,
 They draw 'em in the stream to be interr'd:
 Soon as their lifeless limbs had touch'd the wave,
 Another form they to the children gave:
 Each hand contracted in a fin appears,
 And the rough skin a scaly substance wears;
 The form of a hook'd tail united, took
 Their feet and legs; the tenant of the brook
 To stem the adverse waves unceasing tries;
 Resembling youth in manners and in size.
 For these are always small: by turns we see
 They sport and fret, now quarrel, now agree;
 And still like what they were before remain,
 Peevish in play, yet loath to leave the train.

Now to the caution of the Muse attend,
 Your fish from nightly robbers to defend;
 Boards at the bottom arm'd with spikes prepare,
 To catch the net and disappoint the snare.
 But those are most destructive, who, with food,
 Throw poison mixt or lime into the flood;
 Soon as infected, tortur'd with the pain,
 The fish shoots swiftly thro' the wat'ry plain;
 Or giddily in various circles swims,
 And just the surface of the water skims,
 To fan his lungs with draughts of vital air,
 And cool the scorching heat that rages there.
 But still the pois'nous drugs his breast torment;
 And now his strength is gone, his vigour spent;
 Now he sucks in his last remains of breath,
 Supinely floating on the waves in death.
 Ev'n the dire author of the mischief grieves,
 When, for a paltry gain, he thus perceives
 The lakes exhausted of their scaly breed,
 And blames the arts from whence such ills proceed.

Now

Now that your stew-ponds may with ease afford
 Supplies of fish, well-fatted for your board,
 With a slight wall a narrow place enclose,
 Where the full river from its channel flows;
 The tinkling of the stream, or sav'ry bait,
 Will tempt the fish to try the sweet deceit;
 The wickers opening readily admit
 The breed, but never their return permit:
 Here to your captives plenteous dainties throw,
 Which soon will thrive and fit for table grow.
 Some few years past, as all good Christians feed
 In spring-time only on the scaly breed; *

Let

• “Fishes are like their element, and place
 Wherein they live, both cold and moist, a race
 Of flegmatic creatures, yet they are meat
 Which dry and choleric tempers may well eat;
 And those who would look smug, or else snout-fair,
 May take this liver-cooling dish for fare.
 In fervid seasons, and in climates hot
 Use them: but if the Beare the helm hath got,
 Or under Charles his seven-starr'd heavy wane,
 From this dull nourishment let them refraine.——
 Sweet river-fishes slimy, and gross diet,
 Are glibbery, and make egression quiet,
 More nourishing than sea-fish, and of these,
 Those (which the current streams and gravel please,
 And do abhorre annoyances of sinks,
 Which spoil their channels with their loathsome stinks)
 Are most delicious, such as pearch and trout;
 Your mud-fish all incline you to the gout.
 But those delighting in sweet scowres, refine
 Their squamy sides, and clarifie their line.”

Gayton's Longevity.

“Another remedy against the dearth of things, especially victuals, is to restore the vse of fish to the ancient credit and estimation: and hereupon Bodine taketh occasion to commend our custome of England for obseruing fish dayes in the weeke. And for effecting of the like in Fraunce, he pro-

Let out the water from your open'd lake,
 And all the finny race in baskets take:
 The water rushes out, the dams and mounds
 Remov'd, thro' valleys and o'er stones resounds,

poundeth the example of the prince and magistrate whom the people will imitate. We may wish that both the one and the other were duly executed or obserued, whereby fishing would be better maintained, and most especially the nauigation: and flesh would in some seasons of the yeare be vsed more commodiously, and better for the health of man. The great number of all sorts and kinds of fish according to the obseruation of the Romaines (noted by Maister Bodine) ought to moue vs thereunto; fish being so pure a creature, that were it not, that we see the same subiect vnto diseases, it wold be very doubtfull, whether the same amongst other creatures was cursed for man's transgression, the scripture speaking only that the earth was cursed therefore: considering also the prouerbe, *as sound as a fish*; and if any be subiect to diseases it is fish of riuers, or of standing waters and fish-ponds, which may be cured by strawing much parsley into the water. And because that flesh and fish are two principall things for the food of man, and that our purpose is not to omit any thing, that incidently may be handled for the good of the commonwealth, therefore will it not be exorbitant the rule of our methode to discourse somewhat thereof. The best season of the yeare to eate fish is from September vntill March, if we will regard the goodnesse of the fish: howbeit that for the increase of beasts, we are commanded with great reason and consideration, to eate most fish in March and Aprill, when he loseth his taste. The fresh fish of riuers is of more digestion, and better for sicke persons; but the sea-fish is of more nourishment. All fish being moist and cold of nature, is qualified by the addition of salt, and being eaten with much bread cannot do any hurt, especially vnto cholericke persons, with whose complexion it agreeth best. And whereas all other creatures do first decay and putrifie in the belly, the fish doth first putrifie in the head: for no other reason, but that hauing only one gut the meate doth easily passe the same, without digestion or corruption; which by staying long with other creatures causeth putrifaction: aa argument that fish is more healthfull then flesh, howbeit that (through the continuall vse) flesh is more agreeable with our nature." *England's viewv, in the unmasking of two paradaxes: with a replication vnto the answer of Maister Iohn Bodine, by Gerrard de Malynes, Merchant. Oct.* 1603.

And

And swells the streams admiring, without rain,
To see their waves roll swiftly to the main.

Meanwhile the wand'ring fish swims up and down
Confus'd, and when the stream is almost gone,
Still follows the remains; whom, from the lake
Sliding, the wicker snares a captive make:
Here with his much-lov'd stream, his life he leaves,
And his last parting breath the air receives.

Lest the whole breed should undistinguish'd die,
Take the small fish that at the bottom lie,
In a new pond the little wand'ers place;
And there preserve the hopes of all the race.
They swim surpris'd, the vacant lakes survey,
And all their father's wat'ry empire sway.

The ponds now drain'd, the cautious eel lies roll'd
Deep in the mud, and wound in many a fold.
While here he lurks, conceal'd beneath the ooze,
With griping hand the smooth deceiver close; *
Lest he, like fortune, when you think the prey
Securely your's, should subtly glide away.

No sweeping drag-net should the race alarm,
That through your streams, congenial breeding swarm;
Lest you destroy young natives of the flood,
And all your fruit prove blighted in the bud;
Bow nets still use; or, in a darksome night,
Fires on the margin of the river light;
Struck with the dazzling flame, ne'er seen before,
Surpris'd they slow approach the shining shore;

* Sero sapiunt Phryges.

"The prouerbe saieth, so longe the pottle to water goes,
That at the lengthe it broke returnes, which is appli'de to those,
That longe with wyles, and shiftes, haue cloaked wicked partes,
Whoe haue at lengthe bene paied home, and had their iust desertes;
Euen as the slymie eele, that ofte did slippe awaie,
Yet, with figge leaues at lengthe was catch'de & made the fisshers praie."

Geffrey Whitney's Emblems, 1586.

While thus for knowledge greedy they appear,
Or to the crackling billets lend an ear,
Insnare with nets, or fix 'em with a spear. *

Still other arts your leisure may employ,
Amusement yield, nor all the race destroy:
On the green margin dark secluded stand
A taper angle waving in your hand;
The wand'ring prey with choicest bait invite,
And fatal steel conceal'd by art from sight. †

Once

- * "The glow-worme shining in a frosty night,
Is an admirable thing in shepherd's sight.
Twentie of these wormes put in a small glasse,
Stopped so close that no issue doe passe;
Hang'd in a bow-net and suncke to the ground,
Of a poole, or lake, broad, and profound:
Will take such plentie of excellent fish,
As well may furnish an Emperor's dish."

Breton's Ourania.

† To ANGLERS.

"O take away that wily, treach'rous hook!
Why are the harmless tenants of the brook
(Secure, poor things, till now, amongst each other)
To be of cold barbarity the sport?
Perhaps each fish that from the flood you court,
May mourn its parents kind—a sister—brother.
It makes Humanity, sweet maiden! weep
To see the wanton sportives of the deep
Torn from the pleasures of their silv'ry bed;
It makes her sigh, to mark the dipping float
The hidden captive's agony denote,
And all its sweet and social comforts fled.
I love to see the gudgeon and the bream
Thread the wild mazes of their native stream,
And unmolested through each thicket stray;
I love to see the dace, in shining pride,
Now rush amidst the fierce, impetuous tide,
And now upon the tempting surface play.

The

Once on the grassy border of a flood
 A boy, and round a youthful circle stood,
 With floated line, and rod, did next prepare,
 The 'guileful charm to hide the barbed snare;
 The boy commanded silence with a nod,
 And threw his twisted line into the flood:
 By chance a mullet in the stream appear'd
 Large, and conspicuous by a length of beard:
 He nibbled at the bait in sportive play,
 And then refusing seem'd to swim away.
 Now with the current down the stream he glides
 Now with his tail the adverse waves divides;

The worm that writhes, too, on the barbed steel,
 Knows not less pain than does the culprit feel,
 When legal vengeance drags him to her den:
 His well-knit limbs, his nerves, his sinews firm,
 Defy not torture better than a worm—
 Reptiles are flesh and blood as well as men.

'Tis not for man to lift his murd'ring arm
 Against the artless, unoffending swarm,
 To wage unequal combat with a fish:
 So much, believe me, liberty I prize,
 I'd rather on their freedom feast my eyes,
 Than view them smoaking on the glutton's dish.

Enough for me if, while I roam at ease,
 And taste, sweet Isis, on thy banks, the breeze
 That wantons there, upon her silken wings,
 Health's genial hand its bounty shall bestow,
 And on my cheek impress the livid glow,
 And all the charms the lovely goddess brings.

Farewell, my rod, and to my lines farewell,
 No more shall sports like these my bosom swell—
 No more shall ye to cruelty invoke me:
 Perhaps some fish, with patriot rage may burn—
 Perhaps some trout be savage in its turn—
 And, dying for its injur'd brethren, choak me."

J. T.

But soon returns the odour to regain,
 And winds in circles through the wat'ry plain;
 Thus heedless moths display their painted wings,
 And flutter round the flame which sure destruction brings.
 Meanwhile the boys, attentive, scarce appear
 To breathe, by turns inflam'd with hope and fear;
 Now certain, now despairing of their prize,
 On this alone they fix their greedy eyes;
 At length fear yields to hunger, and the bait
 He credulously swallows; the deceit
 Soon by his blood discovering, he in vain
 Attempts to void the hook and ease the pain;
 When, from his mouth the steel he would withdraw,
 Deeper the steel is rooted in his jaw;
 The fisher jerks his rod, with nimble hand,
 And throws the mullet gasping on the sand;
 He, looking on the river in despair,
 Leap'd slightly twice or thrice into the air,
 But when his strength unable now he found
 To lift his ponderous body from the ground,
 Flapping his tail upon the bank in death
 He struggling panted and resign'd his breath;
 Not one there was of all that there appear'd,
 But touch'd the fins and gently strok'd the beard.
 Here then a boy, that stood upon the strand,
 Thus with a tale amus'd the youthful band:
 Barbus, whose name was from his beard deriv'd,
 Had almost at an hundred years arriv'd;
 Now weak with age and stooping to the ground,
 His brow was rugged and with wrinkles crown'd:
 His mouth was wide, his feeble head hung down,
 His teeth were lost, his hands were bony grown;
 Thick on his chin a bunch of hair remain'd,
 And his weak steps a knotty staff sustain'd.
 Oft, in his youthful years near streams he stood,
 And cast his lines and nets into the flood.

And

And as we find that length of years destroys
 The strength, but not the love of former joys,
 He, tho' grown old, resorted to the shore,
 And haunted still the streams he lov'd before;
 Still was he pleas'd and eager to betray,
 With hooks conceal'd by baits the finny prey.*

As once the old man, on a river's side,
 Aim'd at a fish that near the shore he spy'd;
 His tottering footsteps fail'd to keep their hold,
 And headlong from the slipp'ry bank he roll'd;
 Now with the rapid current he contends,
 Large draughts of water swallows, and extends
 His feeble arms, but, hoping most to gain
 By pray'rs success, he vows but vows in vain.
 His breathless body, floating down the brook,
 Great Jove beheld, and kind compassion took:

"Live still," he cry'd, "but in the stream remain,
 And dwell for ever with the finny train;
 Death was so near at hand, you need not grieve
 For a short space a feeble trunk to leave."
 Now forth his arms as leathern fins extend,
 And in a tail his feet contracted blend;
 The form of scales his tatter'd garments wore;
 His back look'd dry and wither'd as before;
 Still on his chin a length of beard remain'd,
 His teeth he lost, but harmless gums retain'd,
 These, in a fish, the marks of age are deem'd,
 For age alone the mullets are esteem'd;
 And length of years, by which all other things
 Decay, to these increase of honour brings.

* "The angler's sport is full of patience, and if he lose his hooke, he makes a faire fishing.

The fish in the river is not afraid of drowning, and if he play with a baite it will cost him his life."

Wit's private wealth, stored with choise of commodities to content the minde, by N. Breton. 1639.

I to the fable lent a list'ning ear,
 And thus began; when I both see and hear
 The various arts of fishers, and survey
 How they the fish deceitfully betray,
 Reflect I must with equal grief and truth;
 That the same arts deceive unwary youth,
 The snares, of old for fish alone design'd,
 Are now employ'd to captivate mankind;
 Man catches man, and by the bait betrays*
 With proffer'd kindness, or, still cunning, lays
 Nets to entrap th' unwary, and embroils
 Cities and towns to profit from the spoils.
 For you, dear youths, soft pleasure lies in wait,
 And hides her hook beneath a honey'd bait,
 But all her treach'rous gifts will only gain
 For a short joy a lasting load of pain.
 Here when the bait allures the fish to taste
 The transient pleasure of a sweet repast,
 You see for this how dearly he must pay;
 Life is the purchase, and himself the prey.
 Thus soft allurements serve to varnish o'er
 The frauds of pleasure, unperceiv'd before;
 But if a youth is once inspir'd, he'll find
 He cannot void the poison from his mind;
 No more than could the fish when snar'd withdraw
 The crooked steel from his tormented jaw;
 While lasting grief for short delights he gains,
 Still rues his transient joys with ever-during pains. †

J. H.

* "Think when thou seest the baite
 whereon is thy delite,
 That hidden hookes are hard at hande
 to bane thee when thou bite."

Turbervile.

† "Fyshe, hyghte pisces, and hathe that name of Pascendo, fedyng,
 as Isodore sayth libro xii. ca. vi. Fyshe licketh the erthe and watry herbes,
 & so get they meete and nouryshynge. Also they benne called Reptilia,
 crepyng,

crepyng, bycause in swimmyng they seme as they did crepe: for in swym-
 ming they crepe, though they synke downe to the bottom. Wherof speketh
Ambrose in **Exameron**, and saythe, that bitwene fyshe and water is great
 nighnes of kynred. For withoute water they may not long lyue; and they
 lyue not longe with onelye brethyng, withoute drawyng of water. And
 they haue a maner lyknes and kynd of crepyng, for, whyle a fyshe swym-
 meth, by shrynkynge and drawyng together of his body, he draweth and
 gathereth hym selfe in to les length, and anone stretcheth hym selfe agayne,
 and entendeth to passe forth in the water; and by that dyligence he putteth
 the water backward, and passeth itself forward. Therefore he vseth finnes
 in swimmyng, as a foule vseth fethers in fleenge. But all other wyse in
 swimmyng a fyshe meueth his fynnes fro the hynder parte dounwarde,
 and as it were with armes, or ores, he clippeth the water, & holdeth it, and
 stretcheth hym selfe forward. But a byrde meueth his fethers vpwarde, and
 gadereth thayre, and compelleth it to passe out backward by large stretch-
 yng of wyndes, and so by violente puttyng of ayre backward the bodye
 meueth forward. And kyndes of fyshe ben dyuerse in many maner wyse
 Some abyde only in the see, and some in ryuers and pondes, and in
 other freshe waters, and some ben meane bytwene these two maner fyshes,
 and torne and come now to fresh water, and nowe to salte water to gette
 them meate. And fishe that come out of the salte water in to freshe haue
 lykyng in the freshenes therof, and ben fattid: and ayenwarde, and this
 fyshe nowe abyde in the see & nowe in freshe water. And manye ryuer
 fyshes maye not taste saltnesse of the see, for if he catchyth salte water, he
 dieth sodaynely, and torneth vp the wombe, and fleteeth aboue the water, &
 that is token of death in all manner of fyshe both of see and of freshe water.
 And fyshe that is bredde in the see hath hard scales and thycke, bycause of
 drynes of the salte water; and ryuer fyshe haue subtyll scales and neshe
 backe bones. Back bones in fyshes ben nedefull to restreyn the fleshe
 therof that is fletyng, for kynde neshenesse therof. And **Auycen** techeth
 to chese good fyshe by kynde of the place wherin they ben noryshed and
 fedde. And in li. ii. ca. vii. he sayth, that in this maner choys of fyshe
 is in place, in whiche hit dwelleth. For suche as abyde in stonye places
 ben beste and swetest, and in freshe rennyng water, in whiche is no cor-
 ruption, ne no slyme, ne wose, nor stondyng lakes, ne in welles, nor in
 small pyttes that renne not in riuers, in whom ben noo welles. And he
 saythe there, that some see fyshes ben good; for those that ben subtyll
 ben beste, and ben nourished in the depe see and no where elles. And
 fyshe that abyde in waters, that ben vneled with blastes of wynde, that
 bloweth the water sometime fro them, are better than those that ben not so
 serued. And those that ben in waters that ben strongly meued and con-
 tinually

ART. II. *The Boke of Iustices of Peas, the charge with all the proces of the cessions, warrantes, supersedias, and all that longeth to any Iustice to make enditementes of haut treason, petit treason, felony, &c.* [At the end] *Emprynted without Tempull barre be me Robert Redman at the syne of the George, An. Domi 1527. black letter. Sm. 12mo.*

An antiquated laws are of little importance to us at present, excepting so far as they exhibit the state of government and manners at the time when they were in force; I shall therefore extract from this ancient collection of them such only, as contain some historic notices either of the practices or language of that age in the 18th year of Henry 8th.

“In every comission of peas shul be but 6 justices with the justices of assyses, every justice takyng 4^{sh}. the first day of theyr cessions, and their clerk 2^{sh}. of fynes. 12 R. 2.

“In every countye shall be assigned 8 justices of peas, and theyr estreytes shal be doubled, and one parte

tinually labored, benne better than those that ben in standynge water. And soo see fyshe is better than ryuer fyshe. And ryuer fyshe better than lake fishe, namely if they ben ferre fro the ryuers and fro the see. For they that haue rest in theyr rotynnes & filthe, are not washed nother clensed by ryuer that cometh therin, nor by see. And therfore suche fyshe is euyll sauoured, and soone roten. Also both see fyshe and ryuer fyshe is better in the northe see, and in the east see, than in the south see, for by stronge blastes of wynde the water is moued and clensed and made subtyll. And therefore fishe of that water meueth more and trauaylth, and ben more clensid of their superfluitie.” *Anno M D XXXV Bertholomeus de proprietatibus rerum. Londini in aedibus Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. Cum privilegio a rege indulto. Folio.*

delyvered

delyvered to the sheryf to levie the mone rysyng of the same sessions, and the sheryf shall paye them theyr wages thereof by indenture, and that no duke, earle, baron nor banneret, shal be justices of the comyssion though they syt in the cessions with the 8 shal take no wakis. 14 R. 2.

“No persone shal be assigned to be justice of peas but it so be he may dispende 20^l. by yere but yf he be a man lerned in the lawe of the lande, and what persone nat havynge lande to the value of 20^l. set by any comyssion other than the sayd lerned men, or make any warrant or precepte shal lose 20^l. 18 Hen. 6.

“Justices of peas shal punyshe them that speke or do any *imboldyssment* of laborers or mayteyning of them. 25 Ed. 3.” In a proclamation afterwards in Latin concerning this subject the phrase is *de excessibus laboratorum*.

“Justices of peas have power to enquire and determine any case of man of Wales which by day or by nyght come into the lande as in the shyres of Herforde, Shrewsbury, Gloucester, and other more shyres adjoyninge, and to take men with them and kepe them in Wales in the moyntaynes unto the tyme they have payd certayne somes of money, and if the sayde misdoers will nat appere nor pay unto the tyme that they ben outlawed than shal the same justices wryte letters unto the officers of the seynories where such misdoers dwel to take the said persones so outlawed and to do execution as the law requireth in that case. 2 Hen. 5.

“Ye shall enquire of all them that kepe ony feyre or market in the church yarde or in any other holy place where any seking is and how longe they have continued therein. Edw. 3 at Wynchest.

“ If

“ If there be any persone that useth to multiplie either with golde or sylver it is felony. 5 *Hen.* 4.

“ Also that men shuld not be suddenly taken by robberies it is ordeined by the statute of Wynchester that there shall no brusshe growe 200 fete of every syde of the waye, and yf the lorde wyl nat suffer them of the countre to cut downe the shrubbes if any person be robbed the lorde shall answeere to the partye robbed, and if there by any murdre than the lorde shall be arented at the kynges wyll, and natwithstandyng the countre shall cut downe the shrubbes, *by the same stat. of Wynchest.*

“ Also of them that accompany themselfe in any livery as bonnets or hattes, jackettes or any other thyng lyke, and every of them is sworne to abyde and mayteyne others quarrelle and to hold with others. 1 *Ric.* 2.

“ Also of all hasarders that slepe by day and wake by nyght customably hauntynge the tavernes nat havynge wheron to lyve and no man woteth from whence they come nor whither they wyll, &c.

“ Also ye shall enquire of all them that bear lance, gayes, in rydyng or goyng within the lande it is prohibited. 20 *Ric.* 2. Query, *what are gayes?* We shall afterwards see words, which seem to mean the same, though differently spelt.

“ Also ye shall enquire yf the constables have executed theyr offices of them, that beare weapons ayenst the lawe, for the statute of Rich. 12 wyll that no servant of husbandrye, ne laborer, nor servant, of artificer, nor of vitayller, shall beare baselarde, dagger nor spere, upon peyne of forfeiture, without it be in defence of
the

• the realme, or travaillying in any lawfull journey. 12

Ric. 2. Query, *what are baselardes?*

“Also by the same statute nor laborer nor servant shall not playe at the tenys, caylles, foteball, &c.—Cayles the French *quilles*, ninepins, kittles, or skittles.

“Also if there be any labourer, that departeth out of one houndred unto another, or out of one wapentake to another, without a letter patent under the kinge’s seale, under coloure of pilgrymages, provyng that he departeth lawfully, and that he gooth upon pylgrymages, and that no man kepe nor herborough no such vagarantes over a nyght but if he be seke. 12 *Ric. 2.* Here *seke* seems to explain a phrase before, *where no seking is* to mean where no persons are sick.

“Also that no man able to serve or labour begge, but those that haue especial licence of the kynge, excepte men of religion and heremites approved havynge letters testimonials of their ordinaries.

“Also that no man gyue alms to any persone that is able to serve under the payne of emprisonement. 23 *Edw. 3.*

“Also that no man set his sone to no craft but if he may dispende twenty sh^{gs}. by the yere, and that no man take any to the contrary under the payne of an hundred sh^{gs}. to be forfaitte to the kynge. 7 *Henr. 4.*

“Also that no man shall take for threshyng of a quarter of wheat or rye but 2 pens halfpenny and for a quarter of barly or otes thre half pens: also ye shall enquire of those that refuse to serve in somer where they served in wynter. 25 *Edw. 3.*

“Also the lawe wyll that if any man nede a servant or labourer in harvest season that he may come to the bourgh towne, and the apprenticis and their masters,
and

and the crafty men, without they be of reputation and honour, shall be compelled to mowe, reape, and to do other labours. Also they that have used the craft of husbandry to the age of 12 yeres shal nat go to no crafte afterward, for the covenant by them made is voyde. 12 Ric. 2.

“ Also no laborer for makynge of heyes shal take but a peny on the day, and the mower 5 pence for the acre, or fyve pens for the journey without meate or drinke. 25 Edw. 3.

“ Also yf any artificer, laborer, or servaunt refuse to serve according to statute in 7th Hen. 8, whiche wyll that no hayliffer of husbandry shall take for his wages by the yere above 26 shg. & 8 pens, and for his clothing 5 shgs. with meate and drinke, no chief hine as a carter above 20 sh. by the yere, and for his clothing 5 sh. with meate and drinke. No comyn servaunt of husbandry above 16 sh. 8 pens by the yere, and for his clothing 4 sh. with meate and drinke. No woman servant above 10 sh. by the yere, and for her clothyng 4 sh. with meate and drynke. A free mason, maister carpenter, rough mason, maister tyler, plomer, glaser, nor joyner, from Ester to Mighelmas, every of them 6 pence for the day without mete or drink; and from Mighelmas to Ester, 5 pens, without mete and drink, and with mete and drink 3 pence. And every other labourer and artificer, not aforenamed, shall take from Ester to Mighelmas for every day, except the season of harvest, 4 pens without mete and drinke, and 2 pens with mete and drinke, and from Mighelmas to Ester 3 pens without mete and drink and 1 penny half penny with them. Every mower 4 pens, and reaper and carter 3 pence with mete and drink, and without 5 pens. A woman and
other

other laborers 2 pens half penny with mete and drink, and 4 pens half penny without."

N.B. The 7th of Henry VIII. was the year 1515: here then we find an erroneous account given in the *Enquiry into the prices of wheat and labour*, printed by Longman, 1768, which at p. 24 states the wages of master workmen at 8½d. a day, and common labourers at 5½d. in 1514, when the wages were in reality only 6d. and 4d. a day, by statute made in the following year. These are now advanced to 2s. 10d. including beer, and 2s. for labourers, which is six to one. The price of wheat was in that year and several before and after 5s. 6d. a quarter; but at p. 25 he states the medium of *many* years at 8s. which multiplied by 6 amount to 48s. a quarter, which was a medium price of wheat for a considerable period before the present rise of it. So that it does not appear hence, but that the ordinary price of labour has kept pace with the medium price of wheat, except for short periods. It is indeed true, that then flet-milk, whey, and butter-milk were more plentiful and more easily obtained; but, in return, potatoes, turnips, and cabbages, were unknown, and these are a better substitute for the others and as cheap. As to flesh meat it never was or can become the common food of labouring men; but they have probably as much of it now as they ever had. Ale is stated in the above *Enquiry*, &c. at p. 23 to have been at 5d. a gallon in 1504; it is now only 2s. a gallon, which is a rise of not five to one instead of six to one. I have always found all such statements to be so full of errors, that no certain conclusions can be drawn from them, except that mankind are in all ages full of ill-founded complaints. But let

it be considered also how much longer labourers worked in that reign; and also that within six years after 1515 wheat rose to 1l. 8s. and 1l. 18s. a quarter, and continued so for three years.

“Every artificer and laborer must be at work before five of the clock in the morning, and he shall have but halfe an houre at his breakfast.” *Now they always have an hour and seldom begin until half after six o’clock;* “and one hour and half at his dinner at such tyme as he hath season to hym appointed for to sleep, and at such tyme that he hath no season to hym appointed for to slepe, than he shall have but an hour at his diner, and half an hour for his noon meate.”—*What is noone meate different from dinner? labourers have in the first case now two hours.* “He shal nat departe from his work during that season til betwene 7 and 8 of the clock in the evening.” *Now they leave work at 6 o’clock.* “From the mydst of September to the myddes of Marche every artificer and laborer must be at work in the speeryng of the day and shal nat depart afore nyght.” If this greater number of hours did not produce a greater quantity of work done, yet at least it confined labourers longer, and thus hindered them from doing work for themselves at home, as well as diminished the time of their rest and refreshment. In summer an hour or two early in the morning and the same at night is their only time for working in their own gardens.

“Ye shal enquire of all cloth makers, that they make good and sure cloth without curle or cocle, and that it kepe the length and brede according to statute.” What means *curle or cocle*? Are these words still in use?

“Also no hosteller shall bake within him his horse bredde

bredde nor shall he take nought for lytter and shal have to his gayne an halfpenny of every busshel of otes over the price in the market; and that is confirmed by the statute whiche wyll that if he bake his brede within hym he shall yelde treble value of the bredde so made in his hosterie, and he shall forfeite the treble of the gayne that he hath over the halfpeny in the busshel. 13 Ric. 2.” What is the nature of horse bread? *

“Also ye shall enquire if any man by or sel by payse of auncel, whiche is forbidden by divers statutes for the disceyte that hath been founde therin upon peyne of forfaiture of the goods so peysed.” 8 Hen. 4.

“Also that no man bye wolle by the wordes *good packyng* or bye other wordes lyke upon payne the broker to have enprisonment of half a yere.” 13 Ric. 2.

“Also that every man shall have array according to his degree in the defence of the realme, and betwene 60 and 16 shal be sworne to have competent array within him, i. e. a man of forty l. live lode (*sic, viz. livelyhood*) and goodes to the value of 40 marke an habergin salet spere swerde and hors; a man of 20 l. of lande, and goodes to the value of 20 mark an habergin salet spere swerde; and a man of an 100 shillings of lande a spere bow arrowes and swerde; a man of 40 shillings of lande and above 200 shillings of lande bowe arrowes spere and swerde; a man under 40 shillings of lande and goodes under the value of 20 markes *gysarmes* and other small weppyns, and they without the forest bowes and arrowes, and they within the forest bowes and pelettes. *Wynchest.*” Habergin is armour to cover the breast, but what are salets and

* Does not the Northumberland Household Book make mention of *bread*, composed of beans, &c. “for the principal horses?” *Editor.*

peletts? * The last I believe are small bullets, and *gys-
armes* are here included among small weapons, and
may be what were before spelt *gayes*. Did they shoot
balls from bows? *Pelt* comes from *Pellet*.

“Also no purveyour shal bye more corne to the
quarter than 8 busshels by the borde,” &c. What
means *by the borde*? *Borde* means *border* or edge, ap-
parently then it means struck even with the edge and
not heaped up.

“Also enquire of them that hauke or hunt in other
mennes warrenes, or kepe hounds of venery, but if he
be a secular man and may dispende freely and clerely
40 shillings of freeholde by yere, and yf he be a prest
or clerke, he ought to be avaynced to a benefice of 40
sh. by yere, *statutum anno 13 Hen. 2. capit. 13.*”

It is said from *Peacham*, in your N^o 35, p. 258, that
hawking was first in modern times practised by Frede-
rick Barbarossa, at his siege of Rome, who became
Emperor of Germany in 1152; but this must be erro-
neous, for we here find that it was practised in England,
and a statute made concerning it in the 13th of Henry
II. whose accession was in 1154. It is also said there
“that by the canon law hawking was forbidden the
clergy,” but we here find that it was allowed to them
in England by statute. It is said there moreover
“that it may be inferred from an act of parliament of
34th of Edw. IV. that possession of an hawk could
not be kept but by a gentleman with estate.” We
here find the qualification to be fixed to 40s. freehold,
but it seems to go no further than to prevent hawking
in other men’s warrens, at least in 13th of Hen. II.
which was above 300 years before 34 of Edw. IV.

* Query. Instruments similar to the pellet bows now in use for rook-
shooting? *Editor.*

“ *Inquisitio circa falsos proditores et rebelles.*

“ Inquiratur pro domino rege, &c. quod falsi proditores rebelles et inimici ignoti Christianissimi principis E. regis anglie 4 post conquestum——dictis die et anno vi et armis viz. gladiis glavis arcubus sagittis loricis *duploibus defensivis* et aliis armaturis defensivis insurrexerunt &c.” Is a King of England any where else called *most Christian*? The word *glavis* seems to be the French *glaive*, but what does *duploibus* mean? It seems to be some kind of defensive armour or arms. In another form of inquisition it is styled *duploidibus defensis et aliis armis defensibilibus*. In another place we have “vi et ar. bacu. gla. arcub. sagitt. loric. *duplodibus defeu*. paletis lanceis scurribus querrinis gonnes balistis, &c.” Which is the right way of spelling *duplodibus* seems uncertain, neither can I find any means to ascertain its sense: *defeu*. appears to be an error for *defen*. Has *doublet*, a coarse thick waistcoat, any connexion with *duploibus*?

“ *Sacramentum probationis in Duello.*

“ This here you iustice that I have this day neyther eate ne dronke nor have upon me stone ne *geasse* ne other enchantement, sorcery ne withcrafte, where thoroughe the power of the worde of God myght be enlessed or demenysshed, and the devylles power encreased, and that myn appelle is true so helpe me God and his sayntes, and by this boke, &c.”

“ *Proclamatio pro rege in Duello.*

“ The iustices commaundeth in the kynges name, that no persone of what estate degre or condition he be beyng present be so hardy to gyve any token or signe by countenaunce speche or language eyther to the provour or defender, wherby that one of them may

take any avayle of the other, and that no persone remove but kepe still his place and come nat within the cercle, and that every persone or persones kepe their staves and other weppyns to themselfe and suffer neyther the sayd provour nor defender to take any of the sayd weppins or any other thyng that myght stande the sayd provour to any avayle upon the payne of forfaiture of londes and tenementes goodes and catayles and emprisonment of theyr bodyes and fyne and raunsome at the kynges wyll, &c."

Through the blotting of letters I cannot ascertain whether the above word be *geasse* or *grasse*, but I think the former, and it may possibly be the same word as *gayes* or *gys* before, but spelt differently, which means evidently some smaller kind of defensive weapon. Now I find by Lacombe's *Dict.* that *gise* is an old French word, meaning a *goad* for cattle, *aiguillon dont on pique les bœufs*, and that *gisir* means to resist a person; that *guysarmier* is a person armed with a *guisarme*; it may be a kind of walking-stick armed with a pike or some iron head; but whether it comes as above from *gise* or from *guetter* to watch I know not: *guet* was anciently spelt *guyette* and *garder* was spelt *guarder* and *guarder*. In another passage we have the following sentence.

"Vi et armis scilicet gladiis baculis *vaugis* falcastris arcubus et sagittis." *Falcastrum* is explained by Isidorus as being any thing in form of a scythe; but what does *vaugis* mean? Lacombe mentions *vuorge* as signifying a kind of arm in form of a bill-hook (*serpe*). Many Norman words seem to have been in vulgar use in that age, which are now quite unknown. As for instance again there is a form of indictment against a man *de diversis felonis et captilibus mulierum*;

rum; what means *captilibus*? Isidorus mentions *capitella* as meaning the *heads* of any things. Again we meet with *pro parte vel alio proficuo per conventionem*. Here it appears by what follows that *proficuo* means some *compensation for* or profit made of the *part* aforementioned. Where elsewhere can such a word be found? Many vulgar words also are strangely Latinized, as *obstupare* for to stop up, and *escurare* to scour. And in the following sentence *cum bobus, ofris porcis bibentibus averreiis et aliis*, as *verres* means a boar, *averres* may mean a gilt pig, but what is *ofris*? I can only guess that it denotes *a heifer*; in Saxon it is spelt *heahfore*. In the following clause of a will, what do *ferreum argent* mean, and also *murdrum*? “Item, lego S. filiole mee unam zonam de ferreo argent, unam murdrum quinque unciarum argenti et sex cocliaria.” Sometimes *murdrum* is found here as an abbreviation of *murderandum*. Moreover an acre of land is here abutted on one side *super venellam de poding-lane*, what means *Venella*? Lacombe explains *Venne* by *palisade, enclosure, hedge*: *Venella* may be a diminutive. In a sentence quoted before, and in many others, we meet with *anno 4 vel 5 Regis Henrici, &c. post conquestum or a conquestu*. Blackstone had asserted in his Commentaries, that *conquestus*, and *conquestor* anciently meant nothing more than *accession* of a king without including any idea of *conquest* or acquisition by force of arms; therefore when applied to William the Norman meant only his *acquisition* of the crown of England. Mr. Ritson has somewhere disputed this, and that it implied the modern sense of *conqueror*. Blackstone is here fully vindicated, for we find the above word *a conquestu* here

applied to all the English Kings including Henry VIII. and meaning nothing but the *year of their accession*. That William was in reality a conqueror is indeed true, but this does not seem to have been the ancient sense of *conquisitor* or *conquestor*, although it has this meaning in later times both in French and English, as is proved by the above phrase of *post conquestum regis Henrici VIII.* and delivered down in the very same sense from William the Norman with respect to every king of England until the reign of Elizabeth. There appears also some evidence preserved, that William had acquired this appellation of *conquisitor* even *before* his invasion of England if not from his very birth. Rapin quotes from an old chronicle of Normandy the following account, “that it was related of William, that the moment he was born, laying hold of some straws he held them so fast, that the good women said he would one day prove a great *acquirer*, since he began so early.” *V. I. p. 164.* Now the translator of Rapin and also possibly Rapin himself have not expressed this speech according to the true force of the original, in case it has been faithfully copied in a French history of William, entitled *Histoire de Guillaume le conquerant par l'Abbé l'Amsterd.* 1742, and professedly writ in his favour. Some extracts from this book are made in the *Bibliothèque raisonnée tom. xxix. p. 284, for 1742,* and among them the following passage in the words however of the reviewer—“Guillaume augmenta dès la moment de sa naissance l'opinion qu'on en avoit conçue: il se trouvoit dans la chambre un peu de paille, il la priz et la serra, ce qui causa tant d'admiration aux *spectateurs*,
que

que regardant cette action comme le presage de ses conquêtes, ils lui donnerent *deslors* le surnom d'*Acquereur*." This account may probably be copied from the *Chronique de Normandie*, as that of Rapin may possibly be from Malmsbury only, although he quotes both in the margin, and Malmsbury was an enemy to William. But by the French account we find that it was not spoken merely by the good wives, but by the *spectators*, who were probably some of the nobles of both sexes; and although the French reviewer applies the expression to *conquests*, yet *Acquereur* in French implies no such idea neither at present nor yet in old French; neither does he apply it solely to the single conquest of England, but in the plural to *conquests*, of which William had obtained several *before* that of England. He also says, that it became even a *surname* to him, and from *that* very time *delors*. This indicates, that he had received that *surname* through his *conquests* while Duke of Normandy only and *before* his invasion of England. The appellation of *Acquereur* when turned into Latin would be either *acquisitor* or *conquistor*, by contraction *conquestor*; and that the latter implied then *force of arms* any more than the former cannot, I apprehend, be proved by any old French books. It is at least contradicted by the practice abovementioned in this book of giving the name of *conquestus* to every *acquisition* of or *accession* to the crown of England without any respect whatever to the means of obtaining it, whether by peaceable succession or otherwise, and this by all the posterity and successors to the first William. It seems then to be only by a forced interpretation that later historians
made

made *Acquereur* express the idea of *conquest*, otherwise of itself it meant only some mode of civil acquisition, and that *conquestus* meant only the same is proved by the constant use of it to mean here *accession* only by those Norman princes themselves, as well as by the sense of *Acquereur* in old French, in which as Lacombe says *acquaister* is to seize by order of *civil* justice, *acquaistour* a seizer, serjeant, or huissier, *acquise* a seizure, confiscation: of this kind was the very first act of William in *seizing* the dukedom of Normandy, though a bastard, in prejudice to the legitimate heirs; although it was afterwards indeed maintained by force of arms; and also his invasion of England was under pretence of *seizing* the crown as being the lawful heir to it; which entitled him to the same *former surname* of Acquisitor or Conquisitor, without any idea at first of a *conquest*, although but a later sense of this word has since obtained both in French and English; and this apparently deduced in later times only from the nature of that event his conquest of England, although when the surname of *Conquestor* was first imposed soon after his birth, nothing more was meant by it in Latin than *Acquereur* in French, or *acquirer* in general in English, without any respect to the means by which the acquisition was made, whether by force of arms, or by inheritance, or by some other civil right.

S.

 CORRECTION.

P. 290, Vol. IX. *for* from Hollingshed *r.* from the old translation of Plutarch.

ART.

ART. III. *Sacro-Sanctum Novum Testamentum Domini Servatoris Nostri Jesu Christi, in hexametris versus ad verbum et genuinum sensum fideliter in Latinam linguam translatum per Johannem Episcopum Oxoniensem. Londini excudebat Valentinus Simsius CICIICIIII. [1604.]*

Mr. Beloe, in his third volume of *Anecdotes of Literature* just published, says that this is a very uncommon book. I confess I was not aware that it was; or I should long since have introduced it, having for many years been possessed of a copy. As Mr. Beloe's extract is not sufficiently full to do justice to the ingenuity of the work, (for it exhibits great ingenuity and learning, I am afraid I cannot add taste,) and as little is known of this prelate, it is my wish to make a somewhat copious article on the subject.

Of Dr. John Bridges, Bishop of Oxford, I know not the descent. He was not of the Chandos family; for his arms on his tombstone (3 *owls*) have no similitude to theirs; nor to any others of the name with which I am acquainted. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; * was made Prebendary of Winchester, 1565; and had also the rectories of Crawley and Cheriton in Hants; and of Brightwell in Berks. In 1577 he was appointed Dean of Salisbury, and consecrated Bishop of Oxford, Feb. 12, 1603. †

He was buried in the church of March Baldon, in Oxfordshire, with the following inscription.

“ *Here under lieth buried the body of the Reverend Father John Bridges, late Bishop of Oxford, who de-*

* Wood's F. I. 172.

† Gent. Mag. LXIV. 1. 328.

parted this life the 26th day of March A. D. 1618."
Arms as abovementioned.

He was eminent for his theological writings, more especially as a defender of the church against the Puritans.

In 1571 appeared his Sermon upon "*Deus sic dilexit mundum ut daret, &c.* Lond. 4to.*

In 1573† his *Supremacy of Christian Princes over all persons throughout their dominions in all causes as well Ecclesiastical as Temporal.* Lond.

In 1587 his *Defence of the Government established in the Church of England, against Calvin, Beza, and others, by John Bridges, Dean of Sarum.* Lond. 4to.‡

This is the publication which drew forth from Penry (alias Martin Marprelate) the following memorable piece of abuse.

"*Oh read over D. John Bridges, for it is a worthy work: or an epitome of the fyrste booke of that right worshipfull volume written against the Puritanes in the defence of the noble Cleargie by as worshipfull a priest John Bridges Presbyter Priest or Elder doctor of divillitie Deane of Sarum. Wherein the arguments of the Puritans are wisely prevented that when they come to answer M. Doctor, they must needes say something that hath been spoken. Compiled for the*

* Herbert, II. 936.

† He must not be confounded with John Bridges, Vicar of Herne, in Kent, who translated *An hundred, threescore and fifteen Homilies from Radulphe Gualtere Sigurine, &c.* 1572. Fol. Herb. II. 947. He died 1590.

‡ Herbert, II. 1195.

behoofe & overthrow of the Parsons, Fyckers & Curates that have learnt their Catechismes & are past grace. By the Reverend & worthie Martin Marprelate, Gentleman, & dedicated to the Confocation house. The Epitome is not yet published, but it shall be when the Bishops are at convenient leisure to view the same. In the mean time let them be content with this learned epistle. Printed oversea in Europe within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest at the costs & charges of M. Marprelate, gentleman." The running title is throughout, *An Epistle to the terrible priests of the Confocation-house.*" Contains 54 pages, is full of personal reflections, and ends thus: "Given at my castle between two Wales neither foure days from penillesse benche nor yet at the west ende of Shrofride: but the fourteenth yeare at the least of the age of Charing Crosse within a yeare of Midsommer betweene twelve and twelve of the clocke. Anno pontificatus vestri quint, and I hope ultimo of all English Popes. By your learned and worthie brother, Martin Marprelate."*

The translation of the four gospels into Latin hexameter verse, which forms the title of the present article, comes now to be considered. It opens with three long copies of Latin verses, a prayer to the Almighty, 154 lines; an Epistle Dedicatory to K. James, 267, and a preface to the pious and benevolent reader, 573 lines.

I will give a specimen from the first.

* Herb. III. 1683, 1684.

*“ Ad Deum Optimum Maximum, Unam Sanctam, et
Individuam, Beatissimum Trinitatem, Patrem,
Filium, et Spiritum Sanctum,*

“ PRECATIO.

*“ O pater une Deus, Cœli Terræque Creator;
Filii ab æterno geniti pater ingenerate:
O Immense, incompre'ndende, sed omnia pre'ndens:
O Existens existentibus, entibus O Ens:
O Liberrime agens, qui dirigis omnia nutu.
Lucis inaccessæ qui in Majestate tremenda
Cœli habitas, Inconspicue, author gloriæ honoris,
Vitæ, omnisque boni Fons, O Supreme, Perennis,
Caste, Pudice, Verende, Timende, Colende, Beate,
Omnipotens, Invicte, Valens super omnia, Fortis, 10
Omnisciens, Penetrans, Præsens ubicunque locorum,
Cui nil præteritum, nil præsens, nilque futurum:
O æterne Deus, Sapiens, Bone, Vere, Benigne,
Mitis, Amans, Clemens, Patiens, Pie, Commiserator:
Zelotes cultus, sed ad iræ Tarde furorem:
Lente, sed ad pœnam; Vindex (sed Juste) Severe;
Immutabilis, Inscrutabilis, Inviolande;
Immortalis, semper Constans, Optime, Summe,
Maxime, sole Deus sine quo nihil omnia prorsus
Existunt, in quo sunt existentia quæque; 20
In quo vivimus, atque movemur, et insumus omnes
Provida cujus agit manus, et mens illa gubernat.*

*O Fili, Deus, une Dei, cum Patre coæque,
Æterne Æterni, Genite Ingeniti, unius une,
Qui sapientia vere æterna expresse Character,
Et Substantiæ es ejus imago, forma, figura,
Gloriæ et ipsius splendor, simul omnia portans
Sermonis virtute tui, velut illa creasti:
Per te namque Pater fecit, reparavit et orbem,
Humani generis Servator, quique Redemptor, 30
Et Mediator, et Intercessor es unicus inter
Nos et Patrem, cui datur uni summa potestas*

In

In cœlo, terraque a Patre; sedes et eidem
 A dextris. Cujus sunt nomine quæque petenda.
 Qui Fons Gratiae, et es Thronus unicus, adque-vocatus.
 Rex Regum, Dominantibus, O Domine omnibus une,
 Unâ in personâ Deus atque Homo, verus uterque,
 Nobiscum Deus, Emanuel; Antique dierum,
 Sermo, principium, finisque, Alpha, Omega; Princeps
 Pacis; Consilii Magne Angele; Fœderis author; 40
 Fili Davidis, Sæc'li Pater usque futuri;
 Jesu Christe Dei Messias, unctus et unguens.

Spiritus et tu Sancte Dei, Deus omnia fotu
 Vivificans, Sacer Electorum Sanctificator,
 Nobis pupillis qui Consolator es Almus,
 Doctor, Defensor, Ductor, Paracletus, et Arrha,
 Unctio lætificans, spirans, dans lumen, adoptans,
 Cordaque saxeâ dura in carnea mollia mutans,
 Inque novos veteres hominis et Spirituales,
 Convertens, ducens, inflammans, robore firmans; 50
 A Patre procedens, et Filio, utroque peræque.

O Trine-une Deus, te tu velut ipse revelas,
 In verbi sermone tui cœlestis aperto;
 Une et tres, Elohim, Shaddai, Adonia, Jehova;
 Quem satis explicite nec nomine personat ecquis;
 Qui sis, nec mentis conceptu percipit ullus:
 Te, Sanctam Triademque tuum quum scire nequibit.
 Omnia nam superat mysteria: Tu nisi solus
 Quod sic te patefeceris in sermone sacrato;
 Sic agnoscendum te jusseris, atque colendum; 60
 Sic profitemur, et ore, et corde agnoscimus Unum
 Esse Deum te, Tres Personas; sic ego credo,
 Invoco, sic nomen veneror, sic numen adoro;
 O Pater, O Fili, Alme O Spiritus; Unice Trine,
 Oro Pater, Fili peto; Spiritus obsecro Sancte,
 Numinis afflatum, conanti vertere verbum
 In versus cœleste tuum, de Fœdere Sacro:
 Quod generi humano pepigisti in Filio; ut ille

Naturâ

Naturâ indutâ nostrâ, descenderit usque
 Ad nostras omnes infirmas conditiones, 70
 Tantum peccati modo sit contagio dempta;
 Quomodo vixit, quæ docuit, quæ passus obivit;
 Ut crucis ad mortem dimisit semet atrocem.
 Quomodo devicit mortem, de morte resurgens;
 In cœlos summos ascendens; Quomodo demum
 E cœlo sua dona dedit, confirmet ut ista,
 Quæ in terris fecit, docuit, passusque peregit.

Utque Evangelium de cœlo, temet ab ipso
 Patre, Sinuque tuo, Mystera scrinio in imo
 Pectoris alta tui, prius abdita quæ latuere, 80
 Illa voluntatemque tuam patefecit, ab ore
 Ipsius, per Apostolicos, per Evangelicosque,
 His quos vulgandis sibi legerat esse ministros:
 Per quos terrarum late diffudit in orbem,
 Spiritu et Almi fluo scriptis dictando sacravit.

Quod verbum manet usque potens, semperque manebit,
 Contra omnes hostes, adversus denique portas
 Inferni; mortem, peccatum dæmona pellens.
 Contra quod minus ulla potest humana potestas.
 Demere quid, (si materiale) vel addere quicquam, 90
 Debet nemo, nemo potest, sine crimine grandi.
 Vertere per linguas, convertere carmine, prosâ,
 Hoc licet, immo juvat, sincere si modo tantum,
 Atque fideliter istud agetur; agetur at istud,
 In sensu et sententiâ, in omnibus usque morantes,
 Si verbum sequimur. Tum si mutiverit ecquis;
 Siccine vis Christum vinclis involvere rursus?

Fasciolis involvebantur membra tenella
 Infantis Christi, corpus præsepe tenebat;
 Et loris constrictus erat, deductus ad hostes 100
 Qui nos a Sathanæ vinclis exolvit et Orci:
 Sic voluit liberrimus is, tenet ille pugillo
 Qui totum mundum, nec totus cum tenet orbis.
 Et nunc vis illum, doctrinam denique totam
 Fasciolis iterum, vitamque astringere vinc'lis?

Parce

Parce, precor, Jesu, non vincula fasciolæque
 Sunt hæc; vel si sint, liberrima sunt ea certe.
 Per te namque, Pater, numero omnia, pondere fecit,
 Ordine, mensura: si collibremus et ista,
 Sic, ut et hæc servent; sunt libera ut ante fuerunt. 110
 Da Jesu veniam: venias, peto; gratia detur;
 Fasciolæ faciles, et vincula mollia sic te,
 Et verbum stringant, digitis pedibusque ligatum;
 Ut melius teneamus te, verbumque retentum,
 Molliter ut currens, in nostras influat aures:
 Dulciter in pectus descendens corda focillet:
 Suaviter ut fructus velut in tellure feraci
 Proferat; et tecum verbum retinere queamus;
 A nobis sic ut neque tu discesseris unquam;
 Nec verbum, neque nos a te, Verboque soluti, 120
 Simus at uniti, constricti glutine verbi.
 Gloriæ ut omne Dei tendat, nostræque saluti.

Hæc peto, supplicibus contendo, postulo, votis,
 Summe, Pater, Fili-Unice, Jesu, Spiritus alme.
 Et voti compos, tibi primum consecro, quicquid
 Præstiti in hac operâ: Tibi quum debetur id omne,
 Ad quem pertinet; ut qui verbi solus es author.
 Namque tuum verbum Pater est, quod detulit alto
 Filius e cœlo; Fili qui Sermo Patrisque
 Diceris, esque simul tuus est hic Sermo tuumque 130
 Est Evangelium, Verbum vitæque perennis:
 Spiritus et tu Sancte Deus, dictator es ejus.

Trinæ vos Diæ personæ, Tu Deus une:
 Est opus hoc vestrum: vestrum dicamne? tuumve?
 Utrumque est verum. Nec Apostoli erant nisi scribæ,
 Huic Evangelio tu Doctor, et author es une.
 Textum vertentes in linguas post alias,
 Seu prosâ versent, numerent seu versibus; hi sunt
 Organa sola, quibus tua sancta Oracula mundo
 Fusius expandant: Tibi gloria tota ferenda. 140

Namque ego quod feci tantillum, nil ego feci,
 Quam quod debui, et expetii. Dignabere, saltem,
 Mi Domine, ah Deus; hoc satis est. Ego memet, et istud
 Offero Divinæ Majestatique supremæ
 Omne tuæ. Placeat; dic verbum: cætera salva.
 Te colo, te recolo, te prædico, temet adoro,
 Ornans laude tuam bonitatem; me quod in isto
 Exaudiveris, usus me fuerisque ministro.
 Transeo nunc ad eum, Regali in sede locatum,
 Quemque vices gestare tuas, nobisque præesse 150
 Feceris. A nobis tibi plurima gratia detur,
 Tam præcellenti nostro pro rege Jacobo:
 In multos annos quem conservato, tuetor,
 Atque tuum per eum verbum stabilito, propaga. 154
 Amen."

The extract which Mr. Beloe has given from "chapter v." is from chapter V. of the Gospel of St. Matthew: the numeration of the chapters recommencing of course with each Gospel.

In the preface to the reader the more pious than poetical bishop gives a full account of his design and motives. He begins thus:

"In nova fert animus, Divini oracula Verbi
 Læta Evangelii (quod nominis exprimit ortus)
 Fœderis ecce Novi, nova lætaque nuncia ferre.
 Immo novo proferre modo, quæ antiqua vetusto
 Lata a principio, nunc sunt prolata novato
 Ordine, si placeat, salvo remanente priori."

At about the ninetieth verse he thus expresses his views.

"En, nova, lector amice, tibi tralatio facta,
 Fœderis ista novi se in lucis fundit apricum,

Tantum

Tantum verba ligans numeris ad metra repostis,
 Ut magis hæc facile memori committere menti;
 Et revocare fidelius, et depromere possis
 Quæ citius, fluerent et aperto dulcius ore,
 In quâ vulgandâ, si feci audacius ecquid;
 Deprecor hanc culpam, quod me exorarier ultro
 Passus amicorum sum suasû, forte priusquam
 Esset opus prælo maturum, vix bene coctum:
 Juxta præceptum, Nonum premeretur in annum."

ART. IV. *Old Madrigals.*

i. *

O stay faire cruell, doe not still torment mee
 With frownes, disgraces, and disdainfull deeds,
 When euery eye with pittie doth lament mee,
 That viewes my face and my misfortune reads;
 Oh bee not so hard harted still,
 Your glorie's greater for to spare then spill.

ij.

My hope a counsell with my loue, hath long desired to bee,
 And maruels much so deere a friend, is not retayn'd by mee;
 She doth condemne my foolish hast in passing the estate
 Of my whole lyfe into your hands, who nought payes for 't
 but hate;
 And not suffic'd with this, she sayes I dyd release the right
 Of my enjoyed liberties, vnto your beauteous sight.

iiij.

Pittie deere loue my pittie mouing words,
 Fetch'd from the depth of grieve and sad lament,
 Whose thoughts before they speak, no hope affords,
 Sauing that thus you know my discontent.

* *Tenor. Madrigales to 3. 4. and 5. parts: apt for Viols and voices.
 Newly composed by Michaell Este. 1604. In London printed by Thomas Este.
 Dedicated to Sir Iohn Croft, Knight, and divided in three portions of eight
 each for three, four, and five voices.*

iiij.

Sweet loue I erre, and doe my error know,
 As he that burnes, and nourisheth the fire;
 My grieve doth waxe and reason lesse doth grow,
 Yet want I power to bridle my desire;
 Content is dead, my ioyes are all distressed;
 Aye thus it is to be with loue oppressed.

v.

In vaine my tongue thou begst to ease my care,
 In vaine mine eies you gase, or looke for aide,
 In vaine my eares you listen after aire,
 In vaine my thoughts you thinke what hath beene said;
 In vaine my hope when truth is not rewarded;
 In vaine my faith serues where 'tis not regarded.

vj. (First part.)

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
 My feast is but a dish of paine,
 My crop of corne is but a feeld of tares,
 And all my good is but vaine hope of gaine:
 Vaine hope of gaine and yet I saw no sunne,
 And now I liue and now my lyfe is done.

vij. (Second part.)

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
 The fruit is dead and yet the leaues bee greene;
 My youth is gone and yet I am but young,
 I saw the world and yet I was not seene.
 I was not seene and yet it is not spunne,
 And now I liue, and now my life is done.

viij. (First part.)

Slie theefe, if so you will me beleue,
 It nought or little did mee grieue,
 That my true hart you had bereft,
 Till that vnkindely you it left;
 Leauing you loose, loosing you kill,
 That which I may forgoe so ill.

viij. (Second

viiiij. (Second part.)

What thing more cruell can you doe,
 Then rob a man and kill him to;
 Wherefore of loue I aske this meede,
 To bring you where you did this deede;
 That there you may for your amisses,
 Be dammag'd in a thousand kisses.

x.

Yee restless cares, companions of the night,
 That wrap my ioyes in foulds of endlesse woes,
 Tire on my hart, and wound it with your spight,
 Since loue and fortune proues my equall foes;
 Farewell my hopes! farewell my happie daies!
 Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes,

xj. *

O that the learned poets of this time,
 Who in a loue-sicke line so well can speake,
 Would not consume good wit in hatefull rime,
 But with deepe care some better subiect finde;
 For if their musicke please in earthly things,
 How would it sound if strung with heauenly strings?

xij. (First.)

I waigh not fortune's frowne nor smile,
 I ioy not much in earthly ioyes;
 I seeke not state, I reake not still,
 I am not fond of fancies toyes;
 I am so pleas'd with what I haue,
 I wish no more, no more I craue.

* *Genor.* The first set of Madrigals and Mottets of 5 parts: apt for Viols and Voyces. Newly composed by Orlando Gibbons, Batcheler of Musicke, and organist of his Maiestie's honourable chappell in Ordinarie. London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, the assigne of W. Barley, 1612. Dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton, Knt. and contains twenty Songs.

xiiij. (Second.)

I tremble not at noyse of warre,
 I quake not at the thunder's cracke,
 I shrinke not at a blazing starre,
 I sound not at the news of wracke;
 I feare no losse, I hope no gaine,
 I enuy none, I none dis-daine.

xiiij. (Third.)

I see ambition neuer pleas'de,
 I see some Tantals starue in store,
 I see golds-dropsie seldome eas'd,
 I see each Midas gape for more;
 I neither want, nor yet abound,
 Inough's a feast, content is crown'd.

xv. (Fourth.)

I faine not friendship where I hate,
 I fawne not on the great for grace,
 I prise, I praise a meane estate,
 Ne yet too loftie, nor to base.
 This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
 A minde content and conscience cleere.

xvj.

Lais now old, that erst attempting lasse,
 To goddesse Venus consecrates her glasse;
 For shee her selfe hath now no vse of one,
 No dimpled cheekes hath she to gaze vpon;
 Shee cannot see her spring-time damaske grace,
 Nor dare shee looke vpon her winter face.

xvij.

What is our life? a play of passion,
 Our mirth the musicke of diuision;
 Our mother's wombes the tiring houses be,
 Where we are drest for this short comedy;

[While

[While thereon prying the] spectator is
 That sits and markes still who doth act amisse;
 Our graues that hide vs from the searching sunne,
 Are like drawne curtaynes, when the play is done;
 Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
 Onely we dye in earnest——that's no iest.

xviiij.

Faire is the rose, yet fades with heat or colde,
 Sweet are the violets, yet soone grow old;
 The lilly's white, yet in one day 'tis done,
 So white so sweet was my faire mistris face,
 Yet alter'd quite in one short houres space;
 So short liu'd beautie a vaine glosse doth borrow,
 Breathing delight to day, but none to morrow.

xviiiij. (First.)

Nay let me weepe, though others' teares be spent,
 Though all eyes dryed be let mine be wet;
 Vnto thy graue ile pay this yeerely rent,
 Thy liuelesse coarse demands of me this debt;
 I owe more teares than euer coarse did craue,
 Ile pay more teares than ere was payd to graue.

xx. (Second.)

Nere let the sunne with his deceiuing light,
 Seeke to make glad these watry eyes of mine;
 My sorrow sutes with melancholy night,
 I ioy in dole, in languishment I pine;
 My deerest friend is set, he was my sun,
 With whom my mirth, my ioy, and all is done.

xxj. (Third.)

Yet if that age had frosted ore his head,
 Or if his face had furrow'd been with yeeres;
 I would not so bemone that he is dead,
 I might haue beene more niggard of my teares;
 But O the sunne new rose is gone to bed,
 And lillies in their spring-time hang their head.

xxij.

Trust not too much faire youth vnto thy feature,
 Be not enamor'd of the blushing hew;
 Be gamesome whilst thou art a goodly creature,
 [Though faire the flowers] in thy garden grew;
 Sweet violets are gathered in their spring,
 While primit fals withouten pittying.

xxij. * (First.)

Of ioyes, and pleasing paines, I late went singing;
 O ioyes with paines, O paines with ioyes consenting;
 And little thought as then of now repenting;
 But now think of my then sweet bitter stinging,
 All day long, I my hands, alas, goe wringing;
 The balefull notes, of which my sad tormenting
 Are ruth, and mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting,
 From hills and dales in my dull eares still ringing.

xxiiij. (Second.)

My throte is sore, my voice is hoarse with shrieking,
 My rests are sighes deep from the hart root fetched;
 My song runnes all on sharps, and with oft striking
 Time on my brest, I shrink with hands outstretched;
 Thus still I sing and ne'er am linning;
 For still the close points to my first beginning.

xxv.

Lady, your words doe spite mee,
 Yet your sweet lips so soft kisse & delight mee;
 Your deeds my hart surcharg'd with ouerioying,
 Your taunts my life destroying;
 Since both haue force to spill mee,
 Let kisses sweet [one] kill mee;
 Knights fight with swords and launces;
 Fight you with smiling glaunces;
 So like swans of Leander,
 My ghost from hence shall wander,
 Singing and dying.

* Further selection from Wilbye's Madrigals, 1598.

xxvj. * Sweet

xxvj. *

Sweet hart, arise why doe you sleepe,
 When louers wanton sports doe keepe;
 The sunne doth shine, the birdes doe sing,
 And May delight and ioy doth bring;
 Then ioyne we hands and daunce till night,
 'Tis pittie loue should want his right.

xxvij.

Welcome sweet pleasure, my wealth & treasure,
 To haste our playing,
 There's no delaying, no, no,
 This mirth delights mee, when sorrow frights mee;
 Then sing we all fa la.
 Sorrow content thee, mirth must preuent thee,
 Though much thou greeuest,
 Thou none releuest, no, no,
 Joy come delight mee, though sorrow spight mee.
 Griefe is disdainfull, sottish and painfull,
 Then wait on pleasure,
 And loose no leisure, no, no,
 Hart's ease it lendeth, and comfort sendeth.

xxviii.

Ladie, your eie my loue enforced,
 And your proud looke my hart deuorced,
 That now I laugh, and now I cry,
 And thus I sing, before I die; fa la la.

xxviiiij.

Now is my Cloris fresh as May,
 All clad in greene and flowers gay;
 Oh might I thinck August were neer,
 That haruest ioy might soone appeere; fa la la.
 But shee keeps May throughout the yeere;
 And August neuer comes the neere;

* From Weelkes's Collection, 1608.

Yet will I hope though shee be May,
August will come another day; fa la la.

xxx.

Say daintie dames shall wee goe play,
And run among the flowers gay; fa, la la
About the vallies, & hie hills,
Which Flora with her glory fils; fa la la?
The gentle hart will soone be won,
To daunce and sport till day be done. Fa la la."

J. H.

ART. V. *Old Poetry.*

[From the Caxtonic volume.]

Sodenly afraide, half wakyng, half slepyng;
And gretly dismayed, a woman sate weepyng;
With fauoure in hir face ferr passyng my reason,
And of hir sore weepyng this was the enchesone,
Hir soon in hir lap lay, she seid slayn by treasonn,
Yif wepyng myght ripe bec, it seemyd than in season.

Jhu~, so she sobbid,
So hir soonn was bobbid,
And of his lif robbid;
Saying thies words as I say thee,
Who cannot wepe come lerne at me.

I said, I cowl not wepe, I was so harde hartid;
Shee answered me with wordys shortly, that smarted,
Lo nature shall move the, thou must be converted,
Thyne owne fadir this nyght is deed; lo, thus she thwarted.

So my soon is bobbid,
Ther of his lif robbid,
Forsooth than I sobbid;
Veryfying the words she seid to me,
Who cannot wepe may lerne at thee.

Now

Now breke hert I the pray, this cors lith so rulye,
 So betyn, so wowndid, entreted so Jewlye;
 What wizt may me behold; ther wepe nat, noon truly,
 To see my deed dere soonn lygh bleedyng; lo, this newlye,

Evir stil she sobbid,
 So hir soon was bobbid,
 Ther of his lif robbid,

Newyng the words as I say thee,
 Who cannot wepe co. lerne at me.

On me she caste hir ey, said see mann thy brothir,
 She kissid hym ther said; swete, am I not thy modir;
 In sownyng she fild there, it would be noonn othir;
 I not which more deedly, the toonn or the tothir.

Yit she revived ther sobbid,
 So hir soon was bobbid,
 Ther of his lif robbid,
 Who cannot wepe; this was the laye,
 Ther wit that word she vanysht away.

[*An old carol, with lullaby.*]

“ 1. Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,

My sweet little babie, what meanest thou to cry?

Bee still my blessed babe, though cause thou hast to mourne:

Whose bloud most innocent the cruell king hath sworne:

And lo, alas, behold, what slaughter hee doth make,

Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour for thy sake:

A king is borne, they say, which king this king would kill

Oh woe, and woeful heauy day when wretches haue their will.

2. Lulla, &c.

Three kings this king of kings to see, are come from farre,]

To each vnknownen, with offerings great, by guiding of a starre:

And shepherds heard the song, which angells bright did sing,

Giuing all glory vnto God, for comming of this king,

Which must bee made away, King Herod would him kill,

Oh woe and wofull heauie day, when wretches haue their will.

3. Lulla, &c.

Loe, my little babe, bee still, lament no more,

From furie shalt thou step aside, help haue wee still in store;

Wee

Wee heauenly warning haue, some other soyle to seeke,
 From death must flie the lord of life, as lamb both mild and meeke :
 Thus must my babe obey the king that would him kill,
 Oh woe, and wofull heaueie day, when wretches haue their will.

4. Lulla, &c.

But thou shalt liue and reigne, as Sibilles haue foresayd,
 As all the prophets prophesie, whose mother yet a maide,
 And perfect virgin pure, with her brestes shall vpbreede,
 Both God and man that all hath made, the sonne of heauenly seede :
 Whome caytiues none can traye, whom tyrants none can kill,
 Oh ioy, and ioyfull happie day, when wretches want their will."

Byrd's Collection.

[*A Song of Sadnesse.*]

" 1. Al as a sea, the world no other is,
 Our selues are ships still tossed too & fro,
 And loe, each man, his loue to that or this,
 Is like a storme, that driues the ship to goe ;
 That thus our life in doubt of shipwrack stands,
 Our wils the rockes, our want of skil the sands.

2. Our passions be pirates still that spoyle,
 And ouerboard casts out reason's freight;
 The mariners that day and night doe toyle,
 Bee our conceits that doe on pleasure waight;
 Pleasure, master, doth tirannize the ship,
 And giueth vertue secretly the nip.

3. The compasse is a minde to compasse all,
 Both pleasure, profit, place and fame for nought;
 The windes that blow men ouerweening call,
 The merchandise is wit full deerely bought;
 Tryal the anker cast vpon experience,
 For labor, lyfe, and all a-doe the recompence."

Ib.

" *Another.*

[*Another.*]

“ Care for thy soule as thing of greatest price,
 Made to the ende to taste of power deuine;
 Deuoide of guilt, abhorring sinne and vice,
 Apt by God's grace to vertue to encline;
 Care for it so as by thy retchlesse traine,
 It bee not brought to tast eternall paine.

Care for thy corps, but chiefly for soul's sake
 Cut of excesse, sustaining food is best,
 To vanquish pride but comely clothing take,
 Seeke after skill, deep ignorance detest:
 Care so I say, the flesh to feed and cloth,
 That thou harme not thy soule & body both.

Care for the world to doe thy body right,
 Rack not thy wit to win by wicked waies,
 Seeke not t' oppresse the weak by wrongfull might.
 To paye thy due doe banish all delaies;
 Care to dispend according to thy store,
 And in like sort be mindfull of the poore.

Care for thy soule, as for thy chiefest stay,
 Care for thy bodie for the soule's auaille,
 Care for the world for bodie's help alway,
 Care yet but so as vertue may preuaile;
 Care in such sort that thou be sure of this,
 Care keep the not frõ heauen & heauenly blis.”

Byrd's Collection.

J. H.

ART.

ART. VI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N^o LXIV.

Memoir of William Habington.

The following has been recovered by my friend Mr. NICHOLS, from a mass of papers.

Oct. 11, 1797.

William Habington, a poet and historian of the last century, seems to have received less notice from posterity than he deserves. The principal particulars of his life and family are to be found in Wood's *Athenæ*, II. 110; and Nash's *Worcestershire*, I. 588. I shall select such as appear necessary to the illustration of his character and writings.

Richard Habington of Brockhampton, in Herefordshire, of a very ancient family, had three sons; Richard, the eldest, of Brockhampton, left a daughter and coheir Eleanor, who marrying Sir Thomas Baskerville left a daughter and heir Eleanor, wife of John Talbot of Longford in Shropshire, father by her of John, 10th Earl of Shrewsbury. * John Habington, second son, was Cofferer to Queen Elizabeth. In fifth of that Queen's reign he bought the manor of Hindlip, in Worcestershire. He was born 1515; rebuilt the mansion about 1572, and died 1581. By Katherine daughter of John Wykes of Morton-Jeffreys he left issue Thomas Habington his eldest son, born at

* Coll. Peer. iii. p. 27.

Thorpe in Surry, 1560; godson of Q. Eliz. who after having studied at Oxford, and travelled to Rheims and Paris, connected himself on his return with those who laboured to release Mary Queen of Scots; and contrived many hiding holes in his curious old seat, lately remaining. * On the discovery of Babington's conspiracy, 1586, for which his brother Edward, a dangerous and turbulent man, suffered death, (see a minute account of it in Camden's history of this reign, in Kennet, II. 515—518) † he fell under strong suspicions, and was committed prisoner to the Tower, where he remained six years, and is said only to have saved his life by being Elizabeth's godson. ‡ Here he consoled himself by deep study, and treasured up the principal part of that learning by which he was afterwards distinguished. He was at length permitted to retire to Hindlip, and married Mary eldest daughter of Edward Parker Lord Morley, (by Elizabeth daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley, Lord Montegle) the descendant of the learned Henry Parker, Lord

* See an engraving of it in Nash.

† The conspirators were Anthony Babington of Dethick-Hall, in Ashover, Derbyshire (see Pilkington's Derbyshire, II. p. 326); John Savage, a bastard; Gilbert Gifford, of the family of Chillington, Co. Staff.; John Ballard, a priest of Rheims; Edward Windsor, brother to Lord Windsor; Thomas Salisbury, of a good family in Denbighshire; Charles Tilney, the last of an ancient house, and one of the Band of Gentlemen-Pensioners to the Queen; Chidioc Tichburn of Southampton; Edward Abington; Robert Gage of Surry; John Travers, and John Charnock of Lancashire; John Jones, whose father was Yeoman or Keeper of the Wardrobe to Queen Mary; Barnawal, of a noble family in Ireland; and Henry Dun, Clerk in the Office of First Fruits and Tenths; and one Polly a supposed spy on them. *Camd. ut supr.*

‡ Wood, II. 110.

Morley,

Morley, temp. Hen. VIII. of whom see Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, I. 92. Notwithstanding his escape, he could not help being so far implicated in the Gunpowder Plot as to conceal Garnet, Oldcorn, and others in his house, for which he was condemned to die, but by the intercession of his brother-in-law, Lord Morley, who was the means of its discovery by communicating a letter of warning, supposed to have been written by his sister, (Mrs. Habington) he was again saved; and pardoned on condition of never stirring out of Worcestershire. He made good use of his future time; entirely addicting himself to study; and living to the great age of 87, Oct. 8, 1647. During this period, he collected the materials for the history of his native county, on which Dr. Nash's excellent Collections are built. Wood says he had seen part of these MSS. and that "every leaf was a sufficient testimony of his generous and virtuous mind, of his indefatigable industry, and infinite reading."

William Habington, his eldest son, was born at Hindlip, Nov. 5, 1605, was educated in the Jesuits' College at St. Omers, and afterwards at Paris, and in the first of these was earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the order; but excused himself and left them. After his return from Paris he was instructed by his father in history, and became an accomplished gentleman. He married Lucy daughter of William Herbert first Lord Powis * by Eleanor daughter of Henry Percy, 8th Earl of Northumberland by

* He died at Hendon in Middlesex, March 6, 1655, and was succeeded by Percy Herbert, 2d Lord Powis, who died 1666, and whose daughter Mary, married George Lord Talbot, son of John Earl of Shrewsbury. Dugd. Bar. II. 261.

Katherine daughter and coheir of John Neville, Lord Latimer. *

History has preserved but little of his character, but while nothing contradictory to them is recorded, we have a right to deduce the colour of it from his writings. From these he appears to have been distinguished for connubial felicity, for a love of retirement and study, and for the elegance and dignity of his sentiments. In 1635, when he was thirty years old, he published in 8vo. a little volume of poems, entitled *Castara*, under which name he celebrates his wife. This kind of title was the fashion of the day: thus *Lovelace* immortalized his mistress under the name of *Lucasta*. The third edition of *Castara*, in 1640, *duodec.* now lies before me. It is divided into three parts; the first is "THE MISTRESS," prefaced by a prose description: this consists of verses addressed to her before marriage. The second part, is "THE WIFE," prefaced in a similar manner. This part is followed by "THE FRIEND," containing eight elegies on the death of his kinsman, the Hon. George Talbot, who must have been one of the three younger sons of John Talbot of Longford, whose names are not mentioned in Collins's Peerage, Vol. III. p. 27.† The third part, is the "HOLY MAN," and consists of paraphrases of the Psalms.

In the author's prefatory address to the public, he says, that "love stole some hours from business and his more serious study." But he does not claim from hence the sacred name of poet, like those "who

* Coll. Peer. II. p. 407.

† P. 33 he is called *uncl* to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who must have been John 10th Earl, who died 1653.

can give no nobler testimony of twenty years employment than some loose copies of lust happily expressed." To that, "he shall not dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweat and oil he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute." The praise he lays a very just claim to, is that of a *chaste* Muse. "Had I slept," says he, "in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chace or field allows, poetry had then been no scandal upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice begot in the country upon ignorance, or in the city upon criticism, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure."—"I think even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low as to be contemned."

After the preface follow some verses to him by George Talbot beforementioned, in which he says,

"————— We two are knowne
To th' world as to ourselves, to be but one
In blood as study: and my careful love
Did never action worth my name, approve,
Which serv'd not thee."

Afterwards he says,

"————— I boldly can
Stile thee more than good poet,—a good man."

Habington's sixth poem is addressed "to his honoured friend Mr. E. P." [*Endymion Porter*] whom he describes "not always in the shine of kings," sometimes retiring to the holy shade of the Muses. The seventh to Castara, in praise of content and the
calm

calm happiness of the country at Hindlip, is exquisitely delicate, and poetical. Warton, in his edition of the "Juvenile poems of Milton," p. 45, refers to a passage in this beautiful ode: but appears to have been himself unacquainted with these poems, the passage having been pointed out by Mr. Bowle; otherwise his candour, taste, and accuracy, could never have been guilty of talking of "an obscure poet, *John Habington*" He very properly calls what he cites "an *elegant* triplet." The tenth poem is addressed "to the honourable his much-honoured friend R. B. Esq." [Robert Brudenell] afterwards 2d Earl of Cardigan, a man, who lived to the great age of 96, being born March 5, 1607, and did not die till July 16, 1703: he had the misfortune to be father to the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, (widow of George Talbot's younger brother, Earl Francis) who held the Duke of Buckingham's horse in the disguise of a page, when he fought and killed her husband. Her sister, the Countess of Westmoreland, died in 1739 at the age of 91. *

" While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
The zeale you beare your mistresse to proclaim,
To th' talking world: I in the silentst grove,
Scarce to myself dare whisper that I love.
Thee titles, Brud'nell, riches thee adorne;
And vigorous youth, to vice not headlong borne,
By th' tide of Custome: which I value more
Than what blind superstition's fools adore;
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone,
Greatnesse we borrow, vertue is our own."†

* Coll. Peer. II. 499. III. 27. Walp. R. & N. Auth. Grammont's
Mem. &c.

† P. 10.

The 13th poem is "to the right honourable the Countesse of Ar." who must have been Margaret, daughter of William Douglas, Earl of Morton, wife of Archibald 8th Earl of Argyle. The 19th is,

"A Dialogue betweene Hope and Feare."

Feare. "Checke thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen only joynes their hands,
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

Hope. But Castara's purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame,
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Joynes with love, and burnes the same,

Feare. Yet obedience must prevaile,
They, who o're her actions sway,
Wou'd have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

Hope. Parents lawes must beare no weight,
When they happinesse prevent;
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.

Feare. Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes:
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

Hope. Thousand victims must returne;
Shee the purest will designe:
Choose Castara which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine."*

In a short address "to The Thames," p. 32, he speaks of "Faire *Seymors*, on the banks of *Marlow*." P. 43, is a poem "to *Seymors*, the house in which Castara resided."

In p. 39, a poem to Mr. George Talbot begins with the following noble lines:

"Thrice hath the pale-fac'd empress of the night,
Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light
To guide the vowing marriner: since mute,
Talbot, th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute
Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t'excuse
This dull neglect: love never wants a muse.
When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads o' th' frighted deepe
A veile of darknesse; penitent to be
I may forget, yet still remember thee,
Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,
In nimble measures, beauty, wit, and love."

In p. 50, are some lines to Lady Eleanor Powis, Castara's mother, in which he appeals to the superiority of her judgment over the glitter of wealth and station; and demands, if rich with a little, they may not be lifted by mutual love, to a greatness above what riches can confer. He dares not, he says, when he surveys the beauty of Castara's hand, ascribe the brightness of its veins to the blood of *Charlemagne*, which flows in them through her, or the united streams of *Marmion*, *Rosse*, *Parr*, *Fitzhugh*, and *St. Quintin*, which add their lustre to the *Pembroke* family. Would that Castara were the daughter of some mountain-cottager, who could leave her no other dower than what

she derived from the bounty of nature! He would then lead her to the temple, rich in her own wealth.

———“ Then all who vaunt
That fortune, them t'enrich, made others want,
Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
And trie if that could parallel this wealth.”

P. 52, is a poem, “ To the honourable Mr. Wm. E.” reprinted in Headley's 2d vol. pp. 19, 20.

In another poem, “ To Castara, on the Vanity of Avarice,” p. 56, he says,

“ I'de rather like the violet grow
Unmarkt i' th' shaded vale,
Than on the hill those terrors know
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale;
There is more pompe above, more sweete below.”

The verses, p. 58, are to his “ honoured friend and kinsman, R. St. Esquire.” It does not give me pain, says he, if what I write is held no wit at court. Let those who teach their muse the art of winning on easy greatness, or the spruce young lawyer, ‘ who is all impudence and tongue,’ endeavour to divulge their fames, by which the one may get employ, and the other fees, I embrace silence, and that fate which placed my birth so happily, that I am neither depressed by want, nor flattered by riches into pride. Why are some poets always railing, and steeping their rhymes in gall; as if there was no crime that called so loudly for the vengeance of heaven as the poverty of a few writers? It is true, that Chapman's reverend ashes have been mingled with the vulgar dust for want of a tomb; yet we need not despair, that some
devout

devout lover of poetry may yet build him a monument.

“ Since *Spencer* hath a stone ; and *Drayton's* browes
Stand petrefied ; th' wall, with laurell bowes
Yet girt about ; and nigh wise *Henries* hearse,
Old *Chaucer* got a marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death ; Death poets brings
So high a pompe to lodge them with their kings ;
Yet still they mutiny.”

“ If some please their patrons with hyperboles, or mysterious nonsense, and then complain, if they are not noticed, that the state neglects men of parts ; and seem to think all other kinds of excellence unworthy of reputation, let us set so just a value on knowledge, that the world may trust the sentence of a poet.

“ I write to you, Sir, on this theame, because
Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes
Of poesie so justly, that I chuse
Yours onely the example to my muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with grey,
Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way
My muse directs ; a poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without philosophie.”

The 1st part closes at pp. 65—67, with a poem so simple, so chaste, so elegant, harmonious, and happy, as to exceed my powers of praise.

“ *The Description of Castara.*

“ Like the violet, which alone
Prosperes in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to herselfe untrue,
Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace,
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.

Folly boasts a glorious blood,
 She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet,
 What a wanton courtship meant:
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.

Of herselfe survey she takes,
 But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will,
 Her grave parents' wise commands.
 And so innocent, that ill,
 She nor acts, nor understands.

Women's feet runne still astray,
 If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
 Where oft honour splits her mast:
 And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
 Where her fame may anchor cast.

Vertue safely cannot sit,
 Where Vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best,
 Where sinne waits not on delight
 Without Maske, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a Winter's night.

O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
 Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She

She her throne makes reason climb,
 While wild passions captive lie;
 And each article of time,
 Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:
 All her vows religious be,
 And her love she vowes to me."

[To be continued.]

Nº LXV.

Difference between Thought and Action. Elevated sentiments not to be taxed with want of sincerity, nor as useless, because not always followed by practice.

Every one is aware of the difference between thought and action. To conceive a plan, and to execute it, requires talents so dissimilar, that they but rarely centre in the same person.

He whose mind is exercised in discriminating the varieties of the human character, will every day meet with men, who, without the power of reasoning, are capable of fixing upon a practical result not inconcordant at least with worldly wisdom. Many may call this an intuitive sagacity; and it sometimes deserves the name. But its appearance of force often, I suspect, proceeds from the weight of its materiality; from its being addressed to the senses, rather than to the intellect.

Men of this cast judge of every thing only by its execution. "Act," they cry, "and do not talk; words are only wind!" Ideas they consider as vapoury

as

as the fantastic shapes of the clouds, and as liable to pass away: they judge of the visions of theory as of the imaginations of the insane. Nay, they deem that there is a kind of falsehood and deceit in the expression of sentiments and convictions, which are not instantly followed up by practice.

For the ordinary purposes of life, the gracious decrees of Providence have ordered that this low sort of understanding should be sufficient. As long as it keeps within its province, and does not aspire to insult or decry those of higher endowments, it may be pitied, and now and then even approved. But when it ventures to despise "the shadowy tribes of mind;" and to refuse all credit to the eloquence of the head, or the sensibilities of the heart, because action cannot always keep pace with the rapid travels of the soul, it must not complain if it draw down the indignation due to its groveling nature.

It is almost inconceivable how little understanding is necessary to enable a man to preserve the appearance of a coarse rectitude of conduct through life. If he never venture to reason; if he keep a solemn reserve; and occasionally pronounce a decision on the pending topic in an oracular tone, and act with prudential caution, he will have the credit of possessing good sound common sense: while the most brilliant talents will be thought frothy and superficial, if they are sometimes too refined for the routine of vulgar business, and sometimes evaporate in speculation.

These narrow and illiberal censurers indeed go much further; they even suspect and accuse of want of integrity, those whose conceptions and expressions are sometimes too abundant, or too visionary for action.

But

But what can be more ignorant, or more unjust than this stigma?

The contempt of stupidity is, it must be confessed, very provoking. Why should the dull suppose that nothing is good but according to their own model? Why should they endeavour to lower us down to mere materialism?

It is among the evils which mix themselves in this world with all good, that the very superiority to which acute and highly-cultivated minds are raised, exposes them to many keen disgusts and mortifications, to which those of a coarser cast are insensible. The former are of a temperament too nice for the common intercourse of society. The rudeness and insults of the obtuse-headed and the hard-hearted, make too deep an impression on them. The finer mechanism of their internal emotions is deranged by rough and brutal behaviour. Otherwise, such pitiful and ill-founded animadversions would not for a moment give pain to a well-regulated intellect.

It is a mark of the divine part of our nature, to be constantly aspiring at some excellence beyond our practical reach; and to indulge a thousand virtuous visions, which, if they have vanished with the clouds, have yet not flitted across our fancies in vain!

Whoever is in the habitual practice of accusing the eloquent and richly-gifted, of an hypocritical want of integrity, because they cannot always act up to their own theories and expressions, ought to be despised for his ignorance, and branded for his defect of charity.

That beings of this low and base conformation should hate poetry, and all the charms of fiction, can excite no wonder: indeed the contrary would be
grossly

grossly inconsistent. We hear them treat this divine art as "empty sound, meaning nothing;" and only fit to be the play-thing of children, and love-sick girls! Poor wretches, that glory in the filth and darkness of their own miry cells!

If, indeed, it can be proved, that there is no sincerity in him who deals in high-wrought sentiments; if he utter what he does not feel, and with an intention to deceive, the case is of a widely-different stamp. And even should there be no intention to deceive, they will betray to well-qualified judges their want of nature. There is in what flows from the heart, a sort of indescribable attraction, which produces instantaneous sympathy in the intelligent.

It may, however, be admitted, that there is a distinction of no small importance between those to whom lofty conceptions are within the capacity, and only occasional; and those to whom they are habitual. This may arise from temper, accidental circumstances, and other complex causes. It will not affect the sincerity of the utterers; but the degree of reliance on the probability of more frequent approach to concurrence of action.

If these opinions are calculated to offend many, let them recollect, that they have drawn the stigma on themselves by the narrowness and illiberality of their own judgments.

Feb. 20, 1809.

N°

N^o LXVI.

On the Inadequacy of Cotemporary Envy and Prejudice to the final Suppression or Injury of a well-founded Fame.

If a literary man be not content with his reputation, till he has secured the applause of all the best judges among his cotemporaries, he must descend to his grave in a state of mortification and depression. Envy and prejudice, springing from rivalry, will too often insinuate themselves into the best minds, and taint the most correct or candid judgments. Departed Geniuses, who now stand on the same shelf in equal reputation, treated each other, while living, with mutual contempt or hatred. This is well known to have been the case with the two leaders of modern romance in this country, Fielding and Richardson.

Time settles all these differences; and these little passions are forgot in the tomb. Bishop Burnet spoke of the inimitable author of *HENRY AND EMMA*, as "*one Prior!*" and Swift treated the Bishop with the most scornful raillery; yet Burnet, and Prior, and Swift, all at length hold their proper place in the temple of Fame, unaffected by each other's injustice. The Bishop also, I think, spoke of Dryden as a compound of vice and impurity. Yet, has this calumny tended to sink the poet's reputation an atom? I do not defend such illiberal conduct; nor do I deny that it may lower a doubtful fame beyond recovery. But real merits will penetrate the temporary veil, as the sun bursts through clouds. What now avail all the degrading expressions which passed between Warbur-

ton

ton and Lowth? Both now shine with undiminished lustre in their respective ranks of literature. How utterly have passed away the consequences of the secret enmity between Pope and Addison! The slighting opinion expressed by Gray, of Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," is now of as little import to its credit, as the gentle movement of the passing breeze to the oak, whose branches scarcely bend to its current.

Johnson's hostility to Gray, could never diminish his popularity while living; nor cloud the glory of his muse when dead. Darwin's affected contempt of Cowper, only recoiled upon himself. How it takes from the nobleness of a great mind, to be thus stained by these petty and disgraceful passions! What strange narrowness, to fear that there may not be space enough for all! And that excellence must be confined to one model! The truth is, that every varied merit in some degree increases the public relish for its opposite, by the contrast which it affords. So that even in a selfish view, envy and jealousy have no just foundation.

Let no writer then despair, because there are many of deserved credit, whose approbation he cannot secure; nay, whose sneers and censures he cannot overcome. Their depreciation cannot finally injure him, if his claims stand upon a solid basis, and their applause, could he have it, would be vainly bestowed, if not really his due.

Temporary fame is, no doubt, often the result of accident, or whim, or intrigue. But it is as short-lived, as it is unsound. It blows the possessor up into the air, only to have the mortification of the greater fall.

fall. When it is the consequence of his own manœuvres, he is entitled to no pity; if it originate from extrinsic circumstances, his humiliation, severe as it must be, is not without a claim to sympathy.

There are men who push themselves into notice by the extent of their personal acquaintance; by little acts of literary officiousness; and by a familiarity with all the common modes, and all the artifices by which books may be circulated. But the effect ceases with the cause; and they are remembered only as long as these exertions continue to operate. Johnson, if I recollect, makes an observation of this kind with regard to the fame of David Mallet.

If there be short roads to the temple of Fame, the temple to which they lead is not the true one. The real road is long and laborious; and he who surmounts it, must incur many weary days, and many self-denials.

When a reputation is thus acquired, all the private motives which have obstructed its progress for a season will die away, and be no more felt. Malice and rivalry “war not with the dead.”

But whatever be the effect of them on the object to whom they are directed, let no one think the indulgence of these passions innocent. They are unamiable, illiberal, and unworthy of a great or a good mind. The charge against Addison, of hidden ill-will to Pope, is, if true (and be it remembered, that the proofs of it are not decisive*), a sad stain on his character. The operation of these feelings on the judgment, is indeed often so insensible, as to elude the detection of him

* See Dr. Warton's Pope, IV. 30. 34.

whom

whom they influence. But impartial posterity will perceive it, and pronounce with truth upon his prejudices. His unjust attempts at depreciation, will fall upon his own head, and cause regret at the contemplation of the mingled infirmities of him, whom they wish only to admire.

How little effectual have been the rude and boisterous attempts of Ritson, to sink the fame of the Historian of English Poetry! But they have deeply sullied his own credit; and the estimation, not only of his moral, but his intellectual qualities. Yet even from him, these sad instances of his malignant temper, and perverted judgment, cannot withdraw the acknowledgement of the merits which he really possessed. To his persevering industry, and the vast stores of minute and accurate discovery which flowed from it, the public are willing to concede, at least, its due share of praise!

In every department of exertion, it is melancholy, and even disgusting, to observe how few can bear "a brother near the throne."

If there be any, who can feel envy or jealousy of a being so obscure as I am, let them lay it aside. It will be of no use to the purposes they desire. If I have no well-grounded pretensions to notice, I shall soon be forgotten without the aid of their efforts: if the perseverance from boyhood to the age of forty-six in literary pursuits, have given me any claims, however slight, to public favour, that claim cannot be taken away, or even shaken, by them! But the memory of their offence will long haunt their own consciences, after it has ceased to reach me!

Feb, 20, 1809.

N.

N^o LXVII.*Praises of old English Poets, from W. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.*

William Browne, in his BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS, of which the First Book was published in 1613, in folio, and the Second Book in 1616; and both parts were reprinted in 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 1623,* gives the following praises of some of our old English Poets, in *Book 2, Song 2.*

“SIDNEY began, and (if a wit so mean
May taste with him the dews of Hippocrene),
I sung the *Pastoral* next, his muse my mover:
And on the plains full many a pensive lover
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be
My humble lines the more for praising thee.
Thus shall we live with them by rocks, by springs,
As well as Homer by the death of kings.
Then in a strain beyond an oaten quill,
The learned Shepherd† of fair *Hitching* hill,

* The first book is dedicated to Edward Lord Zouch; and has commendatory verses by J. Selden, both Latin and English; Michael Drayton; Edward Heyward, of the Inner Temple; Christopher Brooke; Fr. Dynne, of the Inner Temple; and Thomas Gardiner, of the same.

The second book is dedicated to William Earl of Pembroke, and has commendatory verses by John Glanville; Tho. Wenman, of the Inner Temple; W. Herbert; John Davies, of Hereford; Charles Croke (in Latin); Unton Croke, of the Inner Temple; Anth. Vincent; John Morgan; Tho. Heygate; and Augustus Cæsar; all three of the Inner Temple; G. Wither; W. B.; and Ben Jonson.

A new edition of Browne's Poems was published in 1772, by T. Davies, in 3 small vols. to which were added some short notes, by the Rev. W. Thompson, of Queen's Coll. Oxford.

† Chapman.

Sung the heroic deeds of Greece and Troy
 In lines so worthy life, that I employ
 My reed in vain to overtake his fame:
 All praiseful tongues do wait upon that name.

Our second Ovid, the most pleasing muse
 That heaven did e'er in mortals brain infuse,
 All-loved DRAYTON, in soul-rapping strains,
 A genuine note of all the nymphish trains
 Began to tune; on it all ears were hung,
 As sometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue.

JONSON, whose full of merit to rehearse,
 Too copious is to be confin'd in verse;
 Yet therein only fittest to be known,
 Could any write a line which he might own.
 One so judicious; so well knowing, and
 A man whose least worth is to understand;
 One so exact in all he doth prefer
 To able censure; for the theatre.
 Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
 Who writes him well shall well deserve the bays.

Well-languag'd DANIEL; BROOKE,* whose polish'd
 lines

Are fittest to accomplish high designs;
 Whose pen, it seems, still young Apollo guides;
 Worthy the forked hill, for ever glides

* CHRISTOPHER BROOKE was a Yorkshireman, who, after having left the University (whether Oxford or Cambridge, is not known), settled in Lincoln's Inn to study the law, where he became acquainted with the eminent wits of his day; especially after he had published *An Elegy to the Memory of Henry Prince of Wales*, Lond. 1613, 4to. In the year following he became a Benchet, and Summer Reader of his House; and wrote another book, entitled, *Eclogues*, dedicated to his much-loved friend, Mr. Will. Browne, of the Inner Temple, Lond. 1614, 8vo. He had a brother, Sam. Brooke, D.D. Archdeacon of Coventry, and Master of Trinity College, a learned divine, who died Sept. 16th, 1631. *Wood's Ath. F. I.* 220.

Streams from thy brain, so fair, that Time shall see
 Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
 And when thy temple's well-deserving bays,
 As in a chrystal glass, fill'd to the ring
 With the clear water of as clear a spring,
 A steady hand may very safely drop
 Some quantity of gold, yet o'er the top
 Not force the liquor run; although before,
 The glass of water could contain no more:
 Yet so, all worthy BROOKE, tho' all men sound
 With plummets of just praise thy skill profound;
 Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,
 And not apparent ostentation make,
 That any second can thy virtues raise,
 Striving as much to hide, as merit praise.

DAVIS and WITHER, by whose muse's power
 A natural day to me seems but an hour;
 And could I ever hear their learned lays,
 Ages would turn to artificial days:
 These sweetly chanted to the Queen of waves,
 She prais'd; and what she prais'd, no tongue depraves.
 Then base contempt, unworthy our report,
 Fly from the Muses, and their fair resort,
 And exercise thy spleen on men like thee;
 Such are more fit to be condemn'd than we.
 'Tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart,
 That can debase the excellence of art;
 Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
 Since we have lines far more esteem'd than they.
 For there is hidden in a POET's name,
 A spell, that can command the wings of Fame,
 And maugre all Oblivion's hated birth,
 Begin their immortality on earth;
 When he, that 'gainst a muse with hate combines,
 May raise his tomb in vain to reach our lines."

The following is his praise of SPENCER. Having spoken of the bards of Italy and France in his first song of this book, he goes on,

“ But let us leave, fair Muse, the banks of Po ;
 Thetis forsook his brave stream long ago ;
 And we must after. See in haste she sweeps
 Along the Celtic shores ; the Armoric deeps
 She now is entering : bear up then ahead,
 And by that time she hath discovered
 Our alabaster rocks, we may descry,
 And ken with her, the coasts of Britanny.
 There will she anchor cast, to hear the songs
 Of English shepherds, whose all-tuneful tongues
 So pleas'd the Naiades, they did report
 Their songs perfection in great Nereus' court :
 Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
 When she would meet them in the British sea ;
 And thither for each swain a dolphin bring,
 To ride with her, whilst she would hear him sing,
 The time prefix'd was come ; and now the star
 Of blissful light appear'd, when she her car
 Stay'd in the narrow seas. At Thames' fair port
 The nymphs and shepherds of the Isle resort ;
 And thence did put to sea with mirthful rounds,
 Whereat the billows dance above their bounds ;
 And bearded goats, that on the clouded head
 Of any sea-surveying mountain fed,
 Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood
 At those sweet airs, which did intrance the flood.
 In jocund sort the Goddess thus they met ;
 And after reverence done, all being set
 Upon their finny coursers, round her throne,
 And she prepar'd to cut the wat'ry zone
 Ingirting Albion, all their pipes were still,
 And Colin Clout began to tune his quill

With

With such deep art, that every one was given
 To think Apollo, newly slid from heaven,
 Had ta'en a human shape to win his love,
 Or with the Western swains for glory strove.
 He sung the heroic knights of fairy land,
 In lines so elegant, of such command,
 That had the Thracian* play'd but half so well,
 He had not left Euridice in Hell.
 But, ere he ended his melodious song,
 An host of angels flew the clouds among,
 And rapt this swain from his attentive mates,
 To make him one of their associates
 In Heaven's fair quire: where now he sings the praise
 Of Him that is the *first and last of days*.
 Divinest SPENCER, heaven-bred, happy muse!
 Would any power into thy brain infuse
 Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
 I could not praise till thou desir'st no more.

A damp of wonder and amazement struck
 Thetis' attendants; many a heavy look
 Follow'd sweet SPENCER, till the thickening air,
 Sight's farther passage stop'd. A passionate tear
 Fell from each nymph; no shepherd's cheek was dry;
 A doleful dirge, and mournful elegy
 Flew to the shore. When mighty Nereus' queen,
 In memory of what was heard and seen,
 Employ'd a factor, fitted well with store
 Of richest gems, refined Indian ore,
 To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
 A piramis, whose head, like winged Fame,
 Should pierce the clouds; yea, seem the stars to kiss,
 And Mausolus' great tomb might shroud in his.
 Her will had been performance, had not Fate,
 That never knew how to commiserate,

* Orpheus.

Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lie in wait
 For that rich prey (gold is a taking bait);
 Who closely lurking, like a subtle snake,
 Under the covert of a thorny brake,
 Seiz'd on the Factor by fair Thetis sent,
 And robb'd our Colin of his monument."

Having gone thus far, it would be unfair to omit the praise of Browne himself, by one or two of his contemporaries.

To his Friend, the Author of the Pastorals. By Michael Drayton.

Drive forth thy flock, young pastor, to that plain,
 Where our old shepherds wont their flocks to feed;
 To those clear walks, where many a skilful swain
 To'ards the calm evening tun'd his pleasant reed.
 Those, to the Muses once so sacred, downs,
 As no rude foot might there presume to stand;
 Now made the way of the unworthiest clowns,
 Digg'd and plough'd up with each unhallow'd hand;
 If possible thou canst redeem those places,
 Where, by the brim of many a silver spring,
 The learned maidens, and delightful Graces,
 Often have sat to hear our shepherd's sing;
 Where on those pines, the neighbouring groves among,
 Now utterly neglected in these days,
 Our garlands, pipes, and cornamutes, were hung
 The monuments of our deserved praise.
 So may thy sheep like, so thy lambs increase,
 And from the wolf feed ever safe and free!
 So may'st thou thrive amongst the learned prease,
 As thou, young shepherd, art belov'd of me!

To the same.

So much a stranger, my severer muse

Is not to love-strains, or a shepherd's reed,

But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,

Of Pan, of Pallas, and her sister's meed.

Read, and commend she durst these tun'd essays

Of *him that loves her*: she hath ever found

Her studies as one circle. Next, she prays

His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd!

No willow touch them! As his bays are free,

From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be!*

J. SELDEN, *Juris C.*

N^o LXVIII.

An Account of Quarles's Emblems, with Specimens.

There is one poet of the reign of Charles the First, whose memory there were several attempts, about twenty years ago, to revive, particularly by Jackson, of Exeter, in his *Thirty Letters*; but whose poetry has sunk again from the public notice. The person I mean is FRANCIS QUARLES.

HIS EMBLEMS were once a very popular work, and went through numerous editions. The first edition, as far as I have yet discovered, appeared in 1635. There was an edition in 1643; and probably more

* Headley has given a well discriminated, but, perhaps, too severe character of Browne.

Browne was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in 1590; and is supposed to have died in 1645. See *Wood's Ath.* I. 491, &c.

than one, even in the latter half of the following century. These poems cannot boast originality; for in the plan, and frequently, I doubt not, in the very subjects, and even sentiments and expressions, they are imitated from *Herman Hugo*,* from whom the prints are borrowed:† with an execution, at least, strikingly inferior.

A specimen, amongst the numerous extracts which the various parts of my work exhibit, is due to the ingenious author, and may not be unacceptable to my readers from whose recollection the poet has faded. What I take shall be a fair example; neither his best, nor his worst.

*Emblem XII. of Book 2. Galat. vi. 14. God forbid
that I should glory, save in the cross.*

I.

“ Can nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?

* I have a copy of Hugo's book now lying before me, with the following title: *Pia Desideria Emblematis Elegiis & Affectibus SS. Patrum illustrata, Authore Hermanno Hugone, Societatis Jesu ad Urbanum VIII. Pont. Max. Vulgavit Boetius a Bolswert typis Henrici Aertsenii Antwerpiae MDCXXIII. cum gratia et privilegio.* Sm. 8vo. A translation appeared at London, 1686, by Edm. Arwaker, M.A. Several emblem-writers had previously appeared: as Alciatus, whose emblems were translated by Dr. Andrew Willet. See *Cens. Lit.* I. 312. We had also, in England, Geoffrey Whitney; and about the same time with Quarles appeared the Emblems of George Wither, 1635, fol.

† The prints of Books III. IV. and V. are copied in regular succession from Hugo; but in a vile manner. Now and then a very minute variation occurs; and they are all reversed. The verses seem to be sometimes translations; sometimes imitations; and sometimes original. But I have not time, while preparing this paper, to read them through, and compare them regularly.

Has

Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
 Receive my restless dove?
 Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
 To bless my full desire
 With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er expire?

II.

I wanted wealth, and at my dear request
 Earth lent a quick supply;
 I wanted wealth to charm my sullen breast;
 And who more brisk than I?
 I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;
 My fame flew eagle-high:
 My joy not fully ripe; but all decay'd;
 Wealth vanish'd like a shade;
 My mirth began to flag; my fame began to fade,

III.

The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro
 With every blast of passion;
 Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
 Are tides of man's vexation:
 They alter daily; and they daily grow
 The worse by alteration;
 The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting measure;
 Her precious wine is pleasure,
 Her yest is honour's puff; her lees are worldly treasure.

IV.

My trust is in the Cross: let beauty flag
 Her loose, her wanton sail;
 Let count'nance-guiding honour cease to brag,
 In courtly terms and veil;
 Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
 Her base, tho' golden tail;

False

False beauty's conquest is but real loss,
 And wealth but golden dross;
 Best honour's but a blsst: my trust is in the Cross.

v.

My trust is in the Cross; there lies my rest;
 My fast, my sole delight:
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East,
 Blow till they burst with spite;
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
 And join their twisted might;
 Let showers of thunderbolts dart down, and wound me,
 And troops of fiends surround me;
 All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er confound me.

I shall now proceed to give the first emblem of the
 first book of Herman Hugo.

I.

“ *Anima mea desideravit te in nocte.* ISAIAE 26.

“ Hei mihi quam densis nox incubat atra tenebris?
 Talis erat, Pharios quæ tremefecit agros.
 Nubila, lurida, squalida, tetrica, terribilis nox;
 Nocturno in censu perdere digna locum.
 Non ego tam tristes Scythico, puto, cardine lunas,
 Tardat ubi lentas Parrhasis Ursa rotas:
 Nec tot Cimmerio glomerantur in æthere nubes,
 Unde suos Phœbus vertere jussus equos:
 Nec reor invisi magis atra cubilia Ditis,
 Fertur ubi parva nox habitare casa.
 Nam licet hic oculis nullam dent sidera lucem,
 Non tamen est omni mens viduata die:
 Nocte, suam noctem populus videt ille silentium,
 Et se, Cimmerii, sole carere vident:

Arctica

Arctica cum senos regnavit Cynthia menses,
 Dat fratri reduci septima luna vices.
 Ast me perpetuis damnat sors dira tenebris,
 Nullaque vel minimo sidere flamma micat.
 Et neque (quod cæcis unum solet esse levamen)
 Ipsa suam noctem mens miseranda videt.
 Quin tenebras amat ipse suas; lucemque perosa,
 Vertit in obscænæ noctis opaca diem
 Nempe suas animo furata superbia flammæ,
 Nubilat obscuro lumina cæca peplo.
 Nec sinit ambitio nitidum clarescere solem,
 Fuscatur et ingenuas idalis igne faces.
 Heu, quoties subit illius mihi noctis imago,
 Nox animo toties ingruit atra meo!
 Sors oculis nostris melior, quibus ordine certo,
 Alternas reparant Lunaque Solque vices!
 Nam quid agat ratio, quid agat studiosa voluntas,
 Quas habet, ut geminos mens peregrina duces?
 Major habere oculos dolere est, ubi non datur uti,
 Quam, quibus retaris, non habuisse oculos.
 Qui dolet oppressus lapsis velocius umbris,
 Lætior aggreditur mane viator iter.
 Sed nimis hæc longas tenebris nox prorogat horas,
 Quæ tibi mane negat cedere, Phœbe, diem.
 Cum redit Arctos Titan vicinior axi,
 Exultat reducis quisque videre jubar.
 Scilicet Auroræ gens vertitur omnis in ortus,
 Quisque parat primus dicere, Phœbus adest!
 Sic ego, sæpe oculos tenui sublimis Olympo,
 Aspiciens, gemino qui jacet orbe, Polum.
 Et dixi tam sæpe; Nitesce, Nitesce, meus Sol!
 Sol mihi tam non venerate dies!
 Exorere, Exorere, et medios saltem exere vultus,
 Vel scintille tui sola sat esse potest.

Si quoque vel touti renuis mihi luminis usum,
Sufficiet vultus expetiisse tuos.

*“ Emblem I. of Book III. of Quarles. My soul
hath desired thee in the night. ISAIAH xxvi. 6.*

“ Good God! What horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades; and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd lamp of heaven can set and rise,
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows and restore the day:
Night's bashful empress, tho' she often wain,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But, ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
Falls have their risings; wainings have their primes,
And desperate sorrows wait their better times:
Ebbshave their floods; and Autumns have their Springs;
All states have changes, hurried with the swings
Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in these celestial fires!
Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,
To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook

The

The timorous mallard at the sliding brook,
 Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground,
 From ground to window, thus surveying round
 Her dove-befeathered prison, till at length
 Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
 Whereto her wing was born, her ragged beak
 Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break
 Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
 At every glimpse, and darts at every grate:
 E'en so my weary soul, that long has been
 An inmate in this tenement of sin,
 Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
 My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
 Now suns her shadows, and begins to dart
 Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
 The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
 These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
 Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see,
 Both how to loath myself, and honour thee:
 But if my weakness force thee to deny
 Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye!
 If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
 That I at least may wish those beams I want.

Quarles died Sep. 8, 1644, æt. 52. A *Relation of his Life and Death*, by his widow, Ursula Quarles, was prefixed to his *Solomon's Recantation*, 1645, 4to. and has been lately reprinted before the new edition* of his *Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls*, 1807,

* “ *Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls; or Meditations, Soliloquies, and Prayers.* By Francis Quarles. *A new Edition, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction, by Reginalde Wolfe, Esq.* [i. e. Rev. T. F. Dibdin.] London, printed for Longman and Co. 1807, pp. 332.

8vo. accompanied by an excellent copy, by Freeman, from Marshall's print of him.*

ART. VII. *Literary Epitaph*

Inscribed on the monument of the Reverend William Bagshaw Stevens, in Repton church, Derbyshire. He died 1800. By Anna Seward.

“ Reader, if thee each sacred worth inspire,
The Patriot's ardor, and the Poet's fire,
Unsullied honour, Friendship's generous glow,
Sky-pointing hope, that smiles on finite woe,
Such Stevens was, and thy congenial tear
Drops on the Scholar, Bard, and Christian's bier.

* The following short notice may be here given of another publication of Quarles; “ *Divine Poems, revised and corrected, with Additions. By the Author, Fra. Quarles. Printed for John Marriott, in St. Dunstan's church-yard, Fleetstreet, 1630.*” On an engraved title-page, by T. Cecill, *small 8vo. pp. 502.* N. B. The printed title has the date 1633. It contains, I. A Feast for Wormes. II. Pentelogia, dated 1632. III. Hadassa, 1632. The running title is, “ The Historie of Ester.” IV. Job Militant, printed by *Miles Flesher, 1632.* V. The Historie of Samson. VI. Sion's Sonnets, sung by Solomon the King, and periphraed. VII. Sion's Elegies, wept by Jeremie the Prophet, and periphraed. VIII. An Alphabet of Elegies, upon the much and truly lamented death of that famous for learning, piety, and true friendship, Doctor Ailmer, a great favourer and fast friend to the Muses, and late Archdeacon of London. Imprinted in his heart that ever loves his memorie. Ob. Jan. 6th, 1625.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. Dec. 5. Wm. Hawes, M. D. æt. 73. *See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXVIII. p. 1121.*

Dec. 23. The Rev. John Brand, Rector of St. George's, Southwark, and Vicar of Wickham near Thwayte, Suffolk, distinguished as a profound mathematician; and deeply read in theology and history. There were indeed few topics in divinity and politics, that have of late years excited the public attention in which his pen was not employed. He was formerly of Caius College, Cambr. where he proceeded A. B. 1766; A. M. 1772, in which year he published *Conscience*, an ethical Essay, written for Seaton's prize, but sent too late. His pamphlet entitled *The Alteration of the Constitution of the House of Commons, and the Inequality of the Land-tax, considered conjointly*, 1793, 8vo. is a most able and profound tract. His pamphlet on the *Price of Corn*, as originating from the war, was in the highest degree perspicuous and conclusive. His skill in political arithmetic was indeed admirable, as may be sufficiently proved by some articles written by him in the *BRITISH CRITIC*; particularly if I recollect a review of a financial pamphlet by Mr. W. Morgan. See some notice of him on this account under the article of *Political Arithmeticians* in the first Vol. of *CENS. LIT.* His living in the Borough was only last year increased to a considerable value; and death has deprived his family, consisting of eight orphan children, of this advantage.

Dec. 28. At Bath, in his 88th year, the Rev. John Duncan, D. D. forty-five years Rector of South Warnborough, near Odiham, Hants, author of a poetical *Essay on Happiness*, 1762, 8vo.; and of several single Sermons; and a writer of verses till towards the close of life. He was formerly of St. John's College, Oxford, and in 1745 and 1746, Chaplain of the King's Own Regiment. He has left a son, a student of the Law. See an account of his ancestors in *Kippis's Biogr. Brit.*

Lately,

Lately, at Reading, Berks, Elizabeth Trapp, eldest of the two grand-daughters of the learned Dr. Trapp.

1809. Jan. 3. At Wetherden, Suffolk, æt. 78, Richard Shepherd, D.D. F.R.S. Archdeacon of Bedford, and Rector of Wetherden and Helmingham in Suffolk. Formerly of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. His numerous writings evince his eminence as a divine and a philosopher. His first publication was *An Ode to Love*, 1756; to which he added *Odes Descriptive and Allegorical*, 1761, 4to. and *The Nuptials*, a didactic poem, in three books, 1762. He also wrote some dramatic pieces. See Biogr. Dram. I. 410. He was author of many sermons; and translated *Polyænus's Stratagems of War from the Greek*, 1793, &c. &c.

Jan. 17. At Lord Spencer's, at Wolbeding, Sussex, aged 27, Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. Under Secretary of State to Mr. Fox in the late Administration. He published in conjunction with the Hon. Mr. Hawke some periodical *Essays* about the time he left school.

On his return from Spain, worn out with fatigue, Lieut. Col. Michael Symes, of the 76th Regt. (nominal, if not real*) author of an *Account of an Embassy to Alva*, which was well received by the public. He was an Irishman, and brother to the late General Symes, who died in the West Indies about 1794. Col. Symes's health had suffered by many years service in India. He married a few years ago a lady of Rochester, where he was buried.

* This is merely said in consequence of the late fashion for those who have passed their lives in active scenes, to call in more practised pens to describe their voyages or travels.

To Correspondents.

The Favours of J. H. M. and S. which arrived too late for insertion in the present Number, are unavoidably postponed till our next.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXIX.

[Being Number XXVII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Hunting.*

HUNTING, according to one of the old chronicles, must have originally been pursued as a simple recreation and amusement, though sometimes followed to obtain the hide of the animal; thus “Lameth an archer, but some dele blynde, had a yonglyng y^t. ledde hym whyle he hunted for playe & lykyng; other for loue of bestes skynnes: for men ete no flesshe before Noes flood.” Afterwards, when flesh became the usual food and the domestic herd could no longer supply novelty to the ever-varying appetite, a higher gratification to the palate appears to have been sought for in beasts of venery. “Take thy weapons, thy quiver, and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison, and make me some savoury meat,” was the command of the patriarch Isaac to his son Esau, and that command has been noticed by a divine, as a proof of the lawfulness of the chace. “Perswading myselfe (he says) that the smelling of the dogge, the flying of the hawke, the antipathie amongst the creatures, howeuer it was produced by the fall of man, yet neuerthelesse that God in his mercy alloweth,

& in his wise prouidence disposeth euen of these contrarities and antipathies, as well as of the sympathies of the creatures, for the good and vse of man, his lieutenant & vicegerent ouer the works of his hands.* And for hunting more especially it is my opinion, if not iudgement, that Isaack would not have tollerated, much lesse commaunded Esau's hunting if it had bin sinfull. Secondly (the same writer continues), it is lawfull to kill the creature in Christian liberty, deere or hare, or the like for meat or medicine: yea so to kill them as they may be most vsefull & behoofefull for man, which is done better by chase or course, than eyther by gins or shooting, as experience shewes; and, as some scrupulously object, this is not to tyrannize ouer the creature in putting it by continuance of chase or course to a more lasting paine; but rather to lessen, euen as he that dies by degrees in a consumption, or that bleeds to death, dies more easily than he that is hewn by a sword, as Samuel did Agag, al at once."† As a custom amongst mankind the chace has proved universal, varying only from the necessity of the climate or difference of the prey. In all countries the hand of power, which it first assisted in the institution of, ‡ has appeared jealously employed

* "Represent to your generous reading, the natural enmity betwixt the horse and the beare, the wolfe and the lyon, the fox and the badger; such a native disagreeing remaines among these beasts, as their hatred is implacable; ever pursuing their enemy with an inveterate hate: for an enmity ingrafted by nature, cannot be suppressed by lesse than nature," p. 175. *Braithwait's Nursery for Gentry.*

† "The opinion of a worthy diuine S. I. and composed by himselfe, concerning this [hawking] and the like subiect." *Epilogue to Latham's "seconde book of Falconrie."* 1618.

‡ A circumstance thus described in Lanqvette's Chronicle "It appereth in the Bible, that the first kingdom was begun by Nemroth among the Babylonians, whom the scripture calleth a strong hunter before the Lord, that is, a mightie prince, who by force brought people to his subiection. In that he was a hunter, is signified that he was a deceiuer of soules, an oppresser of men: and for that he withdrewe menne from the true religion of God, he was so called." Fo. 7.

in guarding the prescriptive rights and boundaries of the royal forests. Englishmen were relieved, or made secure, from the forfeiture of life, by the *Charta Forestæ*, (which immediately followed Magna Charta, 1225,) and then it was enacted “no man from henceforth shall lose either life, or member for killing of our deer;” limiting the punishment to only fine or imprisonment. The law was further defined, whereby for an “Archbishop, Bishop, Earl or Baron, coming to us at our commandment, passing by our forest, it shall be lawful for him to take and kill one or two of our deer, by view of our forester, if he be present; or else he shall cause one to blow an horn for him, that he seem not to steal our deer; and likewise they shall do returning from us, as it is aforesaid.” Next to these primary laws of the chase, may be noticed the enthusiasm of its votaries, and the apparent idleness and irreligion it created among the lower classes, that induced them to hunt “on the holydays, when good Christian people be at church, hearing divine service.” To restrain such abuses, in 1389 a statute law was made “that no manner of artificer, labourer, nor any other layman, which hath not lands or tenements to the value of xls. by year, nor any priest, nor other clerk, if he be not advanced to the value of xl. by year, shall have or keep from henceforth any grey hound, hound, nor other dog to hunt; nor shall they use ferrets, keys, nets, harepipes, nor cords, nor other engines for to take or destroy deer, hares, nor conies, nor other gentlemen’s game upon pain of one year’s imprisonment.” A complaint, not dissimilar, is made by the divine, already referred to, as convinced of the lawfulness of the recreations of hawking and hunting. “These exercises [he asserts] are grossly and sinfully abused by many loose and licentious persons, that obserue no circumstances, which vsually make or marre the actions, they

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vsing

vsing it most that stand [in] least need; in respect of any calling or imploiment they haue or vndertake, to wearie their spirits, or spend their bodie or braine, hauing their hearts so taken vp, and affections intangled with it, as they spend and mispend their golden and pretious time, two or three whole daies in a weeke: making recreation halfe, if not all their vocation, trade, and occupation, turning all their meate into sauce, yea the sabboth itselfe, which should be dedicated to God and good duties, being prophaned and polluted by the discourses of their chases and courses with their hounds and horses, or coursers." [Yet, as the same writer continues,] "because such idle libertines doe abuse this honest and harmlesse exercise, as it hath euer beene accounted, may it not therefore be lawfully and conscionably vsed with moderation by a magistrate, or minister, or lawyer, or student, or any other seriously imployed, which in any function heat their braines, wast their bodies, weaken their strength, weary their spirits; that as a meanes and blessing from God, by it their decayed strength may be restored, their vitall and animall spirits quickned, refreshed, and reuiued; their health preserued, and they better inabled (as a bow vnbended for shooting) to the discharging of these weighty charges imposed vpon them." A different advantage to be derived from the chace was suggested by that learned and perspicuous writer, Sir Thomas Elyot, in "the booke named the Gouvernour;" by rendering it a pursuit of emulation, and with reward crowning the successful efforts of strength and activity. Although the custom of the Persians,*

Greeks

* With the Persians the chace formed a portion of the education of their youth, for the purpose of inuring them to toil, hardiness and temperate living. "Cirus, and other aunciene kinges of Persia (as Xenophon writeth) vsed this maner in all their huntynge. First, where as it semeth there was in the realme of Persia, but one citie, whiche as I suppose, was called Persepolis; there were the children of the

Persians,

Greeks and Romans in pursuing lions, libards, tigers, or other beasts equally savage could not be followed as "in this realme be

Persians, from their infancie, vnto the aeye of seuentene yeres, broughte vp in the lernyng of iustice and temperaunce, & also to obserue continence in meate and drinke: in so muche, that whither so euer they went, they toke with them for their sustenance, but only breade and herbes called cressis, in Latin *Nasturtium*: and for their drinke, a dyshe to take water out of the ryuers as they passed. Also they learned to shote, & to cast the darte or iauelyn..... Thei were accustomed to ryse alwaie in the fyrste spring of the daye, and pacientely to susteyne alwaie both cold and heate. And the kyng dyd se them exercised in goyng and also in rennyng. And whan he intended, in his owne personne, to hunte, whiche he dyd comenly euery moneth, he took with hym the one halfe of the company of yong men, that were in the palaises. Than toke euerye man with him his bowe and quiver with arowes, his sword or hache of steele, a lyttel tergat, and two dartes. The bowe and arowes serued to pursue beastes that were swyft, & the dartes to assaile them and all other beastes. And whan theyr courage was chaufed, or that by fiersenesse of the beast they were in danger, than force constrained them to stryke with the sworde or hache, and to haue good eye at the violente assaulte of the beaste, and to defend them yf neede were, with their tergates, wherein they accounted to be the trewest and moste certayne meditation of warres. And to this huntynge the kynge dydde conducte them, and he himselfe firste hunted suche beastes as he hapned to encounter. And whan he had taken his pleasure, he than with most diligence dyd set other forwarde, beholdyng who hunted valiauntly, and refourmyng them, whom he sawe negligente or slouthfull. But er thei wente forthe to this huntynge, they dyned competently: and duryng their huntynge thei dined no more. For yf by any occasion their huntynge continued aboue one day, thei toke the said diner for their supper: and the next day, if thei kyllled no game, thei hunted vntill supper time, accounting those two daies but for one. And if thei toke any thyng, thei eate it at their supper with ioy and pleasure. If nothyng were killed, thei eate only bread and cressis, as I before rehersed, and dranke therto water. And if any man will dispreise this diete, lette hym thynke what pleasure there is in breade to him that is hungry; and what delectation is in drynkynge water to him that is thurstye. Surelye this maner of hunting may be called a necessary solace and pastyme, for therin is the verye imitation of battayle. For not onely it doth shew the courage and strengthe, as well of the horse as of him that rydeth, trauersyng ouer mountaines and valeyes, encountryng and ouerthrowyng great and myghty beastes; but also it increaseth in them bothe agilitie and quicknesse, also sleight and policie to finde suche passages and straites, where thei may preuent or intrap their enemies. Also by continuance therin, thei shall easely susteine

be no such cruel beastes to be pursued; [still he says] notwithstanding, in the huntynge of red dere and falowe, mought be a great parte of semblable exercise vused by noble men, specially in forestis which be spacious: if they wolde vse but a fewe nombre of houndes, onely to harborowe or rouse the game, by their yornynge to gyue knowlege, whiche waie it fleeth, the remanaunt of the disporte to be in the pursuyng with iauelyns and other weapo^ls, in maner of warre. And to them whiche in this huntynge dooe shewe moste prowesse and actiuitie, a garlande or some other lyke token, to be gyuen in signe of victory, and with a ioyful maner to be brought in the presence of him that is chiefe in the companie, there to receiue condigne praise for their good endeuour."* In the modern chace the lithsomness of youth is no longer excited to pursue the animal. Attendant footmen are discontinued and forgotten; while the active and eager rustic with a hunting pole, wont to be foremost, has long forsaken the field, nor is there a trace of the character known, except in a country of deep clay, as parts of Sussex.† Few years will pass ere the old steady-paced English hunter, and the gabbling beagle, will be equally obsolete. All the sport now consists of speed. A hare is hurried to death by dwarf fox-hounds, and a leash murdered

trauaile in warres, hunger and thirst, cold and heate. Hitherto be the wordes of Xenophon althoughe I haue not sette them in lyke order as he wrate them."

Gouernour, 1553.

* "The old Lord Gray (our English Achilles) when hee was Deputie of Ireland, to inure his sonnes for the warre, would vsually in the depth of winter, in frost, snow, raine, and what weather soever fell, cause them at midnight to be raised out of their beds, and carried abroad on hunting till the next morning; then perhaps come wet and cold home, having for a breakefast, a browne loafe and a mouldie cheese, or (which is ten times worse) a dish of Irish butter; and in this manner the Spartans and Laconians dieted, and brought up their children, till they came vnto man's estate." *Peacham's Complete Gentleman.*

† Or occasionally where the southern hound is used.

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in a shorter period than a single one could generally struggle for existence. The hunter boasts a cross of blood, or, in plainer phrase, a racer, sufficiently professed to render a country sweepstakes doubtful. This variation is by no means an improvement, and can only advantage the plethoric citizen, who seeks to combat the somnolency arising from civic festivals by a short and sudden excess of exercise. Some trace of the more ancient manner may be found in the following poems of Gascoigne and Turbervile, transcribed from the Book of Hunting, 1575; a work that always forms high game and full scent to the hunting Grangerites; and their destructive view hollow, when they run down a Bess, or a Jamie, is likely to prove as fatal to the existence of a perfect copy as the fendal tribute of wolves' heads which finally extirpated the race. *

*“ George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte
of Venerie.*

“ As God himselfe declares, the life of man was lent,
Because it should, with feare of him, in gladsome wise be spent;
And Salomon doth say, that all the rest is vaine,
Vnlesse that myrth and merie cheere, may follow toile and paine.
If that be so in deede, what booteth then to buylde
High towers & halles of stately port, to leaue an vnknown child?

* Of six copies, lately seen, one complete cannot be formed, the whole wanting a title and the other wood-cut portraits. Turbervile's work was a general compilation to give

“ as much as Latine, Greeke,
Italyans, French, High Dutch or English skill,
Can teach; to hunt, to harbor, lodge, or seeke,
To force, to take, to conquer, or to kill.”

Or wherefore hoord we heapes of coyne and worldly wealth,
Whiles therewithall that caytif care comes creping in by stelth?

The needie neighbors grudge to see the rychman thryue,
Such malice worldly mucke doth breede in euery man alyue.

Contention commes by coyne, and care doth contecke sew,
And sodeine death by care is caught, all this you know is true:

Since death is then the end, which all men seeke to flye,
And yet are all men well aware, that man is borne to dye;

Why leade not men such liues, in quiet comely wise,
As might with honest sport & game, their worldly minds suffice? *

Amongst

* [The Chace, as described in the tragedy of Hippolytus, translated from Seneca,
by John Studley.]

Goe raunge about the shady woode, beset on euery side
With nets, with hounds, & toyles, & running out at randon ride
About, about the craggy crests of high Cecropes hill,
With speedy foote about the rockes, with coursing wander still.
That vnder Carpanetus soyle in dale below doth lurke,
Whereas the riuers running swift, their flapping waues doe worke,
And dashe against the beaten banks of Thrias valley low,
And clamber vp the slimy cliues, besmear'd with hory snow,
(That falleth, when y^e. westerne winde from Riphes mounts doth blow.)
Heere, heere away, let other wend, whereas with lofty head
The elme displayes his braunched armes, the wood to ouerspread;
Whereas the meadowes greene doe lye, where Zephyrus most milde
Out brayes his baumy breath so sweete, to garnish vp the field;
With lusty springtide flowers fresh, whereas Elysus slow,
Doth fleete vpon the ysie flakes, and on the pastures low.
Mæander sheds his stragglng streame, and sheares the fruitlesse sand
With wrackfull waue: yee whom the path on Marathon's left hand,
Doth lead vnto the leauened launds, whereas the heirde of beast
For euening forage goe to graze, and stalke vnto their rest.
The rascall deare trip after fast, you thither take your way,
Where cluttered hard Acarnan forst warme southerne windes t' obey,
Doth slake the chilling colde, vnto Hymetus ysie cliue
To Alpid's litle villages, now let some other driue:
That plot where Sunion surges high doe beate the sandy bankes,
Whereas the marble sea doth fleete with crooked compast crankes;

Vnhaunted

Amongst the rest, that game, which in this booke is taught,
Doth seeme to yeld as much content, as may on earth be sought.

And,

Vnhaunted lies too long, withoutten race of any wight,
Who set agog with hunting braue, in woods doth take delyght,
Philippus him allures: her hauntes a fomy bristled bore
That doth annoy with gastly dread the husbandmen full sore:
We know him wel: for he it is foyld with so many woundes,
That ere they do begin to ope, let slip, let slip your houndes.
But in your leashes Syrs keepe vp your eiger mastifs yet,
Keepe on their collers still, that doe their galled neckes yfret:
The spartayne dogges, eiger of pray and of couragious kynd,
That sone can single out their game, wherto they be assygn'd,
Tye shorter vp within your leash: to passe tyme shall it bring,
That with the youlping noyse of houndes the hollow rockes shal ring.
Now let the houndes goe fynd of it with nostrell good of sent,
And trace vnto the vglye den ere dawning day be spent.
Whyle in the dewish slabby ground the pricke of cleaze doth sticke,
One bear the toyle on cumbred necke, and some with nettes ful thicke
Make speede: some with the arming coard by pensell paynted red,
By sleight and subtill guyleful feare shall make the beastes adred:
Loke thou to pitch thy thirling dart, and thou to trye thy might
Shalt cope him with broad boarespeare, thrust with hand both left & right.
Thou standing at receipt shalt chase the roused beastes amayne
With hollowing; thou with limere sharpe vndoe him beyng slayne.
Graunt good successe vnto thy mate, Virago, thou diuine,
That secret desartes chosen hast for noble empire thyne:
Whose thirled dartes with leauel right do gore the beast with bloud
That lappes the lukewarme licour of Alexis fleeting flood.
And eke the beast that sportes it selfe on frozen Isters strand,
The ramping lyons eake of Geate are chased by thy hand,
And eke the wyndy heeled hart in Candie thou dost chase;
Now with more gentle launce thou strik'st the doe that trippes a pace.
To thee the tyger fierce his diuers spotted breast doth yeeld,
The rough shaghairy bugle turnes on thee his backe in field,
The saluage buffes with braunched hornes: all thinges thy quarelles feare,
That to the needy Garamas in Affricke doth appeare.
Or els the wyld Arabian enriched by his wood,
Or what the brutish rockes of Pyrene vnderstood;

Or

And, but my simple muze, both myrth and meane mistake,
It is a meane of as much mirth, as any sport can make.

It occupieth the mynde, which else might chaunce to muse
On mischiefe, malice, filth, and fraudes, that mortall men do vse.

And as for exercise, it seemes to beare the bell,
Since by the same, men's bodies be, in health mainteyned well.

It exercyseth strength, it exercyseth wit,
And all the poars and sprites of man, are exercisde by it.

It shaketh off all slouth, it presseth downe all pryde,
It cheres the hart, it glads the eye, & through the ears doth glyde,

I might at large expresse how earely huntsmen ryse,
And leave the sluggish sleepe for such as leachers lust deuysse.

How true they tread their steps, in exercises traine,
Which frisking flings & lightbrain'd leaps, may seeme always to staine.

Howe appetite is bred, with health, in homely cates,
While surfet sits in vaine excesse, and banquet breeds debates,

How cries of well mouth'd hounds, do counteruaile the cost,
Which many a man, beyond his reach, on instruments hath lost.

How setting of relays, may represent the skyll,
Which souldiours vse in embushes, their furious foes to kyll.

Howe foxe and badger'd both, make patterns, in their denne,
Of plot-formes, loopes and casamats, deuysde by warlike men.

How fighting out at bay, of hart, * bucke, goate, or bore,
Declares the valiant Romain's death, when might may do no more.

How

Or else what other beastes do lurcke in wyld Hyrcanus groue,

Or else among Sarmatians in desert fieldes that roue;

If that the ploughman come to field, that standeth in thy grace,

Into his nettes the roused beast full sure he is to chase.

No feete in sunder breake the coardes and home he bringes the bore,

In iotting wayne, when as the houndes with gubs of clotted gore

Besmear'd haue their grymed snoutes: and then the countrey rout

To cottages repayre in rankes, with triumph all about.

Lo, Goddesses graunt vs grace: the houndes already opened haue,

I follow must the chase: this gainer way my paynes to saue,

I take into the woods." Act i. Sc. 1.

• "The preface pronounced by the Hart.

"I am the Harte, by Greekes surnamed so

Bicause my heade doth with their tearmes agree,

For

How sight of such delights, doth scorne all common shoves,
Of enterludes, of tumbler's trick, of antikes, mocks, & mowes;
And how the nimble hare, by turning in hir course,
Doth plainly proue that pollicie, sometime surpasseth force.*

The

For stately shape, fewe such on earth do go,
So that by right, they haue so termed mee.

For king's delight, it seems I was ordeyned,
Whose huntsmen yet, pursue me day by daye;

In forest, chace, and parke, I am constrayned
Before their houndes, to wander many a way.

Wherefore who lyst, to learne the perfect trade
Of venerie; and therewithall would knowe,

What properties, and vertues nature made,
In me, poor hart, oh harmlesse hart! to growe,

Let him giue eare to skilfull Trystram's lore,
To Phœbus, Fowylloux and many more."

* "Hunting is a noble, a manly and healthfull exercise: it is a very true picture of warre, nay, it is a warre in itselfe, for engines are brought into the field, stratagems are contriued, ambushes are laide, onsets are giuen, alarams stricke vp, braue incounters are made, fierce assailings are resisted by strength, by courage, or by pollicie: the enemy is pursued, and the pursuers neuer giue ouer till they haue him in execution, then is a retreat sounded, then are spoiles diuided, then come they home wearied, but yet crowned with honour and victorie. And as in battailes there bee seuerall manners of fight; so, in the pastime of hunting, there are several degrees of game. Some hunt the lyon, and that shewes as when subiects rise in armes against their king. Some hunt the vnlicorne, for the treasure on his head, and they are like couetous men, that care not whom they kill for riches. Some hunt the spotted panther, and the freckled leopard, they are such as to inioy their pleasures regarde not how black an infamie stickes upon them: all these are barbarous and vnnaturall huntsmen, for they range vp and downe the deserts, the wildernes, and the mountaines. Others pursue the long-liued hart, the couragious stag, or the nimble footed deere; these are the noblest hunters, and they exercise the noblest game: these by following the chace, get strength of bodie, a free and vndisquieted minde, magnanimitie of spirit, alacritie of heart, and ynwearisomnesse to breake through the hardest labours: their pleasures are not insatiable, but are contented to be kept within limits, for these hunt within parkes inclosed, or within bounded forests. The hunting of the hare teaches feare to be bold, and puts simplicitie to her shifts, that she growes cunning and prouident: the turnings & crosse windings that she makes are embleames of this life's yncertaintie; when she thinkes she is further from danger, it is at her heeles, and when it is nearest to her, the hand of safetie defends her; when shee is

wearied

The venson not forgot, most meete for princes dyshe: *
 All these with more could I rehearse, as much as wit could wyshe;
 But let these few suffice, it is a noble sport,
 To recreate the mindes of men, in good and godly sort, †
 A sport for noble peeres, a sport for gentle bloods,
 The paine I leaue for seruants such, as beate the bushie woods,
 To make their master's sport. ‡ Then let the lords reioyce,
 Let gentlemen beholde the glee, and take thereof the choyce.

For

wearied & hath run her race, she takes her death patiently, thereby to make himselfe ready when the graue gapes for him." *Dekkar's Villanies discovered by lantborne and candle-light, &c.* 1616.

* "Venison with furmity is good for your Soveraigne, touch not the venison with your hand, but with your knife, cut it out into the furmity; doe in the same wise with peason and bacon, beefe, hen and mutton; pare the beefe, cut the mutton and lay to your Soveraigne: beware of fumosities, salt, sinew, fat, resty, and raw Fawne, kid, and lamb, lay the kidney to your Sovereigne, then lift up the shoulder, and give to your Soveraigne a rib; venison roast, cut it in the dish and lay it to your Soueraigne." *Murrel's two bookes of Cookerie and Carving*, 1650, 7th edit. 12mo.

† "Hunting, where the hounds at a losse shewe themselves subtill sophisters, arguing by their silence, the game came not here; againe, by being mute, it came not there; ergo, by spending their mouthes it came here." *Braitbwait's English Gentleman*, 1630.

‡ "The Blazon pronounced by the Huntsman.

"I am the hunte, whiche rathe and earely ryse,

(My bottell filde, with wine in any wise)

Twoo draughts I drinke, to stay my steppes withall,

For eche foote one, because I would not fall.

Then take my hownde, in liam me behinde,

The stately harte, in fryth or fell to finde.

And whiles I seeke his slotte where he hath fedde,

The sweete byrdes sing, to cheare my drowsie hedde.

And when my hounde, doth streyne vpon good vent,

I must confesse, the same doth me content.

But when I haue, my couerts walkt aboute,

And harbred fast the harte for comnyng out:

Then I returne to make a graue reporte,

Whereas I find th' assembly doth resorte.

And lowe I crouche, before the lordings all,

Out of my horne, the fewmets lette I fall,

And

For my part (being one) I must needes say my minde,
That hunting was ordeyned first, for men of noble kinde.*

And vnto them therefore, I recommend the same,
As exercise that best becomes their worthy noble name.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio."

*"Of the place where and howe an assembly should be made,
in the presence of a prince, or some honorable person.*

"Who list, by me, to learne, assembly for to make,
For keysar, kyng, or comely queene, for lord or ladies' sake;
Or where, and in what sort it should prepared be,
Marke well my wordes, and thanke me then, for thanks I craue in fee.

The place should first be pight, on pleasant gladsome greene,
Yet vnder shade of stately trees, where little sunne is seene:

And neare some fountaine spring, whose chrystall running streames
May helpe to coole the parching heate, ycaught by Phœbus beames.

The place appoynted thus, it neyther shall be clad
With Arras not with tapystry, such paltrie were too bad:

Ne yet those hote perfumes, whereof proude courtes do smell,
May once presume in such a place, or paradise to dwell.

Away with fayned fresh, as broken boughes or leaues,
Away, away, with forced flowers, ygathred from their greaues:

And other signes and tokens do I tell,
To make them hope, the harte may like them well.

Then they commaunde, that I the wine should taste,
So biddes mine arte: and so my throte I baste.

The dinner done, I go streightwayes agayne
Vnto my markes, and shewe my master playne.

Then put my hounde, vpon the view to drawe,
And rowse the harte out of his layre by lawe.

O gamsters all, a little by your leaue,
Can you such ioyes in triflyng games conceaue?"

* A nobleman in contempt of learning said "that it was for noblemen's sonnes enough to winde their horne, and carrie their hauke faire, and to leaue studie and learning to the children of mean men." To whom Richard Pace [Henry 8th's secretary] replied: "Then you and other noble men must be content, that your children may wind their hornes, and keepe their haukes; while the children of meane men do manage matters of estate." *Camden's Remains.*

This

This place must of it selfe, afforde such sweet delight,
 And eke such shewe, as better may content the greedie sight;
 Where sundry sorts of hewes, which growe vpon the ground,
 May seeme, indeede, such tapystrie, as we by arte, haue found.
 Where fresh and fragrant flowers, may skorne the courtiers cost,
 Which daubes himselfe with syuet, muske, and many an oyntment lost.
 Where sweetest singing byrdes, may make such melodye,
 As Pan, nor yet Apollo's arte, can sounde such harmonye.
 Where breath of westerne windes, may calmlyeld content,
 Where casements neede not opened be, where ayre is neuer pent.
 Where shade may serue for shryne, and yet the sunne at hande,
 Where beautie neede not quake for colde, ne yet with sunne be tande.
 In fine and to conclude, where pleasure dwels at large,
 Which princes seeke in pallaces, with payne and costly charge.
 Then such a place once founde, the Butler* first appeares,
 He shall be formost doctor there, and stande before his peares:
 And with him shall he bring, if company be great,
 Some wagons, cartes, some mules or iades yladen till they sweate:
 With many a medicine made for common queynt diseases,
 As thirstie throates, and typpling tonges, whome Bacchus pype appeases.
 These little pinching pots, which pothecaries vse,
 Are all too fine, fye, fye on such, they make men but to muse.
 My doctor brings his drugs, to counterpaise all quarrels
 In kylderkins and fyrkins full, in bottles and in barrels.
 And yet therein he brings, I would you wist it well,
 No rotten drammes, but noble wine, which makes men's hearts to swell
 And downe he doth dismount, his things for to addresse,
 His flagons in the fountaine faire, are placed more and lesse,
 Or if such fountaynes fayle, my doctor hath the skyll,
 With sande and campher for to coole, his potions at his will.
 That doone: he spreads his cloth, vpon the grassye banke,
 And sets to shewe his deintie drinckes, to winne his princes thanke.

* The office of the butler, &c. "Thou shalt be butler and pantler all the first
 year, and yee must have three pantry knives, one knife to square trencher—loaves,
 another to be a chipper, the third shall be sharp for to make smooth trenchers: then
 chip your Soveraigne's bread hot, and all other bread let it be a day old, houshold
 bread three days old, trencher-bread four days old; then look your salt be white and
 dry," &c. *Murrel.*

Then

Then comes the captaine Cooke, with many a warlike wight,
 Which armor bring and weapons both, with hunger for to fight.
 Yea some also set forth, vpon a manly mynde,
 To make some meanes, a quarrel with my doctor for to fynde.
 For whiles colde loynes of veale, colde capon, beefe and goose,
 With pigeon pyes, and mutton colde, are set on hunger loose,
 And make the forlorne hope, in doubt to scape full hard,
 Then come to giue a charge in flanke, else all the marte were marde,
 First neates tongs poudred well, and gambones of the hogge,
 Then saulsages and sauery knackes, to set men's myndes on gogge.
 And whiles they skyrnish thus, with fierce and furious fight,
 My doctor clearkly turnes the tappe, and goeth beyonde them quite.
 For when they be so trapt, enclosed round about,
 No boote preuayles, but drinke like men, for that must help them out.
 Then king or comely queene, then lord and lady looke,
 To see which side will beare the bell, the butler or the cooke.
 At last the cooke takes flight, but butler's still abyde,
 And sound their drummes, and make retreate, with bottles by their syde.
 Herewith to stint all stryfe, the huntsmen come in hast,
 They lycence craue of king or queene, to see their battell plast.*

Which

* "A huntsman is the lieutenant of dogs, and foe to haruest: he is frolick in a faire morning fit for his pleasure; and alike reioyceth with the Virginians, to see the rising sun: he doth worship it as they, but worships his game more then they; and is in some things almost as barbarous. A sluggard he contemnes, & thinks the resting time might be shortned; which makes him rise with day, obserue the same pace, and proue full as happy, if the day be happy. The names of foxe, hare, and bucke, be all attracting sillables; sufficient to furnish fifteene meales with long discourse in the aduentures of each. Foxe, drawes in his exploits done against cubbes, bitch-foxes, otters and badgers: hare, brings out his encounters, plat-formes, engines, fortifications, and night worke done against leueret, cony, wilde-cat, rabbet, weasell, and pole-cat: then bucke, the captaine of all, prouokes him (not without strong passion) to remember hart, hind, stagge, doe, pricket, fawne, and fallow deere. He vses a dogg'd forme of gouernement, which might bee (without shame) kept in humanity; and yet he is vnwilling to be gouerned with the same reason: either by being satisfied with pleasure, or content with ill fortune. Hee hath the discipline to marshall dogs, and sutably; when a wise herald would rather meruaile, how he could distinguish their coates, birth, and gentry. Hee carries about him in his mouth the

very

Which graunted and obtaynede, they set on such as lyue,
And fiercely fight, till both be forst, all armour vp to giue.

And home they go dispoylde, like simple sakelesse men,
No remedie but trudge apace, they haue no weapons then.

The field thus fought and done, the huntsmen come agayne,
Of whome some one vpon his knee, shall tell the prince full playne,

This little lesson here, which followeth next in place,
Forgiue me (Queene) * which am to bold, to speak vnto yo^r. grace.

My

very soule of Ouid's bodies, metamorphosed into trees, rockes, and waters; for, when he pleases, they shall eccho and distinctly answere; and when he pleases, be extremely silent. There is little danger in him towards the common-wealth; for his worst intelligence comes from shepheards or woodmen; and that onely threatens the destruction of hares; a well knowne dry meate. The spring and he are still at variance; in mockage therefore, and reuenge together of that season, he weares her liuery in winter. Little consultations please him best; but the best directions he doth loue and follow, they are his dogs. If hee cannot preuaile therefore, his lucke must be blamed, for he takes a speedy course. He cannot be less then a conquerour from the beginning, though he wants the booty; for he pursues the flight. His man-hood is a crooked sword with a saw-backe; but the badge of his generous valour is a horne to giue notice. Battery and blowing vp, he loues not; to vndermine is his stratageme. His physick teaches him not to drinke sweating; in amends whereof, he liquors himselfe to a heate, vpon coole blood, if hee delights (at least) to emulate his dog in a hot nose. If a kennel of hounds passant take away his attention and company from church; do not blame his deuotion; for in them consists the nature of it, and his knowledge. His frailties are, that he is apt to mistake any dog worth the stealing, and neuer take notice of the collar. Hee dreames of a hare sitting, a foxe earthed, or the bucke couchant: and if his fancy would be moderate, his actions might be full of pleasure." *Satyrical Essayes, &c. by John Stephens, 1615.*

* James the First, to whom the subsequent editions of Turbeville's works are addressed, was very partial to the diversion of hunting. On his journey from Scotland, upon his accession to the English throne, he rested at Withrington, the seat of Sir Robert Cary. The last thirty-seven miles he rode in less than four hours, "and by the way for a note, the miles according to the northern phrase, are a wey-bit longer then they be here in the south. . . . His Majesty having a little while reposed himselfe after his great iourney, found new occasion to trauell further: for, as he was delighting himselfe with the pleasure of the parke, hee suddenly beheld a number of deere neare the place: the game being so faire before him hee could not forbear, but according to his wonted manner, forth he went and slew two of them."

In

My liege forgiue the boldnesse of your man,
 Which comes to speake before your grace him call :
 My skylle is small, yet must I, as I can,
 Presume to preach, before these barons all,
 And tell a tale, which may such mynds appall,
 As passe their dayes in slouthfull idlenesse,
 The fyrste foule nourse to worldly wickednesse.

In his way to Worslop, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, conducted by the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, they halted within a mile of Blyth, "where his Highnesse lighted, and sat downe on a banke-side to eate and drinke. After his Majestie's short repast to Worslop his Maiestie rides forward, but by the way in the parke he was somewhat stayed; for there appeared a number of huntmen all in greene; the chiefe of which with a woodman's speech did welcome him, offering his Maiestie to shew him some game, which he gladly condescended to see; and with a traine set he hunted a good space, very much delighted." On the road to Burleigh his Majesty "dined at Sir John Harrington's, where that worthy knight made him most royall entertainment. After dinner his Highnesse remoued towards Burleigh, being neere Stanford in Northamptonshire. His Majesty on the way was attended by many lords and knights, and before his comming, there was prouided train cents, and liue hares in baskets, being carried to the heath, that made excellent sport for his Maiestie, all the way betweene Sir John Harrington's and Stanford; Sir John's best hounds with good mouthes following the game, the King taking great leisure and pleasure in the same." Upon the 27th of April, the King removed from Burleigh towards Maister Oliuer Cromwell's, (uncle to the Protector), where "there was such plentie and varietie of meates, such diuersitie of wines, & those not riffe ruffe, but euer the best of the kinde, and the sellers open at any man's pleasure." At his departure "Maister Cromwell presented his Maiestie with many rich and acceptable gifts, as a very great, and a very faire wrought standing cup of gold, goodly horses, floate and deepe-mouthed houndes, diuers hawkes of excellent wing, and at the remoue gaue 50 pound, amongst his Majestie's officers. Vpon the 29 day being Fryday, after his Highnesse had broke his fast, he tooke kinde and gracious leaue of Maister Oliuer Cromwell, and his vertuous lady, late widow, to that noble and opulent knight, Seignior Horatio Paulo Vicino."—*The true narration of the Entertainment of his Royall Maiestie, from the time of his departure from Edenbrough, till his receiuing at London; with all or the most special occurrences. Together with the names of those gentlemen whom his Maiestie honoured with Knighthood. At London printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Millington. 1603. 4to. 24 leaves.*

Since golden time, my liege, doth neuer stay,
 But fleeth still about with restlesse wyngs,
 Why doth your grace let time then steale away,
 Which is more worth, then all your worldly things?
 Beleeue me, liege; beleeue me Queenes and Kyngs,
 One only houre, once lost, yeldes more anoy,
 Than twentie dayes can cure with myrth and ioy.

And since your grace determinde by decree,
 To hunt this day, and recreate your mynde,
 Why syt you thus and lose the game and glee,
 Which you might heare? why ringeth not the winde
 With hornes and houndes, according to their kynde?
 Why syt you thus, my liege, and neuer call
 Our houndes, nor vs to make you sport withall?

Perchance the fight, which sodenly you saw,
 Erewhyles betweene, these ouerbragging bluddes,
 Amasde your mynde, and for a whyle did draw
 Your noble eyes, to settle on such suddes.

But, peerelesse Prince! the moysture of such muddes,
 Is much too grosse and homely for your grace;
 Behold them not, their pleasures be but base.

Behold vs here, your true and trustie men,
 Your huntres, your hyndes, your swaynes at all assayes
 Which ouerthrow them, being three to tenne,
 And now are prest with blood hounds and relays,
 Wyth houndes of crye, and houndes well worthy prayse;
 To rowze, to runne, to hunt and hale to death,*
 As great a hart as euer yet bare breath.

Thus may be seene, a prince's sport in deede,
 And this, your Grace, shall see when pleaseth you;
 So that vouchsafe, O noble Queene, with speede,

* "The horses, and the doggs, their incomparable parkes of fallow deer, and lawes of the chace, I extreamly approve of; but upon other occasions, all Englishmen ride so fast upon the road, that you would sweare there were some enemy in the *arriere*; and all the coaches in London, seem to drive for midwives." *A character of England, &c.* 1659.

To mount on horse, * that others may ensue,
Vntill this hart be rowzde and brought to view;

Then

* The allusions to the horseman, now so essential a character to form the field, are very slight in these poems. In "Gascoigne's counsell given to Master Bartholomew Withipoll," 1572, it is observed,

"Some cunning may teache thee for to ryde,
And stufte thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll;
Or in thy stirrops haue a toye so tyde,
As both thy legges may swell thy buskins full."

Breton, in his philosophical poem of Ourania, enumerates among the vanities to be acquired by gold, "buckles for a saddle." Gervase Markham has given a complete description of "the horseman's apparel. First therefore, when you begin to learne to ride, you must come to the stable, in such decent and fit apparel, as is meet for such an exercise, that is to say, a hat which must sit close and firme vpon your heade, with an indifferent narrow verge or brim, so that in the saults or bounds of the horse, it may neither through widenesse or vnweldinesse fall from your head, nor with the bredth of the brim fall into your eies, and impeach your sight, both which are verie grosse errors. About your neck you shall weare a falling band, and no ruffe, whose depth or thicknesse, may, either with the winde, or motions of your horse, ruffell about your face; or, according to the fashion of the Spaniards, daunce hobby-horse-like about your shoulders, which though in them is taken for a grace, yet in true iudgement it is found an errour. Your doublet shal be made close and handsome to your bodie, large wasted, so that you may euer be sure to ride with your points trussed (for to ride otherwise is most vilde) and in all parts so easye, that it may not take from you the vse of anie part of your bodie. About your waste you must have euer your girdle and thereon a smal dagger or punniard, which must be so fast in the sheath that no motion of the horse may cast it forth, and yet so readie, that vpon any occasion you may draw it. Your hose would be large, rounde, and full, so that they may fill your saddle, which should it otherwise be emptie and your bodie looke like a small substance in a great compasse, it were wondrous vncomely. Your bootes must be cleane, blacke, long, and close to your legge, comming almost vp to your middle thigh, so that they may lie as a defence betwixt your knee and the tree of your saddle. Your boote-hose must come some two inches higher then your bootes, being handsomely tied vp with pointes. Your spurres must be strong and flat inward, bending with a compasse vnder your ancle: the neck of your spurre must be long and straight, and rowels thereof longe and sharp, the prickes thereof not standing thicke together, nor being aboue fiue in number. Vpon your handes you must weare a han-

R 2

some

Then if you finde, that I haue spoke amysse,
Correct me Queene; * till then, forgiue me this."

some paire of gloues, and in your right hande you must haue a long rodde finely rush-growne, so that the small ende thereof bee hardly so great as a round packe-threed, insomuch that when you moue or shake it, the noyse thereof may be lowde and sharpe." *Cavelarice, or the arte and knowledge belonging to the Horse ryder.* 1607. B. ii. C. 24.

* Chaucer, in the legend of Dido, thus describes the Queen enjoying the sports of the chace. The extract is given from a manuscript varying materially from the printed copies.

"The day dawynge, vprist out of the see,
This amorous quene chargith her meynne
The netts to dresse, wt. sperys brode, and kene;
An huntynge wold this lusty fressh quene:
So prykkyth here the new joly wo,
To horse bene all her lusty folke jgo;
In to the courte here houndes ben j brought,
And vponn coursers, swyffte as anny thought,
Here yong knyghtes hovynn all aboute;
And of her womenn eke an hugge route;
Vponn a thykke paleferey, papyr white,
Wt. sadyll rede, enbrowderyd wt. delyte,
Of gold the barres vpp, enbosid, high,
Satt Dido all in gold, and perre, & yvery,
And she as fayre, as is the bryght morow,
That helith folkes of her nyghtes scrow.
Vponn a coursour, stertynge sharpe as fyre,
Menn myght torne hym wt. a lytill wyre,
Sate Eneas, lyke Phebus to devise;
So was he fresshe arayed in his gyse:
The fome brydyll wt. the bitt of gold,
Gouernyth he ryght as him selfe wold:
And forth this nobyll quene thus late j ryde
An huntynge, wt. this troygian by her syde.
The herde of herts be founde anon,
Wt. hey go bett, pryke now; lat gone.
Why nyll the lyone come, or the bere,
That I myght once mete him wt. this spere;
Thus sayenn thee yonge folke, and vponn they kyll
Thee wylde bestys, and haue hem at her wyll."

"The

*“ The report of a Huntzman vpon the sight of an Hart, in
pride of greace.*

“ Before the Queene, I come report to make,
Then husht and peace for noble Trystram’s sake.
From out my horne, my fewmets fyrst I drawe,
And them present, on leaues, by hunter’s lawe;
And thus I say; my liege behold and see
An hart of tenne, I hope he harbored bee;
For, if you marke his fewmets euery poynt,
You shall them find, longe, round, and well annoynt,
Knottie and great, withouten prickes or eares,
The moystnesse shewes, what venysone he beares.
Then, if my Prince demaund what head he beare,
I answere thus, with sober words and cheare;
My liege, I went this morning on my quest,*
My hounde did sticke, and seemde to vent some beast,
I held him short, and drawing after him,
I might behold, the hart was feeding trym,
His head was high, and large in each degree,
Well palmed eke, and seem’d full sound to be;
Of coloure browne, he beareth eight and tenne,
Of stately heigth, and long he seemed then.
His beame seem’d great, in good proportion led,
Well burrde and round, well pearled, neare his head;

* When the huntsman goes on the quest “ if he chaunce by the way to finde any hare, partriche, or any other beast or bird that is fearefull, liuing vpon seedes or pasturage, it is an euill sygne or presage that he shall haue but euill pastime that day. But if he fynde any beaste of rauine, liuing vpon praye, as wolfe, foxe, rauen, and suche lyke, that is a token of good lucke. Lette hym neuer marke the sayings of a meany of dreamers, whyche say that when a man fyndeth copwebbes within the printe of the slotte, it is a signe that the harte is gone long before. Such people shall soone be deceyued: for many tymes the cobwebbes fall from the skye, and are not such as spyders make, but a kind of kell, which as I haue seene of experience of an hart passing by me within one hundreth paces, and I haue gone to see the slotte streight wayes, and before I coulde come at it the copwebbes, or kelles were fallen vpon it.”
Turbewile’s book of Hunting, C. 29.

He seemed fayre, tweene blacke and berrie brounde,
 He seemes well fed, by all the signes I found;
 For, when I had well marked him with eye,
 I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.
 And when I so had wayted full an houre,
 That he might be at layre and in his boure;
 I cast about. to harbour him full sure;
 My hound, by sent did me thereof assure.
 Entring the thicke, these fewmets did I spy,
 Which I tooke vp, and layd my markes thereby;
 In priuie pathes I walkt, and creeping throw,
 I found the slot of other harts ynow,
 Both yong and olde I founde of euery syse,
 But as for him I hope that still he lyes;
 So that your grace, by liklyhoode, may him finde,
 He harbord is, according to my mynde.
 Then, if she aske, what slot or view I found,
 I say, the slot, or view, was long on ground;
 The toes were great, the ioynt bones round and short,
 The shinne bones large, the dew claws close in port;
 Short ioynted was he, hollow footed eke,
 An hart to hunt, as any man can seeke."*

"The wofull wordes of the Hart to the Hunter.

"Since I in deepest dread, do yelde myselfe to man,
 And stand full still betweene his legs, which earst full wildly ran:
 Since I to him appeale, when hounds pursue me sore,
 As who should say; 'now save me, man; for else I may no more!'

Why dost thou then, O man! O Hunter! me pursue,
 With cry of hounds, with blast of horne, with hallow, and with hue? †

Or

* "When the huntzman which harbored him, shal see all the rest of his companions about him with the houndes for the crie, he shall then go before them & rowze the deare, for the honour is due to him: and then the rest shall cast of their boundes, he & al they crying, 'To him, to him, that's he, that's he,' and such other wordes of encouragement." *Book of Hunting.*

† "Th' emparked nimble deere, red and fallowe,
 Making hornes to sound, and hunters hallowe;

Or why dost thou devise, such nets and instruments,
 Such toyles & toyes, as hunters vse, to bring me to their bents?
 Since I, as earst was sayde, do so with humble cheare,
 Holde downe my head, as, who should say, 'lo, man I yeeldeme here?''*
 Why arte thou not content, o, murthering cruell minde!
 Thy selfe alone to hunte me so, which arte my foe by kynde;
 But that thou must enstruct, with wordes in skilfull writte,
 All other men to hunte me eke? O, wicked wylie witte!

Light footed hare, a game for mighty kings,
 At whose pursute, the faery eccho sings;
 Redoubling twise, or thrise, the merry soundes,
 Of hallowing knight, shril-horne, & chaunting houndes."

Breton's Ourania.

* The stagge is a stately beast to behold, you would say he were some *Coriphaeus* of the lyon's court. He is tall enough of stature of himself, but affects a portlinesse so much, that as others helpe themselves with corkes and cheppeens, hee hath his still upon his head, to make him seem much higher then he is. His coat is faire and beautiful, powdered here and there with certaine spots, which make a handsome shew, and were it not his owne, would be thought a rich weare, and little inferiour to the Martin furs or the ermins of Russia. He hath long and slender legges, like a redshanke, or Irish Kern, which makes him so tall a footman as he is. He hath foure of them, or else it were impossible so greate a bulke could be held up by so weake pillars. Hee flies like a Parthian archer, with his face turned backwards, not to shoote his enemies, but to shew them a fair paire of heels. Before he fights he whets his horne, as a mower doth his sithe, but uses them rather as a pitchforke in harvest to tosse the hounds with, like heycocks in the meadowes. Hee is much delighted with musicke, I may say much taken with it, for he is often caught of the hunters by that meanes. As the horse by his teeth is knowne how old he is, if the marke be not out of his mouth, so hee by his hornes, if he have not cast them in some bush. The heralds call his hornes his Thiara or dresse, and say hee is not fully attired till he have them absolute and compleate: this I am sure of, that when they have them not on, they are asbamed, and hide themselves, as maids that are unreadie. Hence it is perhaps that tyers and hornes are held synonymas. Hee is very constant in his fashion, for he changes his attire but once a yeare, and then never alters it a whit. Hee beares his yeares very well, as one that takes no care, while all the care and paine is rather had how to take him. When he is hunted by a prince, he is ever after termed a hart. In fine, had he but valour to his strength, and not such wings at his feet, I see not why but for his goodly head hee might make a noble standard in our wildernesses.
Strange Metamorphosis of Man, &c. 1634.

Thou here hast set to shew, within this busie booke,
 A looking glasse of lessons lewde, wherein all huntres may looke:
 And so whyles world doth last, they may be taught to bryng
 The harmlesse hart vnto his bane, with many a wilye thing: *
 Is it bycause thy minde doth seeke thereby some gaynes?
 Canst thou in death take suche delight? breedes pleasure so in paynes?
 Oh cruell, be content, to take in worth my tears,
 Which growe to gumme, and fall from me: content thee with my heares;
 Content thee with my hornes, which euery yeare I mew,
 Since all these three make medicines, some sicknesse to eschew.
 My teares congeal'd to gumme, by peeces from me fall,
 And thee preserue from pestilence, in Pomander or Ball;
 Such wholesome teares shedde I, when thou pursewest me so,
 Thou, not content, doest seeke my death, and then thou get'st no moe.
 My heare is medicine burnt, all venemous wormes to kill,
 The snake hirselle will yeeld thereto, such was my maker's will.
 My hornes, whiche aye renew, as many medicines make,
 As there be troches on their toppes, and all man, for thy sake;
 As first they heale the head, from turning of the brayne,
 A dramme thereof in powder drunke, doth quickly ease the payne;
 They skinne a kybed heele, they fret an anguayle off,
 Lo thus I skippe from toppe to toe, yet neyther scorne nor skoffe;

* "Arystotiles saythe, that some men trowe of the harte that he is among al
 foure foted beastes vsinge the wode moste redy and wyse..... Hartes fight eche
 with other with stronge fightyng, and he that is ouercome, is ryghte obedyente to the
 victor, and they drede moste the voyce of a foxe & of a hound. And somtime the
 harte hideth himself, lest hunters find him & slee him for his fatnes. And he saith
 there, that the harte is hunted in this maner: a hunter whistleth & singeth, & the
 harte hath liking therin & a nother hunter tolleth him inward, & shoteth at hym &
 sleeth hym, & whan the harte is arered he fleethe to a ryuer or to a ponde, and if he
 may swim ouer the water, than he taketh comfote and strength of coldenesse of the
 water, & scapeth the hunters. And the harte roreth cryeth and wepeth when whan
 he is take. Also when houndes folowe hym, if he fynde dowble wayes, he renneth
 not forthright, but nowe hither & nowe thither, & lepeth thwart ouer way & a side
 halfe, & then he purposeth to take a myghty large paace, and sterteth it with con-
 trary leapynges and sterlinges, that it be the harder for the houndes to find & to folow
 his chace by odour and smelle." *Bertholomeus de proprietatibus rerum. B. xviii. C. 30.*

They

They comfort feuers faynte, and lingryng long disease,
Distill'd when they be tender buddes, they sundry greeues appease:

They mayster and correct, both humours, hote and colde,
Which striue to conquere bloud, and breede diseases many fold.

.....
.....
They cleare the dimmie sight, they kill both webbe and pinne,
They soon restore the milt or spleene, which putrifies within.

They ease an akyng tooth, the breake the rumblyng winde,
Which grypes the wombe with colliques panges, such is their noble kinde:

The quenche the skaldyng fire, which scorched with his heate,
And skimme the skalt full cleane agayne, and heale it trimme and neate.

They poyson do expell, from Keysar, King, or Queene,
When it by chaunce or deepe deceypt, is swallowed vp vnseene.

But wherefore spend I time in vayne at large to prayse
The vertues of my harmelesse hornes, which heape my harme alwayes?

And yet such hornes, such heare, such teares as I haue tolde,
I mew and cast for man's auayle, more worth to him than golde.

But he to quyte the same, O, murd'ring man there whyles!
Pursewes me still and trappes me ofte, with sundrie snares and guyles.

Alas, lo, now I feele colde feare within my bones,
Whiche hangs hyr winges vpon my heeles, to hasten for the nones.

My swiftest starting steppes, me thinkes she biddes me byde
In thickest tuftes of couerte close, and so my selfe to hyde. *

Ah

* "*Pro bono malum.*

"The stagge, that hardly skap'd the hunters in the chase,
At lengthe, by shadowe of a tree, found refuge for a space.
And when the eger houndes had lefte their wished praye,
Behoulde, with biting of the boughes, himselfe hee did bewraye.
Throughe which, the hunter straight did pierce him to the harte:
Whereat (quoth hee) this wounde I haue, is iustly my deserte.
For where I good did finde, I ought not ill requite:
But lo, these boughes that sau'd my life, I did vnkindly bite:
Wherefore, althoughe the tree could not reuenge her wronge,
Yet nowe by fates, my fall is wrought, who mighte haue liued longe."

A choice of Emblems, &c. by Geoffrey Whitney, 1586.

Francis

Ah rewoffull remedie, so shall I, as it were,
 Euen teare my lyfe out of the teeth of houndes whiche make me feare.
 And from those cruell curre, and brayne sicke bauling tikes,
 Which vowe foote hote to followe me, both ouer hedge and dykes.
 Me thinkes I heare the horne, which rends the restlesse ayre,
 With shrillest sound of bloudie blast, and makes me to despayre.*
 Me thinkes I see the toyle, the tanglings and the stall,
 Which are prepared and set full sure, to compasse me withall;

Francis Quarles in "a feast for wormes," 1626, has the following simile.

"As in a sowltry summer's euentide,
 (When lustfull Phœbus re-salutes the bride,
 And Philomela 'gins her caroling:)
 A herd of deere, are browzing in a spring,
 With eager appetite, misweening nought,
 Nor in so deepe a silence fearing ought:
 A sudden cracke, or some vnthought-of sound
 Or bounce of fowling peece, or yelp of hound,
 Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze,
 Where (sencelesse halfe) through feare, they stand at gaze."

* "Such folkes also raue pleasantly, as preferre huntynge before all other pastimes, protesting what an incredible pleasure they conceyue, so often as they here that foule musike, which a horne maketh, being tooted in, or the howlyng of a many of dogges. Yea I thinke the verie stench of the houndes kennell, senteth musk vnto their noses. For as touching the death of a deare, or other wylde beast, yee knowe your selues what ceremonies they vse about the same. Euery poore man may cut out an oxe, or a sheepe, wheras such venison may not be dismembred but of a gentylman; who bareheaded, and set on knees, with a knife prepared properly to that vse, (for euery kynde of knife is not allowable) also with certaine iestures, cuttes a sunder certaine partes of the wild beast, in a certain order very circumstantly. Which duryng the standers by, not speaking a worde, beholde it solemnly, as if it were some holy misterie, hauing seen the lyke yet more than a hundred times before. Then (sir) whose happe it bee to eate parte of the fleshe, marye hee thinkes verily to bee made thereby halfe a gentilman. So therfore whereas these hunters through continuall chasyng and eatyng of their venerie, gaine nothing, but in a manner do themselves also degenerate into wild and sauage properties, ye may see yet, howe through this errour of myne, they repute their liues ledde in more than princely pleasure."

Erasmus's prayse of follie, Englished by Sir Thomas Chaloner, Knight, 1577.

Me

Me thinkes the Foster * standes full close in bushe or tree,
 And takes his leuel strayght and true; me thinkes he shootes at me;
 And hittes the harmlesse harte, of me vnhappie harte;
 Which must needes please him by my death, I may it not astarte.
 Ah, 'las, and well away, me thinkes I see the hunte,
 Which takes the measure of my slottes, where I to treade was wont:
 Bycause I shall not misse, at last to please his minde,
 Ah, 'las, I see him where he seekes my latest layre to finde.
 He takes my fewmets vp, and puts them in his horne,
 Alas! me thinkes he leapes for ioye, and laugheth me to scorne.
 Harke! harke! alas, giue eare; 'this geare goeth well,' sayeth he,
 'This harte beares deyntie venison, in princes dish to be.'
 Lo now he blowes his horne, euen at the kennell dore,
 Alas! alas! he blowes a seeke; alas, yet blowes he more;
 He ieopardes and rechates, ah, 'las he blowes the fall,
 And soundes and deadly dolefull mote, whiche I must die withall. †

What

* "Foster. This should rightly bee forester, it beeing deryued from the office of him that vnder the prince or some nobleman had the chief charge of the forest or chase." *Veistegan's restitution of decayed intelligence*, 1605.

† Edmund Gayton inscribed "the art of Longevity" to Lady Elizabeth Rouse of Henham Hall, Suffolk, and tells her "of the flesh of the deer;"

"I could into a wood of lawfull praises launch,
 And praise the creature fully, side and haunch:
 But *Rabbi Isaak* saith their flesh is hard,
 (Not to be got); at *Henbam* none's debarr'd:
 Thy husband's old canary, and fat buck,
 With dogs run down, or else with arrowes stuck;
 Yet are they melancholy diet; but
 They all are so which are much given to rut:
 The fawns are wholesome, and the heirs digest
 Better than sire, or mother of the beast,
 The youthfull stand is very hot and dry,
 When old, like other things, their worst is nigh:
 The eunuch deer is temperate, and most
 Pleasurable when it's pleasure's lost:
Troch upon troch, troch, troch, a reverend stagg,
 He doth of age and red-deer pasty bragg;

And

What should the cruell meane? perhappes he hopes to finde
 As many medicines me within to satisfie his minde;
 May be, he seekes to haue my sewet for himselfe,
 Whiche sooner heales a merrygald, then pothecaries pelfe.
 May be, his ioyntes be numme, as synnewes shronke with colde,
 And that he knowes my sewet wyll the same full soone vnfolde.
 May be, his wife doth feare to come before hyr time,
 And in my mawe he hopes to finde, amongst the slutte and slime,
 A stone to help his wife, that she may bryng to light
 A bloudie babe, lyke bloudie syre, to put poore hartes to flight:
 Perchance with sicknesse he hath troubled bene of late,
 And with my marow thinketh to restore his former state.
 May be, his heart doth quake, and therefore seekes the bone,
 Whiche huntresmen finde within my heart, when I, poore hart, am gone!
 It may be, that he meanes my fleshe for to present
 Vnto his prince for delicates, such may be his entent.
 Yea more than this, may be, he thinkes such nouriture
 Will still prolong men's dayes on earth, since mine so long endure.
 But, oh, mischieuous man! although I thee outliue,
 By due degrees of age unseene, whiche nature doth me giue,
 Must thou, therefore procure my death, for to prolong
 Thy lingryng life in lustie wise? Alas, thou doest me wrong!
 Must I with mine owne fleshe, his hatefull fleshe so feede,
 Whiche me disdaynes one bitte of grasse, or corne in tyme of neede?
 Alas, man! do not so; some other beastes go kill,
 Whiche worke thy harme by sundrie meanes; and so content thy will.
 Which yeelde thee no such gaynes, in lyfe, as I renew,
 When from my head my stately hornes, to thy behoofe, I mew.

And though it's dry yet let the venison passe,
 His own fat supples it, and tother glass.——
 Now for conclusion, this beast for game
 And entertainment hath with us the name:
 Know then, the body is a joviall meat,
 Fit for Squire *Rous*, yea for a Prince to eat;
 It's upper part is antidote, but, oh,
 There's poison lies i' th' taile (the part below;)
 Emblem of human chance! in this sad veile
 Nothing's thorough blest from head to taile."

But

But since thou arte vnkinde, vngracious and vniust,
 Lo here I craue of mightie gods, which are bothe good and iust,
 That Mars may reygne with man, that stryfe and cruell warre,
 May set man's murdryng minde on worke, with many a bloudy jarre.
 That drummes with deadly dub, may couuteruayle the blast,
 Which they with hornes haue blowen ful lowde, to take my minde agast.
 That shot as thicke as hayle, may stande for crosse bowe shootes,*
 That Cuysses, Greues, and such may serue, in steade of hunter's bootes.
 That gyрте with siege full sure, they may their toyles repent,
 That embuskadoes stand for nettes, which they agaynst me bent.
 That when they see a spie, which watcheth them to trappe,
 They may rememberring-walkes made, in herbor me to happe.
 That when theyr busie braynes, are exercised so,
 Hartes may lie safe within theyr layre, and neuer feare theyr foe.
 But if so chaunce there be, some dastard dreadfull mome,
 Whome trumpettes cannot well entyse, nor call him once from home;
 And yet will play the man, in killyng harmlesse deare,
 I craue of God that such a ghoste, and such a fearefull pheare,
 May see Diana nakt: and she, to venge hir skornes,
 May soon transforme his harmefull head, into my harmelesse hornes:
 Vntill his houndes may teare that harte of his in twayne,†
 Which thus torments vs harmlesse harts, and-puttes our hartes to payne."

* "Killing of dere with bowes or greyhoundes, serueth well for the pot (as is the commune saying) and therefore it must of necessitie be sometyme vsed. But it conteineth therin no commendable solace or exercise, in comparison to the other fourme of huntynge, yf it be diligently perceyued." *Governour.*

"The wounded deer flyes swift away,
 The bearded arrow in his side;
 Still vainly hoping that he may
 Mix'd with the herd escape unspy'd.
 But, oh the moment that they see
 The streaming blood flow from his wound;
 They shun him in his misery,
 And leave him dying on the ground."——

† "Voluptas ærumnosa.

"Actæon heare, vnhappy man behoulde,
 When in the well hee saw Diana brighte,
 With greedie lookes, hee waxed ouer boulde,
 That to a stagge hee was transformed righte,

Whereat

"The Hare to the Hunter.

"Are mindes of men, become so voyde of sense,
That they can ioye to hurte a harmlesse thing?
A sillie beast, whiche cannot make defence?
A wretche, a worme, that cannot bite, nor sting?
If that be so, I thanke my maker than,
For makyng me a beast, and not a man.*

The lyon lickes the sores of wounded sheepe,
He spares to pray, whiche yeeldes and craueth grace:
The dead man's corps hath made some serpentes weepe,
Such rewth may ryse in beasts of bloudie race:
And yet can man (whiche bragges aboue the rest)
Vse wracke for rewth? can murder like him best?

This song I sing, in moane and mournful notes,
(Which fayne would blase the bloudie minde of man)
Who not content with hartes, hindes, buckes, rowes, gotes,
Bores, beares, and all, that hunting conquere can,

Whereat amasde, hee thought to runne awaie,
But straighte his howndes did rent hym for their praie.
By which is ment, that those whoe do pursue
Theire fancies fonde, and thinges vnlawfull craue,
Like brutish beastes appeare vnto the viewe,
And shall at lengthe Actæon's guerdon haue:
And as his houndes, soe their affections base
Shall them deuowre, and all their deedes deface."

Whitney's Emblems.

* "Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures man;
A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What case of flesh and blood I'd please to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear;
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational."

Rochester's Satire against Man.

Must

Must yet seeke out me, silly harmelesse hare,
To hunte with houndes, and course* sometimes with care.

The harte doth hurte, I must a trueth confesse,
He spoyleth corne, and beares the hedge adowne;
So doth the bucke, and though the rowe seeme lesse,

Yet doth he harme in many a field and towne:

The clyming gote doth pill both plant and vine;

The pleasant meades are rowted vp with swine.

But I poore beast, whose feeding is not seene,

Who breake no hedge, who pill no pleasant plant;

Who stroye no fruite, who can turne vp no greene,

Who spoyle no corne, to make the plowman want,

Am yet pursewed with hounds, horse, might and mayne,

By murd'ring men, vntill they haue me slayne,

* " ——— mid the vale the greyhound, seing start

The feareful hare, pursueth. Before she flerteth,

And where she turnth, he turnth her there to beare;

The one pray pricketh, the other safties feare."

Dolman's Legend of Lord Hastings, 1575.

Coursing appears to have been considered an inferior pursuit, and is characterised by Sir Thomas Eliot as fitly a feminine diversion. "Hunting of the hare, (says that writer) with grey houndes, is a ryght good solace for men that be studious, or them to whom nature hathe not gyuen personage, or courage apte for the warres; and also for gentilwomen, which feare nether sonne nor wynde for appayryng their beautie; and peradventure thei shall bee there at lesse idell, than thei should be at home in their chaumbers." Nash, in the *Qvaternio*, also ridicules it. "A pot-hunting-Corydon, or hungry gentleman if you will, to let slip a brase or lease of long tayled ravenous curre at a poore, little, harmeles hare, and to kill her suddenly, without giving her law, or any advantage of ground; contrary to the laws of the forest, and the decretalls of Actæon, made and agreed upon at Knavestocke by a swearing companie of mad-men, in the habit of woodmen; no, but by a sober assembly of true wood-men indeede the thirtieth of February in the first yeare of Pope Jone: or when the earth hath put on her fairest robes, and clothed her selfe in a habite as white as wooll, to trace and tracke her to her fourme, and against the lawes and statutes of the kingdome, there to surprise and kill her suddenly, I must confesse, it hath often gone against my stomacke." [No person of what degree soever shall kill any hare in the snow; vpon a penaltie to forfeite 6s. viijd. for every hare so killed. See the statute of 14 Hen. VIII. *Margin.*]

Sa how sayeth one, as soone as he me spies,
 Another cries *now, now*, that sees me starte,
 The houndes call on, with hydeous noyse and cryes
 The spurgalde jade must gallop out his parte:
 The horne is blowen, and many a voyce full shryll,
 To whoup and crie, the wretched beast to kyll.*

• “What more admirable than the pleasure of the hare, if wee observe the uses which may bee made of it. in her doubles, note her cunning; in the dogges, eagernes of pursuing. Where all the senses remaine for the time pleased, but when at default, how much are they grieved? What an excellent melody, or naturall consort to delight the eare? What choice object to content the eye? What odoriferous smells in the flourie meads, to refresh the nose? Only the *touch* and *taste* must have their pleasures suspended, till the sport be ended. *Non sine lepore, tanto labore, pro uno Lepore homines torqueri video*; saith one very wittily and elegantly, *I can never chuse but laugh, to see what labour men will take for a poore hare*. What mountaines they will climbe, what marishes they will passe, what brakes and bryers they will runne through, and all for a hare? Which may be an embleme of humane vanity; where men (miserable deluded men) will refuse no toyle or labour to gaine a trifling pleasure. What indirect courses they will take for a moment's delight, which is no sooner showne them, than vanished from them? These pleasures are most commonly affected by youth, because they have agility and ability of body to maintaine the pursuit of them: whence the poet,

‘The beardlesse youth, when guardian raines do yeeld,
 Sports him in horse, and dogges, and open field.’

The reason may be this, he cannot endure restraint; for the heat of youth must needs take aire, or it choaks it selfe with too much holding. It must be carried aloft on the wings of the wind, taking an Icarian flight, but never fearing his fall. So subject is youth to expose it selfe to all dangers, swimming ever with bladders of valn-glory, till they receive water, and it sinke. There are some also of these youthful hunts-men, who when they cannot speed in their sport, will rather buy it, than want it; that having their game on their backe, they may proclaime to the world, how they are masters of their profession. And these are excellently displaid by the poet, in the person of Gargilius;

‘As once Gargilius, who one morne betime

Sent out his servants forward to the chace,

With hunting poles, and twisted nets of line,

To buy a boare, which through the market place

Laid on a mule, as if his men had slaine him,

Would, as he thought, eternall glory gaine him.”

Braithwait's English Gentleman, 1630.

What

What meanest thou man, me so for to pursew?

For first my skinne is scarcely worth a plucke,
My flesh is drie, and harde for to endew,
My greace (God knoweth) not great vpon my backe;
My selfe, and all, that is within me founde,
Is neyther good, great, ritche, fatte, sweete, nor sounde.*

So

* "Melancholy folkes," (says Lemnie) "must haue prescrybed vnto them, a right good and precise diet, and eschue all such things as engender thick bloud: as beefe and bulles' flesh, bacon, and such as hath beene long bryned, or hanged in the smoke and hardned, wherunto are to be added brawn & beares flesh and venyson of red deere, whiche commonly is brought in for a seruice at noble-men's tables, & hares flesh, which commonly is vsed for a festival dish, to furnish out the table, when freendes meete to make meerye. Insomuch, that I cannot but meruayle at the vsuall fashion of Dutchmen and Netherlanders, amonge whom this flesshe is as highly esteemed & desyred as anye: neyther thinke they any banquet sumptuous & festiuall ynough, vnlesse one dish therof be hare: whereas no flesh in the world is neerer of nature vnto melancholie then it. For it is cold & dry, vnless the seely beast bee firste well coursed and hunted, for that is the way to make it somewhat more hoat, toothsome and holesome. Now, whereas some both of old & later time, haue beene and yet be perswaded, that the eating of hare's flesh, maketh men pleasaunt and merily disposed: and not that onely, but also in bodelye shape and countenance to be faire, galant, & beautiful: I do not thinke, neither am I of opynion yt. any such thing can happen through eating ye. flesh of such a fearefull and timorous seely creature: but ye. rather herevppon it had this beginning: because when meery compaignions are disposed to make good cheere, they commonly vse to inuite & call into their compaignies some beautifull damosells, and pleasaunt peates to passe away the time more merily: whereas they that be of small accoumpt and harde fauoured to the eye, are neuer requested vnto any such pleasurable assembly, but be suffred to sit still at home, being reputed in comparison, but as grosse stuffe & of the second sort, and such as neuer (according to ye. prouerbe) tasted or eate of an hare. Which thinge ye. poet Martial in a certayne pleasaunt epigramme doth intimate vnto his ladye and mistresse, in words to this effect.

O Gellia, Lady myne, thou sayest, when hare thou sendste to mee;

Dayes seuen, marke, thou shalt be fayre, and beautifull of glee.

If these thy words, sweete heart, be true, and roue not out of square:

Then surely, Gellia, thou thy selfe not yet hast eaten hare.

Which opynion of auncient & long time agoe in many men's heads settled, I suppose herevppon toke his first beginning (for hitherto of none hath it beene expounded)

So that thou shewest thy vauntes to be but vayne,
 That bragst of witte, aboue all other beasts,
 And yet by me, thou neyther gettest gayne,
 Nor findest foode, to serue thy glutton's feast;
 Some sporte perhaps, yet *greuous is the glee*
Which endes in bloud, that lesson learne of me."

"The Foxe to the Huntresman.

"If dogs had tong at will to talke in their defence,
 If brutish beast might be so bold, to plead at barre for pence,
 If poore Tom Troth might speake, of all that is amysse,
 Then might would beare no right a down: then men would pardon this
 Which I must here declare. Then quickly would be known,
 That he which deales with stranger's faults, should first amend his owne.
 Thus much my selfe may say, thus much my selfe can proue,
 Yet whiles I preache, beware the geese, for so it shall behoue.*

I sigh,

that he which had been at any solemne & festiual banquet, (such I meane wherin hare is one seruice) appeareth for y^e. next seuen dayes curteous, pleasaunt, iocund and full of mery conceits." *Touchstone of Complexions translated by Thomas Newton, 1576.*

* "The fox seemes in the senate of the rest of beasts to bee as grave as any of them: but is indeed a slye and crafty merchant. Hee is the Davus in Esop's comedies, and the best jests in all those interludes are fathered upon him. Hee hath the monopoly of the best blades in his hands; witnesse his figure ingraven thereon, forbidding all to sell them without his stampe. Hee is so crafty a companion, that he will not be drunke, because he will not be overtaken himselfe, but still lyes in wayte to catch others: and therefore when men are overtaken with drinke, they are said to be foxed. Hee is a true purveyer, because he provides and takes, not for the King, but for himselfe, upon no price, and therefore is hated and cursed where he comes. Hee makes no conscience of any shifts, & for a goose, or a ducke, or such a matter, it is but a scholler's tricke with him to amend his commons with, and so passes it over without any scruple at all, unlesse hee be taken in the manner, and then proves it a hanging matter, which halts the case quite. Hee is a great lecturer, but reades to a company of geese onely, when hee will bee sure to bee well paid for his paines, with a good supper, where some one of his auditory are present. Hee is very neat in his habit, for he alwaies carries his brush with him, especially when hee rides, for then hee carries it not at his pommell, for that were not sightly, but carries it still at the crupper. He hath a slye looke, and a notable leering eye of his owne; and so
 good

I sigh, yet smyle, to see that man, yea, master man,
 Can play his part in pollicie, as well as Reynard can:
 And yet forsooth the foxe is he that beares the blame,
 But two legg'd foxes eate the ducks, when foure legs beare the name.
 A wonder is to see, how people shoute and crye,
 With hallowes, whoupes, and spitefull words, when I poore fox go by.
 Lay on him, cryes the wife, downe with him, sayes the childe,
 Some strike, some chide, some throw a stone, some fal & be defilde:
 As maidens, when they spurne with both their feete attones,
 Fie on the fox y^t. forst them so, such falles might bruse their bones.
 But Raynard doth such deeds, and therfore strike him down,
 His case will serue to fur the cape of master huntsman's gowne.
 His lungs full holsome be in poulder beaten fine
 For such as cough & draw their wind, with paine & mickle pine.
 Hys pyssell serues to skoure the grauell of the stone,
 His greace is good for synews shronk, or ache y^t. grieues the bone.
 His tong will draw a thorne, his teeth will burnish golde,
 And by his death a huntsman may, haue profits many folde:
 The henne shall roust at rest, which he was wont to rowze,
 The duck & geese may bring good broods, y^e. pigs may sucke their sowes.
 And al the farmer's welth may thriue & come to good,
 Which craftie Raynarde steales sometimes, to kepe his brats in blood.
 Yea soft, but who sayes thus? who did y^e. lion paint?
 Forsooth a man: but if a fox might tell his tale as queint,
 Then would he say againe, that men as craftie be,
 As euer Raynard was for theft: euen men which fliese a fee
 From euerie widowe's flocke: a capon or a chicke,
 A pyg, a goose, a dunghill ducke, or ought that will licke;
 Vntill the widowe sterne, and can no longer giue,
 This was y^e. fox, fie down with him, why shuld such foxes liue?

good a mark-man, as likely hee never misseth his ayme. For his eye, hee would
 make a notable gunner, but that he cannot away with a piece, especially if it lie in
 ambuscado; for that puts him quite out of his play. Hee cannot abide a packe of
 dogges, which if he should, would cost him his life. He hath his forts and holes to
 retire into, where he feares nothing but countermynes to oppose and confront his;
 for then hee is brought to a parley with his enemies, and faine to yeeld to hard con-
 ditions. In fine, were the world turned honest againe, and all knauery banished
 thence, it would be found in a foxe skinne." *Strange Metamorphosis of Man.*

Some foxes lie in waite, and marke the farmer's croppe,
 What loads of haye, what grasse for bief, what store of wood for loppe,
 What quantitie of graine he raiseth on his rent,
 And take a new lease ore his hed, before the olde be spent.
 Fye on these foxes, fye! what farmer can do well,
 Where such vile vermin lie in wait, their priuy gaines to smell?
 Yea some can play their part, in sland'ring neighbor's name,
 To say y^e. wolf did kil the lamb, when Raynerds eate y^e. same.
 These faults with many moe, can wicked men commit,
 And yet they say that foxes passe, for subtletie and wit.
 But shall I say my minde? I never yet saw day,
 But euery town had two or three which Rainard's parts could play.
 So that men vaunt in vaine, which say they hunt the foxe,
 To kepe their neighbor's poultry free, & to defende their flockes.
 When they them selues can spoyle, more profit in an houre,
 Than Raynard rifles in a yere, when he doth most deuoure.
 No, no, the minds of men, which still be vainely bent,
 Must haue their change of venerie, as first the hare in Lent,
 The harte in sommer's heate, and me poore foxe in cold: *
 But wherto serue these sundry sports, these chases many fold?
 Forsooth to feede their thoughts, with drags of vaine delight,
 Whereon most men do muse by day, wheron they dream by night,
 They must haue costly clothes, they must haue deintie fare,
 They must haue couches stuft with doune, they must haue all in square.
 They must haue new found games, to make them laugh their fill,
 The [y] must haue foules, they must haue beasts, to bayt, to hunt, to
 And all (when all is done) is nothing else but vayne, [kyll,
 So Salomon the wiseman sayd, and so sayes Raynerd playne."

This recreation forms the subject of several didactic and
 descriptive pieces in the works of the English poets, and has

* "I dispraise not," says Sir Thomas Eliot, "the huntynge of the foxe with
 rennyng houndes, but it is not to be compared to the other hunting in commoditie of
 exercise. Therefore it would be vsed in the depe wynter, whan the other game is
 vnseasonable."

occasioned

occasioned numberless effusions by the lyric muse. Many of the general eulogiums and narrative ditties possess considerable merit. The ballad of Chevy-chace stands unrivalled, and the Irish fox hunt "in seventeen hundred and forty four," remains distinguished as a popular favourite. A general collection might be enriched with others containing only an allusion to the diversion, as in the following madrigal.

"Compell the hauke to sit that is vnman'd,
Or make the hound vntaught to draw the deere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or moue the sad a pleasant tale to heare;
Your time is lost, and you are neare the neere,
So Loue, ne learns by force the knot to knit,
He serues but those that feelee sweet fancies fitt."

Among the favourites of Henry the Eighth, Puttenham notices of "one Gray what good estimation did he grow vnto with the same King Henry, and afterwards with the Duke of Sommerset Protectour, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte it [is] vp, the hunte is vp.*" This obsolete phrase has been fully discussed by the commentators upon Shakspeare, and the best elucidation is Mr. Malone's reference to Cotgrave. "Resveil. A Hunts-*vp*, or morning song for a new married wife, the day after the mariage." Ritson to the above passage from Puttenham, adds, "whether the following be the identical *merry ballade*, doth not clearly appear; it is, however, very old:

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And now it is almost day;
And he that's a bed with another man's wife,
It's time to get him away."*

* Remarks critical and illustrative, &c. 1783, p. 183.

To this may be added some little melodies upon hare-hunting and hawking, with similar titles, first pointed out to me by the Rev. Mr. Todd; who also politely assisted in a reference to a copy of the work,* now very uncommon, in the Marquis of Stafford's collection. Several notices and extracts from the same publication are given by Mr. Douce in the "Illustrations of Shakspeare," from a copy without date, which might have been printed at an earlier period than 1614.† In a note upon the line in Romeo and Juliet,

"Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,"

Mr. D. observes "it is not improbable that the [first of the] following was the identical song composed by the person of the name of Gray."

"*A Hunts vp. By John Bennett.*"

"The hunt is vp, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up; } [Chorus.]

The birds they sing,

The deere they fling;

Hey nony nony-no:

The hounds they crye,

The hunters they flye;

Hey troli lo, trololio.

* "A Briefe Discovrse of the true (but neglected) vse of Charact'ring the degrees by their perfection, imperfection, and diminution, in measurable musicke, against the common practise and custome of these times. Examples whereof are exprest in the harmony of 4 voyces concerning the pleasure of 5 vsuall Recreations. 1. Hunting. 2. Hawking. 3. Dauncing. 4. Drinking. 5. Enamouring. By Thomas Ravenscroft, Bachelor of Musicke. London, printed by Edw. Allde for Tho. Adams, 1614. Cum priuilegio Regali. 4to.

† Certainly after 1597. The first notice of John Bennet, the composer, mentioned by Hawkins, is "Madrigals to four voyces, being his first works" in 1599; of Thomas Ravenscroft, the editor, is "Melismata, musical phansies," &c. 1611; and the "brief discourse" cites Morley's "Introduction to Music," 1597.

The

The hunt is vp! the hunt is vp!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is vp.

The woods resounds,
To heere the hounds;

Hey nony nony-no:

The rocks report
This merry sport;

Hey troli lo, trololilo.

The hunt is vp! the hunt is vp!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is vp.

Then hye apace
Vnto the chace;

Hey nony nony no;

Whilst euery thing,
Doth sweetly sing,

Hey troli lo, trololilo.

The hunt is vp! the hunt is vp!
Sing merily we, the hunt is vp!"

" By Edward Piers.

" Hey trola! trola! hey trola! trola!

there, there boyes, there!

hoicka! hoick! hoicka! whoope!

Crye, there they goe!

Crye, there they goe!

They are at a fault:

Boy, winde the horne?

Sing tiue! tiue!

Now in full crie,

With yeeble, yable; gible, gabble;

Hey with yeeble, yable, gible, gabble!

The hounds doe knock it lustily,

With open mouth, and lusty crye!"

*"A Hawkes-up for a Hunts-up. By Thomas Ravenscroft,
Bachelor of Musick.*

"Awake! awake!

the day doth break;

our spanyels couple them:

Our hawkes shall flye

lowe, meane, or high,

and trusse* it if they can.

Hey troly lolly lo!

Then rise, arise,

for Phœbus dies

(in golde) the dawne of day;

And coveyes lye

in fields hard by,

then sing we care away.

Hey troly lolly lo!"

"Hawking for the Partridge. By Thomas Ravenscroft.

"Sith sickles and the sheering sythe,

Hath shorne the fields of late,

Now shall our hawkes and we be blythe:

Dame partridge ware your pate!

Our murdring kites,

In all their flights,

Will sild or neuer misse;

Seld or neuer

To truss you euer

And make your bale our blisse.

Whur ret Duty; whur ret Beauty; whur ret Love; whur ret, hey
dogs, hey! [hey dogs, hey!

Whur ret Cater; whur ret Trea; whur ret Quando: whur ret Nimble; ret,

Whur ret Trauell; ret, whur ret Trover; ret, hey, dogs, hey!

Whur ret Jew; whur ret Damsell; ret, whur ret, hey dogs, hey!

* "Trussing is when a hawke raseth a fowle aloft, and so descendeth downe
with it to the ground." Latham.

Ware haunt! hey Sempster!
 Ret Faver, ret Minx, ret Dido, ret Ciuill, ret Lemmon, ret:
 Whur, Whur, let flie! let flie!
 O well flowne,* eager Kite!
 Marke! marke! O marke below the Ley;
 This was a fayre and kingly flight.
 We falkners thus make sullen kites,
 Yeeld pleasure fit for kings;
 And sport with them in those delights,
 And oft in other things."

"For the Hearne and Ducke. By John Bennett.

"Lver falkners, lver; giue warning to the field;
 Let flye, make mounting hearnes to yield.
 Dye fearefull duckes, and climbe no more so high,
 The Nyase hauke† will kisse the azure skye.
 But when our *soare haukes*‡ flye, and stiffe windes blow,
 Then long to late we faulkners crye, hey lo! hey lo! hey lo."

J. H

* The similarity to Lear, O well-flowne bird, is noticed by Mr. Douce, Vol. II. p. 166.

† "Eyes or nias is a term borrowed from the French *niais*, which means any young bird in the nest, *avis in nido*. It is the first of five several names by which a falcon is called during its first year." Ib. Vol. I. p. 74.

‡ "Thirdlie (says Turbervile) they are called *sore barwkes*, from the ende of August to the laste of September, October, and Nouember." Latham has a more enlarged description. "The *passenger soare faulcon* is a more choice and tender hawke, by reason of her youth and tendernesse of age, and therefore she must be more carefullie kept and better fed then the other mewed hawkes, because they are more hard of ward; yet she will be as soone reclaimd and made a certaine hawke, and rather sooner then the other, if she be well vsed, and respectiuey handled. And in those places where flying may be had, shee may bee found longer by a moneth than anie of the other."

ART.

ART. II. *The Secrets of Angling: teaching the choicest Tooles, Baits, and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish, in Pond or River: practised and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esquire. Augmented with many approved experiments. By W. Lauson. London: Printed by T. H. for John Harison, and are to be sold by Francis Coles, at his shop in the Old Bayly. 1652. 12mo.*

The first edition of this work, a copy of which may be found in the Bodleian Library, appeared, of the same size, in 1613.

J. D. is usually considered as *John Davors*: and indeed is mentioned at length in the fifth edition of Walton's "*Complete Angler*," 1676. Though in the two first editions, 1653 and 1655, *Jo. Da.* only occurs.

The following verses, however, at the back of the title "*In due praise of his praise of his praiseworthy skill and worke*," seem to leave a doubt whether *Jo. Da.* may not mean the very person by whose signature they are followed.

"In skills that all do seek, but few do find
Both gain and game; (like sun and moon do shine)
Then th' art of fishing thus is of that kind;
The angler taketh both with hook and line,
And as with lines, both these he takes, this takes
With many a line, well made, both ears & hearts,
And by this skill, the skil-lesse skil-full makes:
The corpes wherof dissected so he parts,
Upon an humble subject never lay,
More proud, yet plainer lines, the plain to lead.
This plainer art with pleasure to survey.
To purchase it with profit by that DEED:

Who

Who think this skill's too low than for the high,
This Angler read, and they 'le be taine thereby.

JO. DAVES."

The Dedication, signed R. I. which is in prose, is
"To the worthy, and my respected friend, Mr. John
Harbone of Tackley, in the county of Oxford, Es-
quire." After which is Lauson's address to the reader
upon the short comment by which many of the stanzas
are accompanied.

The following is the opening of

"The First Booke.

"Of Angling, and the art thereof I sing,

What kind of tooles it doth behove to have;
And with what pleasing bait a man may bring
The fish to bite within the wat'ry wave:

A work of thanks to such as in a thing
Of harmlesse pleasure have regard to save
Their dearest soules from sin, and may intend
Of pretious time some part thereon to spend.

You nimphs that, in the springs and waters sweet,
Your dwelling have, of every hill and dale,
And oft amidst the meadows green do meet
To sport and play, and hear the nightingale,
And in the rivers fresh do wash your feet,

While Progne's sister tels her wofull tale:
Such ayd and power unto my verses lend,
As may suffice this little worke to end.

And thou, sweet Boyd, * that with thy wat'ry sway
Dost wash the Clifles of Deington and of Week,
And through their rocks with crooked winding way,
Thy mother Avon runnest soft to seek;

* The name of a brook.

In whose fair streams, the speckled trout doth play,
 The roch, the dace, the gudgin, and the bleike :
 Teach me the skill with slender line and hook
 To take each fish of river, pond, and brook."

A still more favourable specimen may be found in the stanzas which relate to the Angler's "*severall tooles, and what garment is fittest;*" for, formerly, even the angler had his appropriate dress.

" And let your garments russet be or gray,
 Of colour darke, and hardest to discry,
 That with the raine or weather will away,
 And least offend the fearfull fishes eye :
 For neither scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,
 Nor colours dipt of fresh Assyrian dye,
 Nor tender silkes of purple, paule of gold,
 Will serve so well to keepe off wet or cold.

In this array the angler good shall go
 Unto the brooke to find his wished game;
 Like old Menalchus wand'ring to and fro,
 Untill he chance to light upon the same,
 And there his art and cunning shall bestow,
 For every fish his bait so well to frame,
 That long ere Phoebus set in western fome,
 He shall return well loaden to his home."

" *Objection.*

" Some youthfull gallant here perhaps will say
 This is no pastime for a gentleman;
 It were more fit at cards and dice to play,
 To use both fence and dancing now and then,
 Or walk the streets in nice and strange array,
 Or with coy phrases court his mistris fan :
 A poor delight, with toyl and painfull watch,
 With losse of time a silly fish to catch.

What

What pleasure can it be to walk about

The fields and meads in heat or pinching cold,
And stand all day to catch a silly trout,

That is not worth a teaster to be sold,
And peradventure sometimes go without:

Besides the toyls and troubles manifold:
And to be washt with many a showre of rain,
Before he can return from thence again?

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,

In some sweet house to passe the time away,
Amongst the best, with brave and gallant show,
And with fair dames to daunce, to sport, and play,
And on the board the nimble dice to throw,

That brings in gain, and helps the shot to pay;
And with good wine, and store of dainty fare,
To feed at will, and take but little care."

"A worthy Answer.

"I mean not here men's errours to reprove,

Nor do envy their seeming happy state;
But rather marvell why they do not love

An honest sport, that is without debate;
Since their abused pastimes often move

Their mindes to anger, and to mortall hate:
And as in bad delights their time they spend,
So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeed it is a life of lesser pain,

To sit at play from noon till it be night:
And then from night till it be noon again,

With damned oaths pronounced in despight,
For little cause, and every trifle vain,

To curse, to brawle, to quarrell, and to fight,
To pack the cards, and with some coz'ning trick
His fellow's purse of all his coyn to pick.

Or

Or to beguile another of his wife,
 As did Ægistus Agamemnon serve:
 Or as the Roman Monark led a life,
 To spoyle and spend, while others pine and starve,
 And to compell their friends with foolish strife
 To take more drink then will their health preserve.
 And, to conclude, for debt or just desart,
 In baser tune to sing the counter-part.

O let me rather on the pleasant brinke
 Of Tyne and Trent possesse some dwelling place,
 Where I may see my quill and corke down sinke,
 With eager bit of Barbell, Bleike, or Dace:
 And on the world and his Creatour thinke,
 While thy proud Thais painted sheet embrace,
 And with the fume of strong tobacco's smoke,
 All quaffing round are ready for to choke!

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,
 And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill;
 So I the fields and meadows green may view,
 And by the rivers fresh may walke at will,
 Among the dazies and the violets blew:
 Red hyacinth, and yellow daffadill,
 Purple Narcissus like the morning rayes,
 Pale Ganderglas, and azor Culverkayes.

I count it better pleasure to behold
 The goodly compasse of the lofty skie,
 And in the midst thereof like burning gold,
 The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
 The wat'ry clouds that in the ayre uprol'd,
 With sundry kinds of painted colours flie;
 And faire Aurora lifting up her head,
 All blushing rise from old Tithonus bed.

The

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
 The plains extended levell with the ground,
 The ground divided into sundry vains,
 The vains enclos'd with running rivers round,
 The rivers making way through Nature's chains,
 With headlong course into the sea profound;
 The surging sea beneath the vallies low,
 The vallies sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
 Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
 In whose cool brows the birds with chanting song
 Do welcome with their quire the summer's queen,
 The meadows fair where, Flora's guifts among,
 Are intermixt, the verdant grasse between,
 The silver skaled fish that softly swim
 Within the brooks and chrystal wat'ry brim.

All these and many more of his creation,
 That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see,
 And takes therein no little delectation,
 To thinke how strange and wonderfull they bee,
 Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
 To set his thoughts on other fancies free:
 And whiles he looks on these with joyfull eye,
 His mind is wrapt above the starry skie!"

The angler's directions "*for the Gudgion*" will
 afford another specimen.

" Loe in a little boat where one doth stand,
 That to a willow bough the while is ti'de,
 And with a pole doth stir and raise the sand,
 Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide,
 And then with slender line and rod in hand,
 The eager bit not long he doth abide.
 Well loaded is his line, his hooke but small,
 A good big cork to bear the stream with all.

His

His bait the least red worme that may be found,
 And at the bottome it doth alwayes lie;
 Whereat the greedy gudgeon bites so sound,
 That hooke and all he swalloweth by and by:
 See how he strikes, and puls them up as round,
 As if new store the play did still supply:
 And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,
 Then to another place he doth remove.

This fish the fittest for a learner is,
 That in this art delights to take some paine;
 For as high flying haukes that often misse
 The swifter fowles, are eased with a traine,
 So to a yong beginner yieldeth this
 Such ready sport as makes him prove againe,
 And leades him on with hope and glad desire,
 To greater skill and cunning to aspire."

The haunts of the different fishes are afterwards described in eight stanzas of considerable merit, followed by

"The best houres of the day to angle."

"From first appearing of the rising sun,
 Till nine of clock low under water best
 The fish will bite, and then from nine to noon;
 From noon to four they do refrain and rest;
 From four again till Phœbus swift hath run
 His dayly course and setteth in the west:
 But at the flie aloft they use to bite,
 All summer long from nine till it be night.

Now lest the angler leave his tools behinde
 For lack of heed, or haste of his desire,
 And so inforced with unwilling minde,
 Must leave his game, and back again retire

Such

Such things to fetch, as there he cannot finde
 To serve his turn when need shall most require:
 Here shall he have to help his memory
 A lesson short, of every want's supply.

Light rod to strike, long line to reach withall,
 Strong hook to hold the fish he haps to hit:
 Spare lines and hooks, what ever chance do fall,
 Baits quick and dead to bring them to the bit,
 Fine lead and quils, with corks both great and small,
 Knife, file, and thread, and little basket fit,
 Plummert to sound the depth of clay and sand,
 With pole and net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arrived at the last

In wished harbour where we mean to rest,
 And make an end of this our journey past:
 Here then in quiet road I think it best
 We strike our sailes and stedfast anchor cast,
 For now the sun low setteth in the west,
 And yet boat-swains, a merry carroll sing
 To him that safely did us hither bring."

At the end of the third book are the following lines.

"Wouldst thou catch fish?

Then here's thy wish;

Take this receipt

To annoint thy bait.

Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,
 Be it in poole, in river, or in brook,
 To blisse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
 Loe, here's a means, if thou cans't hit it right;
 Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak
 In oyle, well drawn from that which kills the oak:
 Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,
 When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probatum.

*It's perfect and good,
If well understood :
Else not to be told
For silver or gold.*

R. R."

Sir John Hawkins attributes these initials to the R. Roe mentioned by Walton.

H. E.

ART. III. *The benefit of the auncient Bathes of Buckstones, which cureth most greevous sicknesses, never before published: compiled by John Jones Phisition. At the King's Mede nigh Darby. Anno salutis 1572. Seene and alowed acording to the order appointed. Jenuarii xviii. Imprinted at London by Tho. East and Henry Myddleton, for William Jones, and are to be sold at his long shop at the West dore of Paules Church. b. l. 20 leaves, exclusive of dedication, &c.*

This singular treatise, which the author apparently intended to answer the purposes both of a medical and descriptive guide to the frequenters of Buxton, forms at the present day, a curious subject of perusal, from the high degree of celebrity which it proves the mineral waters of that place had attained in the sixteenth century, and the traits of domestic manners that are interspersed throughout. It appears, from the few particulars that are preserved of the author's life, that he was a native of Wales, and the publisher of a variety of medical and surgical works. He died about 1580.

The work is inscribed to "George, Earle of Shrewesbury," &c. of whose liberality in respect to the improvement

ment of the place the author speaks in terms of high commendation, and observes, "that as by King Bladud the Britten were first erected the bathes of Bath: so now we may say by your honour, the bathes of Buckstone be beneficially edified, and worthy every where to be notified." After an Epistle "to the Christian Reader," consisting of eight pages, the author commences his work as follows.

"A Description of the wonderful vertue of the Bathes at Buckstone."

"Even as in our former treatise of the bathes of Bathe,* we have shewed the antiquitie, comoditie, propertie, use, dyete, aphorismes and medicines, with all thinges requisite in our judgement, for to bee noted and observed of all such as ther intend (through knowledge) to seeke any benefite. So, now it resteth that in this treatise wee expresse lykewise the benefyte of Buckstones bathes or welles in the hygh peke, in the countie of Darby, ten myles from the worthie edifices Chatsworth, twenty myles from Darby, thirty from the famouse and auncient citie Westchester, thirty from the citie of Lychfield.

"Of the origine of the name, and why it was called Buckston's well, I neyther could reade it in any author, nor heare of any as yet. This is as much as I suppose may bee gathered thereof, that it hath the name of the towne: and the towne lykewyse hath the

* This treatise appears to have been printed in the same year with the one in question: it is intituled "The Bathes, of Bathes Ayde wonderfull and most excellent agaynst very many sicknesses, &c. compendiously compiled by John Jones, Phisition. Anno Salutis 1572—At Asple Hall besides Nottingham, &c. &c."

name of some one so called (for of such there bee divers) and the Danes and Saxons as well as the Britaynes were wont to name their townes after their own names, as it is evidēt of very many places in this lande: and a Saxon or English name it is, and no Brittish or Welsh: and therefore sithence Engistus it hath his denomination. Howbeit many yeares past it was frequented for the healthe of thousandes by bathing them: as well as it is in these our dayes. For betweene Burghe* and it, there is an high way forced over the moores, all paved of such antiquity as none can expresse, called Bath gate: albeit more of a superstitious hope they had in this well, than of any affiance thei had in the qualitie, tēperature, or property of the bath, for of it and the use therof they were ignorant. Moreover it is not unlikely that the stagges or buckes wounded would take soyle ther, and there the fosters of the forrest called it Buckstand:† but in my judgement, the former supposition is more likely.”

In comparing the relative qualities of the Bath and Buxton waters, the author observes “Buxton’s is much like as if a quart of boyling water were commixed with a galond of cold water. But Bath is, as if too a galond of seething water were put a quart of cold water. By reason wherof it attricteth and dissolveth more speedily. But Buckstone more sweetly, more delicatly, more finely, more daintly, and more temperatly: not bringing halfe so many greeuouse accidentes as Bath doth, yit lesse speedly: but in processe of tyme very effectously, and for many infirmities, more commodiously.

* A small village distant about seven miles from Buxton.

† Mr. Gough justly observes that this is “too vague” a derivation.

“Joyning to the cheefe springe, betwene the river and the bathe, is a very goodly house, * foure square, foure stories hye, so well compacte, with houses of office, beneath, and above, and round about, with a great chamber and other goodly lodgings, to the number of thirty; that it is and wil bee a bewty to behold: & very notable for the honorable & worshipfull that shal neede to repaire thither: as also for other—yea the porest shall have lodgings, & beds hard by, for their uses only. The baths also so bravely beutified with seats round about: defended from the ambyent ayre: and chimneys for fyre, to ayre your garmentes in the bathes syde, and other necessities most decent.”

After treating at some length “upon the great effectes of dyet” as “the surest way to the rooting out of any sicknesse,” he gives the following account of bread.

“The best bred is that which is made of wheat, well baked, somewhat leavened, neyther to new nor to old, for the crazed at al tymes helthiest. But bred of dyuers graines, of divers formes, in divers places be used. Some cuntryes make bred of cleane wheate, for the most part as in Scmersette shyre, Kent, Lincolne, and Norfolke, some of beanes and pease as Leycestre shyre, and in Nothingham shyre the claye of which reade Tussard his husbandry. Some of rye, as in Urchenfeeld, and in Stafford shyre, some of mixeling, or muncorne, as in Worcester shyre, & Sallope. Some of otes as in Lanckashyre, Chesshyre, Cumber-

* It was built by George Earl of Shrewsbury, the nobleman to whom the book is dedicated, and taken down in the year 1670 by the order of William Duke of Devonshire.

land, Westmerland, and Cornewall. And some of big or winter beare, some of lentyles, some of fitches, some of tares, some of French wheat, most in use for rustikes. And into divers formes these graines may be reduced; some in form of manchet, used of the gentility: some of greate loves, as is usual among yeomanry, some betweene both, as with the franklings: some in forme of cakes, as at weddings: some rondes of hogs, as at upsittings: some simnels, cracknels, and buns, as in the Lent, some in brode cakes, as the oten cakes in Kendoll on yrons: some on slate stones as in the hye peke: some in frying pans as in Darby shyre: some betwene yrons as wapons: some in round cakes as bysket for the ships. But these & all other the mayne bread of York excelleth, for that it is of the finest floure of the wheat well tempered, best baked, a patterne of all others the fineste.

“The best drinke for the crased at Buckstone, is meane ale, neyther to new nor to stale, not overhopped. Your flesh shal bee most ordinarie, as followeth—mutton, kyd, conie, rabbet, veale, turkey, capon, henne, chicken, phesiant, partrich, rayle, curlyaw, cnotwype, wodcocke, snype, or any other cloven footed fowles, poched egges, or rare rosted is also right nourishinge meates as is aforesayd. Fruites—albeit in most regiments be forbidde, of these kyndes may be used, almondes any way dressed, raceines, figges, pomgrates, quinces, wardens, & chestnutttes rosted, ryce, marmalad, green gynger. So may comfortatives, conserves, or cordial confections, or to them that have cold diseases, or be of a cold constitution wyne of thes kyndes may bee permitted, as a cuppe of sacke
and

and sugar if the disease doo not forbid it, or of good Gascoyne wyne, to them that be leane with sugar, or whyte mamulsyes of Madera, a myas of good ale, a cawdell, or alebury, although afore in the generall dyete I have not touched it.

“ Now for your meates, they will be best at x or xi a clock if you can fast so long: if not take some small refection before you go into the bath, or not long after you come out, if you enter not into your bed nor receyve any medicine.

“ Your houre of supper shal be about sixe of the clocke: but after I would have you to use no meate that night, nor yet drinke, if you can abstayne.

“ To the sickly small exercyse will serve by reason of feeblenesse not able to suffer pantynge, neyther verily so violent for them shall bee requysite. But if their strength will sustayne it, an exercyse convenient for theyr callinge shal bee used.

“ The ladyes, gentle women, wyues and maydes, maye in one of the galleries walke: and if the weather bee not agreeable too theire expectacion they may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trowle pummetes, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe after their owne discretion. The pastyme Troule in Madame is termed.

“ Before you enter the bath, tary two or three dayes, as well for resting of you, after your long travayle as also to acquaint you with the ayer, using some melody, the which thing Æsculapius worthily appointed, saith Galen, & indeed it refresseth the wit, encreaseth strength, and melancholy it putteth to flighte.

“ In the bath you may tary ii or iii houres, if you please, & in especiall if the cause, sicknesse, or greefe requyre, and the body fit for it.”

After giving a variety of prescriptions, the author speaks of the necessary time for “Tariance at Buckstone” as follows.

“ All these thinges needfull considered and observed for the xiiii xx or xl dayes you remayne there, and after you come thence, one moneth at the least, if your disease requyre it, keepe the especiall *Victus*, expressed, but after you may returne to your former trade of lyfe, not hurtfull, so that alway provyded, the day of your coming thither bee noted, before you enter into the bathes, and the day of your departure, with the country of your habitation condition or calling with the infirmities, or cause you came for, in the registry booke kept of the warden of the bath, or the phisition that ther shal be appointed, & the benefite you receyved, paying foure pence for the recording and every yeoman besides xii pence, every gentleman iii shillings. Every esquior iiis. iiid. Every knight vis. viiid. Every lord and baron xs. Every vicount, xiiis. iiid. Every erle xxs. Every marques xxxs. Every duke iii pound xs. Every archbishop vl. Every bishop xls. Every judge xxs. Every doctour and sargeant of lawe xs. Every chauncellor and utter barrister vis. viiid. Every archdeacon, prebendary, and canon vs. Every mynister xiid. Every ducches xls. Every marquesses xxs. Every countes xiiis. ijd. Every barones xs. Every lady vis. viiid. Every gentlewoman iis. And al, for the treasure of the bath, to the use of the poore, that only for help do come thither the one halfe, the other to the phisition for his residence.”

The

The work concludes with "the prayer usually to be sayd before bathing," and a copious table of contents.

J. H. M.

ART. IV. *Tenor. Psalmes, Sonets, & Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into musicke of fve parts: whereof, some of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th' other being Songs very rare and newly composed, are heere published, for the recreation of all such as delight in Musicke. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queene's Maiestie's Royall Chappell. [Crest of Sir Christopher Hatton. Herbert, 1021.] Printed at London by Thomas Este, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, ouer against the signe of the George. 4to. n. d. Licensed conditionally, 1587.*

At the back of the title are eight "reasons briefly set downe by th' author, to perswade euery one to learne to sing." Dedicated "to the Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, Lord Chancellor of England;" wherein it is stated to be the author's first printed work in English.—"I hoped that, by this occasion, these poore songs of mine might happely yeeld some sweetnesse, repose, and recreation vnto your Lordship's mind, after your dayly paines & cares taken in the high affaires of the Cōmon Wealth."

"Benigne reader, (saith the epistle) heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, musicke of sundrie sorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou bee disposed to pray, heere are psalmes. If to bee merrie, heere are sonets. If to lament for thy sins, heere are songs

songs of sadnesse and pietie. If thou delight in musicke of great cōpasse, heere are diuers songs, which beeing originally made for instruments to expresse the harmony, and one voyce to pronounce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to sing the same. If thou desire songs of smal compasse and fit for the reach of most voyces, heere are most in number of that sort. (Subscribed) the most assured friend to all that loue or learne musicke. William Byrd.”*

The first ten pieces are psalmes, some of them selected from the common version; then “followeth the sonets and pastorales.” From this division the following pieces are peculiarly interesting to the admirers of the early poets.

1. “I ioy not in no earthly blisse,
I force not Cressus welth a straw;
For care I know not what it is,
I feare not Fortune’s fatall law.
My minde is such as may not moue
For beautie bright, nor force of loue.
2. I wish but what I haue at will,
I wander not to seeke for more,
I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
In greatest stormes I sit on shore;
And laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
To get what must bee lost againe.
3. I kisse not where I wish to kill,
I faine not loue where most I hate:
I breake no sleepe to winne my will,
I waite not at the mightie’s gate;
I scorne no poore, nor feare no rich,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

* For an account of this composer see Hawkins’s History of Musick, Vol. III, p. 283.

4. The court nor cart I like nor loath,
 Extreames are counted worst of all;
 The golden meane, beetweene them both,
 Doth surest sit and feare no fall:
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,
 No wealth is like the quiet minde."
-

1. " My minde to me a kingdome is, *
 Such perfect ioy therin I find;
 That it excels all other blisse,
 That God or nature hath assign'd:
 Though much I want that most wold haue,
 Yet still my minde forbids to craue.
2. No princely port nor welthie store,
 No force to winne a victorie,
 No wyly wit to salue a sore,
 No shape to winne a louing eye:
 To none of these I yeld as thrall,
 For why my minde despise them all.
3. I see that plentie surfets oft,
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall,
 I see that such as are aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all:
 These get with toyle and keepe with feare,
 Such cares my minde can neuer beare.
4. I presse to beare no haughtie sway,
 I wish no more then may suffice;
 I doe no more then well I may,
 Looke, what I want my minde supplies;
 Loe thus I triumph like a king,
 My minde content with any thing.

* Dr. Percy has printed this and the preceding stanzas as one piece in the first volume of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, with " some improvements and an additional stanza."

5. I laugh not at a nother's losse,
 Nor grudge not at another's gaine:
 No worldly waues my minde can tosse,
 I brooke that is another's bane;
 I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
 I loth not lyfe, nor dread mine end.
6. My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 And conscience cleere my chiefe defence;
 I neuer seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to giue offence;
 Thus doe I liue, thus will I dye,
 Would all did so as well as I."
-

1. "Wher fancie fond for pleasure pleads,
 And reason keeps poore hope in iayle;
 Ther time it is to take my beads,
 And pray, that beautie may preuaile;
 Or else dispaire will win the field,
 Wher reason, hope, and pleasure yeeld.
2. My eyes presume to iudge this case,
 Whose iudgement reason doth disdaine;
 But beautie with her wanton face,
 Stands to defend, the case is plaine;
 And at the barre of sweet delight,
 She pleads that fancie must be right.
3. But shame will not haue reason yeeld,
 Though grieve do sweare it shal be so;
 As though it were a perfect shield,
 To blush and feare to tell my woe;
 Where silence force will at the last
 To wish for wit when hope is past.
4. So farre hath fond desire out runne
 The bond which reason set out first;
 That where delight the fray begun,
 I would now say, if that I durst,

That

That in her steed ten thousand woes,
 Haue sprong in field where pleasure growes.

5. O that I might declare the rest,
 Of all the toies which fancie turnes:
 Like towres of winde within my brest,
 Where fire is hid that neuer burnes,
 Then should I try one of the twaine,
 Either to loue, or to disdaine.

6. But since conceit dares not declare
 The strange conflict of hope and feare;
 Least reason should be left so bare,
 That loue durst whisper in mine eare;
 And tell me how my fancie shall,
 Bring reason to be beautie's thrall.

7. I must therefore with silence build,
 The laborinth of my delight;
 Till loue haue try'd in open field,
 Which of the twaine shall win the fight:
 I feare mee reason must giue place,
 If fancie fond win beautie's grace."

1. "O you that heare this voice,
 O you that see this face;
 Say, whether of this choice,
 May haue the former place;
 Who dare iudge this debate,
 That it bee voide of hate.

2. This side doth beautie take,
 For that doth musicke speak;
 Fit orators to make
 The strongest iudgements weak,
 The bar to plead their right,
 Is only true delight.

3. Thus doth the voyce and face,
 These gentle lawiers wage;
 Like louing brothers cast,
 For father's heritage;

That

That each, while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

4. For beutie beutifies,
With heauenly hew and grace;
The heauenly harmonies,
And in that faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties bee,
A perfect harmonie.

5. Musicke more loftie swells,
In phrases finely plac'd;
Beutie as farre excells,
In action aptly grac'd;
A friend each partie drawes,
To countenance his cause.

6. Loue more affected seemes,
To beutie's louely light;
And wonder more esteemes,
Of musick's wond'rous might;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

7. Musicke doth witnesse call,
The eare his truth doth trye;
Beutie brings to the hall
Eye witnesse of the eye:
Each in his object such,
As none exceptions touch.

8. The common sense which might,
Bee arbiter of this,
To bee forsooth vpright,
To both sides parciall is:
Hee layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

9. Then Reason, princesse hie,
Which sits in throne of minde;
And Musicke can in skye,
With hidden beauties finde:

Say

Say, whether thou wilt crowne,
With limit lesse renowne."

1. "If women could be faire, and neuer fond,
Or that their beauties might continue still;
I would not meruaile though they made men bond,
By seruice long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how fraile these creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselves so farre.
 2. To marke what choise they make, and how they change;
How leuing best the worst they chose out stil:
And how, like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reason to follow will:
Who would not shake such bussards from the fist;
And let them flie (faire fooles) which way they list.
 3. Yet for our sport, wee fawne and flatter both,
To passe the time, when nothing else can please;
And train them on to yeeld by subtill oath,
The sweet content, that giues such humor ease;
And then wee say, when wee their follies trie,
To play with fooles, oh, what a foole was I."
-

1. "What pleasure haue great princes,
More daintie to their choice,
Than heardmen wild, who careless
In quiet life reioyce;
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet, in summer morning.
2. Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
Are void of all disceit;
They neuer know how spightfull
It is to kneele and waite,
On fauorite presumptious,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptious.

3. All

3. All day their flocks each tendeth,

At night they take their rest;

More quiet than who sendeth

His ship into the east;

Where gold and pearle are plentie,

But getting very daintie.

4. For lawiers and their pleading,

Th' esteeme it not a straw;

They think that honest meaning,

Is of it selfe a law;

Where conscience iudgeth plainly,

They spend no mony vainely.

5. O happie who thus liueth,

Not caring much for gold;

With clothing which suffiseth,

To keepe him from the cold;

Though poore and plain his diet,

Yet merie it is and quiet."

" In fields abroad wher trumpets shrill doe sound,

Wher glaues and shields do giue and take the knocks;

Wher bodies dead do ouerspred the ground,

And friend to foes are common butcher's blocks;

A gallant shot well managing his peece,

In my conceit, deserues a golden fleece."

1. " Farewell false loue the oracle of lies,

A mortall foe and enimie to rest;

An enuious boye, from whom all cares arise,

A bastard vile, a beast with rage possest:

A way of error, a temple full of treason,

In all effects, contrarie vnto reason.

2. A poisoned serpent couered all with flowers,

Mother of sighes, and murtherer of repose;

A sea of sorows from whence are drawn such flowers,

As moisture lend to euery grieve that growes;

A schole

- A schole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
 A guilded hooke that holds a poisoned baite.
 3. A fortresse foyl'd which reason dyd defend,
 A syren song, a feauer of the minde,
 A maze wherein affection findes no ende,
 A raging cloud that runnes before the winde;
 A substance like the shadow of the sunne,
 A goale of grieve, for which the wisest runne.
 4. A quenchlesse fire, a nurse of trembling feare,
 A path that leades to perill and mishap,
 A true retreat of sorrow and dispaire,
 An idle boy that sleepes in pleasure's lap:
 A deepe mistrust of that which certain seemes,
 A hope of that which reason doubtful deemes."

-
1. "The match that's made for iust & true respects,
 With euennes both of yeers and parentage,
 Of force must bring foorth many good effects.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

2. For where chast loue and liking sets the plant,
 And concord waters with a firme good will,
 Of no good thing ther can be any want.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

3. Sound is the knot that chastitie hath tyde,
 Sweet is the musicke vnitie doth make,
 Sure is the store that plenty doth prouide.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

4. Where chastnesse fayles, ther concord will decay,
 Wher concord fleets, ther plentie will decrease,
 Wher plentie wants, ther loue will weare away.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

5. I, chastitie, restraine all strange desires,
 I, concord, keep the course of sound consent,
 I, plentie, spare, and spend as cause requires.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6. Make much of vs, all yee that married bee,
 Speake well of vs, all yee that minde to bee,
 The time may come, to want and wish all three.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus."

Of the songs of sadness and piety, a specimen may be found in the present volume, p. 187-9. The whole number is thirty-five, of which the last two are "the funerall songs" of Sir Philip Sidney.

J. H.

ART. V. *Lucasta. Posthumous Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.*

These honours come too late

That on our ashes waite.

MART. LIB. I. EPIG. 26,

London: Printed by Wm. Godbid for Clement Darby. 1659. Sm. 8vo. pp. 107.

Although some account of this now (comparatively) scarce volume of one of the most pleasing of our early poets has been given in a former * Number, I cannot but think that some additional extracts from it will not be unacceptable. "The dedication to the Right Honorable John Lovelace, Esq." by Dudly Posthumus Lovelace (a brother of the author) is not unworthy of the name; and spite of the diffidence of its writer discovers a vein, which even in this polished era would not be censured as deficient in smoothness and talent; indeed it appears to me to possess an arrangement and phraseology characteristic of a much later period.

* CENS. LIT. Vol. IX. p. 338.

"Lucasta

"Lucasta (fair, but hapless maid!)
 Once flourisht underneath the shade
 Of your illustrious mother; now,
 An orphan grown, she bows to you!
 To *you*, her vertue's noble heir,
 Oh may she find protection there;
 Nor let her welcome be the less
 'Cause a rough hand makes her address,
 One (to whom foes the muses are)
 Born and bred up in rugged war;
 For, conscious how unfit I am,
 I only have pronounc'd her *name*,
 To waken pity in your brest,
 And leave her tears to plead the rest."

The following song by Richard Lovelace recommends itself as much by its neatness, as by its didactic turn.

"Song.

1.

"Strive not, vain lover, to be fine;
 Thy silk's the silk-worme's, and not thine;
 You lessen to a fly your mistris thought,
 To think it may be in a cobweb caught.

What though her thin transparent laun
 Thy heart in a strong net hath drawn?
 Not all the arms the god of fire ere made,
 Can the soft bulwarks of nak'd loue invade.

2.

Be truly fine then, and your self dress
 In her fair soul's immac'late glass:
 Then by reflection you may haue the bliss
 Perhaps to see what a true fineness is;
 When all your gawdenes will fit
 Those only that are poor in wit:

She that a *clinqant* outside doth adore,
Dotes on a gilded *statue*, and no more."

The following address to the "*Ant*," is accompanied with a playfulness of muse, which I think would hardly suffer in a comparison with some of the lighter pieces of our late lamented Cowper, who might not have disdained a competition with the elegant Lovelace.

"*The Ant.*"

1.

"Forbear thou great good husband, little ant,
A little respite from thy flood of sweat;
Thou, thine own horse and cart under this plant,
Thy spacious tent, fan thy prodigious heat;
Doun with thy double load of that one grain;
It is a granarie for all thy train.

2.

Cease, large example of wise thrift, a while,
(For thy example is become our law)
And teach thy frouns a seasonable smile;
So Cato sometimes the nak'd florals saw.
And thou, almighty foe, lay by thy sting,
Whilst thy unpay'd musicians, crickets, sing.

3.

Lucasta, she that holy makes the day,
And 'stills new life in fields of Fucillemort;
Hath back restor'd their verdure with one ray,
And with her eye bid all to play and sport;
Ant, to work still, age will thee truant call;
And to saue now, th' art worse than prodigal.

4.

Austere and *cynick*! not one hour t' allow,
To lose with pleasure what thou get'st with pain:
But drive, on sacred festivals, thy plow;
Tearing high-ways with thy orecharged wain?

Not

Not all thy life time one poor minute live,
And thy o're labour'd bulk with mirth relieve?

5.

Look up then, miserable ant, and spie
Thy fatal foes, for breaking of her law:
Hov'ring about thee, Madam, *Margaret Pie*,
And her fierce servant, meagre, Sir *John Daw*:
Thy self and store house now they do store up,
And thy whole harvest too within their crop.

6.

Thus we unthrifty thrive within earth's tomb,
For some more rav'nous and ambitious jaw:
The grain in th' ants, the ants in the pie's womb,
The pie in th' hawks, the hawks i'th' eagle's maw:
So scattering to hord 'gainst a long day,
Thinking to saue all, we cast all away."

To this volume was prefixed a portrait by Hollar, from a drawing by Francis Lovelace, also a brother of the author, but which is rarely found with it. Mr. Richardson however has copied it with great accuracy.* This portrait differs materially from the painting in Dulwich College, (engraved lately by Clamp for the Biographical Mirror) which discovers much more of "the most amiable and beautiful person that eye euer beheld," (Wood's Athenæ) than the former. In Dulwich College also is a portrait of Althea, but without any clue to lead to the discovery of the lady who has been so fortunately immortalized. Mr. Lysons, in his Environs of London, speaks of her as the same with *Lucasta*. I am not aware of any authority for

* Granger speaks of another portrait of Lovelace by Faithorne; but which I have never seen or heard of but from Granger.

such a supposition; and from the mention of her name, but in one song, should imagine her not to be Lucasta, but *one* of those “of the female sex who admired and adored him.” I cannot however but admit that there appears to me a strong resemblance between this portrait and the print of Lucasta engraved by Faithorne from a picture of Lely. This last Mr. Granger considers as *imaginary* from the words “P. Lilly invt.” I apprehend, however, that this might apply to the costume and accompaniments of the figure, which would hardly have occupied the pencil of Lily, had it been altogether invention. In the collection of “Elegies, sacred to the memory of the author, by several of his friends,” subjoined to this volume is a contribution also from another brother under the signature of T. L.

E. V. U,

Feb. 18, 1809.

ART. VI. *Old Madrigals.*

From “*Bateson’s English Madrigals.*” 1604,

“Your shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily-rosed lips most fair,
Your other beauties that excel,
Men cannot chuse but like them well:
But when for them they say they ’ll die,
Believe them not, they do but lie.”

“If Love be blind, how hath he then the sight
With beauty’s beams my careless heart to wound?
Or if a boy, how hath he then the might
The mightiest conquerors to bring to ground?

O no,

O no, he is not blind, but I that led
 My thoughts the ways that bring to restless fears;
 Nor yet a boy, but *I* that live in dread,
 Mixed with hope, and seek for joy in tears."

" Who prostrate lies at women's feet,
 And calls them darlings, dear and sweet;
 Protesting love, and craving grace,
 And praising oft a foolish face;
 Are oftentimes deceived at last;
 They catch at nought, and hold it fast,"

From "*An Howre's Recreation in Musicke, by Rich.
 Alison.*" 1606.

" O heavy heart, whose harms are hid,
 Thy help is hurt, thy hap is hard;
 If thou should'st break, as God forbid,
 Then should desert want his reward.
 Hope well to have, hate not sweet thought,
 Foul cruel storms fair calms have brought,
 After sharp showers the sun shines fair,
 Hope comes likewise after despair."

In hope a king* doth go to war,
 In hope a lover lives full long,
 In hope a merchant sails full far,
 In hope just men do suffer wrong;
 In hope the plowman sows his seed;
 Thus hope helps thousands at their need;
 Then faint not heart, among the rest,
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

* See Ellis's Specimens.

Though wit bids will to blow retreat,
 Will cannot work as wit would wish.
 When that the roach doth taste the bait,
 Too late to warn the hungry fish;
 When cities burn on fiery flame,
 Great rivers scarce may quench the same;
 If will and fancy be agreed,
 Too late for wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift
 To follow will and leave the wit;
 The wanton horse that runs too swift,
 May well be stay'd upon the bit;
 But check a horse amid his race,
 And out of doubt you mar his pace:
 Though wit and reason do[th] men teach,
 Never to climb above their reach."

"From the same.

"There is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies grow,
 A heav'nly paradise is that place
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow:
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.
 Those cherries fairly do inclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.
 Her eyes like angels watch them still,
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand,

These

These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

From "*the Phœnix Nest.*" 1593.

"Sweet violets, Love's * paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
Within your paly faces
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
That plays amidst the plain,
If by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places,
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,
You honours of the flow'ry meads, I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
With mild and seemly breathing straight display
My bitter sighs that have my heart undone.
Vermilion roses, that with new days rise,
Display your crimson folds fresh looking fair,
Whose radiant bright disgraces
The rich-adorned rays of roseat-rising morn,
Ah! if her virgin hand
Do pluck you pure, ere Phœbus view the land,
And veil your gracious pomp in lovely Nature's scorn,
If chance my mistress traces
Fast by your flow'rs to take the summer's air,
Then woful blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
To spread their tears, Adonis' death reporting,
And tell Love's torments sorrowing for her friend,
Whose drops of blood within your leaves consorting
Report fair Venus' moans withouten end.
Then may remorse, in pitying of my smart,
Dry up my tears, and dwell within her heart."

* See Ellis's Specimens.

From "Morley's Canzonets." 1597.

"When lo! by break of morning,
My love her self adorning,
Doth walk the woods so dainty,
Gath'ring sweet violets and cowslips plenty,
The birds enamour'd, sing and praise my Flora,
Lo! here a new Aurora!"

From "Wilbye's Madrigals." 1598.

"Flora gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in Flora's treasure;
These I plac'd on Phillis' bowers,
She was pleas'd, and she my pleasure:
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come, ye wantons, here to play."

"Ye restless thoughts that harbour discontent,
Cease your assaults, and let my heart lament,
And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief;
That she may pity, though not grant relief:
Pity would help what Love hath almost slain,
And salve the wound that fester'd this disdain."

From "Weelkes's Ballets and Madrigals." 1598.

"Sweet Love, I will no more abuse thee,
Nor with my [wanton] voice accuse thee,
But tune my notes unto thy praise,
And tell the world, Love ne'er decays;
Sweet Love doth concord ever cherish,
What wanteth concord soon doth perish."

"Sweet heart, arise, why do you sleep
When lovers wanton sports do keep?"

The sun doth shine, the birds do sing,
 And May delight and joy doth bring;
 Then join we hands, and dance till night,
 'Tis pity Love should want his right."

" Phillis hath sworn she loves the man
 That knows what's love, and love her can;
 Philemon then must needs agree—
 Phillis, my choice of choice shall be."

" In pride of May
 The fields are gay,
 The birds do sweetly sing,
 So nature would
 That all things should
 With joy begin the spring.
 Then Lady dear,
 Do you appear
 In beauty like the spring;
 I will dare say
 The birds that day
 More cheerfully will sing."

From "Weelkes's Madrigals." 1600.

" When Thoralis delights to walk,
 The fairies do attend her,
 They sweetly sing and sweetly talk,
 And sweetly do commend her;
 The satyrs leap and dance the round,
 And make their congés to the ground,
 And evermore their song it is,
 Long may'st thou live, fair Thoralis!"

T. P.

ART.

ART. VII. *The Compters Common-wealth; or a voiage made to an Infernall Iland long since discovered by many Captaines, Seafaringmen, Gentlemen, Marchants, and other Tradesmen: but the conditions, natures, and qualities of the people there inhabiting, and of those that trafficke with them, were neuer so truly expressed or liuely set foorth as by William Fennor his Majesties servant. London by Edward Griffin for George Gibbes, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Floure-de-luce. 1617. 4to. pp. 85.*

Deckar attacked the glaring vices roaming at large; Fennor's work is on a more confined scale. As an unfortunate debtor he becomes acquainted with, and describes the city serjeants and jailors; the manner of an arrest, and the disorderly custom of extorting garnish and other fees in a prison. The address to the readers is inscribed "to all casheerd captaines, or other their inferiour officers, heedlesse and headlesse young gentlemen, especially elder brothers, forsaken serving-men, roaring-boyes, broken-citizens, country-clients or any other of what art or fashion soeuer, that shall by chance, rather mischance, be vnresistably encountred, and so become tenants against their wils, within the territories of this ensuing Common-wealth, greeting and meeting, rather at an ordinary then here.— From the Compter in Wood street, 1616, Octob. 23. Yours in what he may, thus bestraited and distracted, William Fennor." The serjeants that tooke him into custody are thus described. "The one had a face ten times worse then those Jewes that are pictured in Arras-hangings

hangings whipping Christ, his blacke hair hung dangling about his eares like elfelockes, that I cannot be perswaded, but some Succubus begot him on a witch; his nose was precious, richly rubified, and shined brighter than any summer's snout in Lancashire. The other of these Pagans had a phisnomy much resembling the Sarazen's head without Newgate, and a mouth as wide vaulted as that without Bishopsgate: I was in a great doubt whether he were an Englishman or no, for I was certified a Dane begot him on a Switzer's wife: and to make him shew the more like himselfe, his ill fauoured visage was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that halfe a parish of children might easily haue playd at cherry-pit in his face."

The tract is divided into ten chapters. In the third Fennor is introduced to another ward, where he obtains an acquaintance that afterwards advises a publication of the secrets of the prison-house. The demand on his entrance and introduction to his new associates is thus given.

"Sir, are you a prisoner? Yea, sir, said I, fortune and the world haue beene my heavy aduersaries, who conspiring together haue concluded that I must lie heere while the Diuine prouidence doth break the adaman-tine bond of my dull and Saturnine mishaps. But sir, sayd he, haue you any money? If I haue none (sayd I) make no doubt but my supplies will come in to morrow, and then what is fit to be done, I wil se satisfied: nay (said he) I must not be procrastinated, prorogued or demurred withall, I must haue a garnish of you, a parcell of eightene pence, I will not spare you if you were my father; I beleued him, therefore gaue him

him faire words, desiring him to bee calmer, and the next money that I was blest withall, he should participate of: at this answer hee beganne to looke as scruily on me, as a whore on a constable, a begger on a beadle or whipping post, as a cheater on a justice; and began to rent out three or foure three-pild, huge Basilisco oaths, that would haue torne a Roring-boyes eares in a thousand shatters, telling mee, that the quality of my vsage should hee according to the quantity of my money: which I found true, for when it drew neere bed time, he brought mee to a priuy lodging (or indeede a lodging neighbouring nigh the priuy) for the chamber stinkes worse all the yeere long, then a jakes-farmers clothes doth at twelue a clocke at night. But dayes rosiate finger had no sooner boared out the eyes of night, but I got vp, and beganne in a solitary and sadde manner to mourne and pittie myselfe, being more amazed then those that dreamed they saw hell, and had felt the tortures thereof, or those that drunke of *Circe's* cups, and felt themselues turning monsters. Being thus drencht in a boundlesse sea of melancholly, for the space of a fortnight or three weekes together, I resolved to walke into the yard, to see if I could espie any of my friends that were in the master-side, purposing to spend the day away in discourse, but I walkt there an houre or more, and saw none but such as were as melancholly as my selfe; so I determined to walke vp againe; but by chance I turned my head aside, and saw the cellar doore standing open, gaping to swallow any prisoner that drew neere, so hoping to finde some of my old acquaintance there, I stept downe, and being no sooner descended, but I beheld a company of gentlemen, all prisoners, setting at a square table, making

making themselves exceeding merry with the musike the cans made, being as brimfull of beere, as mine heart was of melancholly, or theirs of mirth, some hauing their pipes neuer out of their mouthes, who puffed more smoake out of their noses, then euer came out of Cole-harbar chimneyes, or any brew-house in Saint Katherines: some againe singing as merrily, as if they had beene as free as the mountaine aire: I seeing them in these Bacchanall rages, faine would haue slipt by them, but one that sat at the vpper end of the table (hauing a can in one hand and a pipe in the other) desired me to approach and bee one of their society (protesting more kindnesse to me, then a Dutch-man will when he is drunke) so proffered me halfe a can; I tolde him I could not pledge him so much, but I would drinke a whole one in conceit; why quoth he, not drinke, Foot, man it is the soule of good Fellowship, the marrow of a poet's Minerua, it makes a man as valiant as Hercules, though he were as cowardly as a Frenchman when he is sober; besides I will prooue it necessary for a man to be drunke sometimes, for suppose you should kill a man when you are drunke, you should neuer be hanged for it while you are sober, therefore I thinke it is good for you to be alwaies drunk. Again, it is the kindest companion and friendliest sin of all the seauen, for whereas most sinnes leaue a man (by some accident) before his death, this trusty Trojan Drunkenness will neuer forsake him while the breath is out of his body; and lastly, a full bowle of sacke or claret, or a can of strong beere, will drownd all sorrowes: indeed sir, said I, whether it will drownd all sorrowes or no, I am not greatly experient in, but I am sure it will drownd our soules; yet sir, for your kindnesse I will bestow the curtesie of
the

the cellar vpon you, and so I called for halfe a dozen, and dranke a little to them all; another that was opposite against mee, askt me if I would drink tobacco, so proffered me the pipe, which I denied, telling him that I would not be conuersant with that Indian whore, that not only the lords and gentry of the land had committed adultery with, but also every tinker, cobbler and dray-man of the citty. Why, said he, it is an excellent purge for the head; true, sayd I, but it is a vilde purge for the purse, and that for mine owne part, I had rather have a peece of pudding of an inch long for mine owne eating, then twenty yards of pudding tobacco for my drinking: they seeing my fixt and sollid resolution, let me alone to haue myne owne humour as they had theirs; so that we sat exceeding merry without any melancholly fit, and at the last I began to giue them a touch of my quality; but after we began to bee more familiar together, he that first entertained me, whispered me in the eare, and tolde mee, if hee thought I would bee secret, hee would reueale that to me, which should not onely for euer gaine me a neuer-dying memory, but also would be an vnknownen profit to the Common-wealth; I promised him to be as secret as any surgeon: then hee called me aside from the rest of our company, and tolde me, if I would repaire to him in the morning, he would vnbowell the hugest bulke of villany, that euer was burthensome to the world, that hee would anatomise vice, and lay the vlcers and sores of this corrupted age, so apparent to the sight of this kingdom, that the most ospray, and owle-eyed spectator should not chuse but confesse, there neuer was a more necessary and commodious discouery reuealed. Why sir, sayd I, there

is

is a booke called Greene's Ghost haunts Cony-catchers; another called Legerdemaine, and the Blacke Dog of Newgate, but the most wittiest, elegantest and eloquentest peece (Master Dekkers, the true heire of Apollo composed) called the Bell-man of London, haue already set foorth the vices of the time so viuely, that it is vnpossible the anchor of any other man's braine can sounde the sea of a more deepe and dreadful mischeefe. These indeede, sayd he, haue done (especially the last) most exquisitely, both for their owne reputation, and their countreyes good, but I haue that lockt vp in the closet of my brest, that when it is opened and made apparent to you will amaze you. Therefore I admire that the fabricke of the earth is not continually shaken with earth-quakes, that the earth itselfe (as she is a mother to beare all kinde of fruit) doth not ingender all kinde of murthering and killing creatures, as harpies, cockatrices, wolues and hyenas to destroy those that are continually trampling on her teeming wombe; that the aire is not choaked with fogs, and that blacke pitchy mists doth not perpetually masque the face of heauen, and leaue the world in obscurity, putting vs in minde of our sinnes, a thousand times blacker then that eclipse; and lastly, that the sea is not turnd all to blood to put vs in minde of the cruelty and vnconscionable vsage of one man toward another, for there are vices in this sinne drownd age, that are able to pull the two edged sword of vengeance on our heads, and plucke fire from the forge of heauen, I admire that we haue not leane-faced famine, meager mortality, pale sicknesse, and grim-faced warre tyrannizing in this land, as once it did in Jerusalem, in the

time of Titus and Vespasian, when the glorious *sanctum sanctorum* was set on fire; when the fields were filled with slaughtered carcasses, and when the mother for want of food, was driven to kill her owne child, to quench her owne hunger."

J. H.

ART. VIII. *The displaying of supposed Witchcraft. Wherein it is affirmed that there are many sorts of deceivers and imposters, and divers persons under a passive delusion of melancholy and fancy. But that there is a corporeal league made betwixt the Devil and the Witch, or that he sucks on the Witches body, has carnal copulation, or that Witches are turned into cats, dogs, raise tempests, or the like, is utterly denied and disproved. Wherein also is handled, the existence of angels and spirits, the truth of apparitions, the nature of astral and sydereall spirits, the force of charms and philters; with other abstruse matters. By John Webster, Practitioner in Physick. Falsæ etenim opiniones hominum præoccupantes, non solum surdos, sed & cæcos faciunt, ita ut videre nequeant, quæ aliis perspicua apparent. Galen. Lib. 8. De Comp. Med. London: Printed by J. M. and are to be sold by the Booksellers in London. 1677. Fol. pp. 346.*

This work is dedicated to "his worshipful and honoured friends Thomas Parker of Brushholme, John Asheton of the Lower-Hall, William Drake of Barnoldswick coat, William Johnson of the Grays, Henry

Henry Marsdon of Gisborne, Esquires, and his Majesties Justices of Peace and Quorum in the West-Riding of Yorkshire." This is followed by a *Preface or Introduction*. In these the author states that he had for many years lived a solitary and sedentary life "mihi et Musis," excepting his physical practice which age and infirmities would not suffer him much to attend. And he affirms that he was induced to write upon this abstruse subject to counteract the effects of Dr. Casaubon's "Treatise proving spirits and witches," &c. (Dr. Dee's Conferences with Spirits) and Mr. Glanvil's "Sadducismus triumphatus, or a blow at moderna Sadducism," &c.

The work is written with much piety, learning, acuteness and strength of argument, and particularly examines all those passages of scripture which have been thought to countenance the vulgar idea of the power of witches and evil spirits. He inquires with especial minuteness into all the circumstances of the apparition of Samuel to Saul at Endor, and concludes, with strong appearance of reason, that there was no reality in the fancied vision; that the devil had nothing to do with it; and that the whole was an imposture of the supposed witch, "either alone or with a confederate," aided by the fears and superstition of the royal inquirer.

But Webster himself holds some opinions to which the philosophers of the present day will not be inclined to assent; though, in our own times, they seem to have been revived by the now exploded practice of *animal magnetism*. He asserts that "the force of imagination" accompanied with any strong passion "can at distance work upon another body;" and this

he says, “is strongly proved by this learned author” (Helmont). He quotes also another “learned, though less vulgarly known author,” (*Medicina Magnetica*, p. 14, &c.) to prove these three propositions; 1. “The soul is not only in its proper visible body, but also without it; neither is it circumscribed in an organical body. 2. The soul worketh without, or beyond its proper body commonly so called. 3. From every body flow corporeal beams, by which the soul worketh by its presence, and giveth them energie and power of working: and these beams are not only corporeal, but of divers parts also.” So in another place he quotes many authors to prove that “the whole soul doth go quite forth of the body and wander into far distant places, and there not only see what things are done, but also to act something for itself.” This last notion has been brought by some persons in order to explain the theory of dreams.

There is another curious and not generally known opinion expressed by Webster, though, says he, “it is neither new, nor wants authors of sufficient credit and learning to be its patrons.” This is the belief that man, instead of being composed only of body and soul, is to be divided in reality into *three parts*, body, soul, and spirit; in Greek ψυχη, πνευμα, Σωμα; in Latin, anima, spiritus, corpus; in Hebrew, Nephesh, ruah, niblah. He derives this opinion from very remote antiquity, but does not quote Homer for it, who is supposed to have alluded to this theory in the case of Hercules, whose body was in the grave, whose image or εἰδωλον, was in the regions of the departed, and whose soul was in heaven. (See note on Pope’s *Odyssey*, XI. 743.) But he strengthens his argument by much higher

higher authority, and quite conclusive if it be deemed applicable to the case in question; this is from the fifth chapter of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, v. 23. *I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless, &c.*; and it is remarkable that both Hammond and Whitby interpret this text in the sense in which our author understands it.

The sum of what Webster says upon this subject is as follows; and with which extract I shall conclude my account of this singularly ingenious and sensible work. “So that it is most evident that there are not only three essential and distinct parts in man, as the gross body, consisting of earth and water, which at death returns to the earth again; the sensitive and corporeal soul, or astral spirit, consisting of fire and air, that at death wandereth in the air, or near the body; * and the immortal and incorporeal soul that immediately returns to God who gave it: but also that after death they all three exist separately; the soul in immortality, and the body in the earth, though soon consuming; and the astral spirit that wanders in the air, and without doubt doth make these strange appositions, motions, and bleedings.”

P. M.

* “Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Ling’ring and sitting by a new made grave
As loth to leave the body that it lov’d.”

COMUS.

ART. IX. *Old Poetry.*

[From a MS. of the Fifteenth Century.]

The reconisaunce of all fleshely luste,
 In man, or woman, knowen by repentaunce,
 Who trowyng to be sauid, nedis they muste
 Satisfy to God thorough Chryst; deoyng pennunce
 Withoute shame or drede, ther no dissimilaunce;
 There syn to rebuke and their goostly enemy,
 Settyng them asyde and trust to Godds mercy.

Shoulde man hymself knowlege to God vtwardly;
 Ze the prince of a Reame will have reverence;
 Muche more almyghty God shulde have specially,
 Seith he thy maker, juge, and shall geve sentence;
 To eche creatur heven or helle parting hence;
 Som to ioy, som to sorowe, evirmore lastyng,
 Well is to them that make a parfyt endyng.

Who hath ben onys lyvyng toward amendyng,
 And shewyng themsylf, by wey of repentaunce,
 By prayer they knelyng trewly consentyng,
 To satisfy to God with dewe affyaunce;
 Who, contrary vsyng, settys not by blesaunce,
 Of plene remyssyon gevyn for his trespase,
 No knowlege to God, they shall cry, alas!

When Criest, Godd's son, suffird deth then y^e. time was,
 Soon aftir knowe, the redempconn of mann;
 Remembre y^t. kyndenes, see nowe what manace
 Of suche, except mercy, to hevyn nevir cann
 Come for lak of grace; myslyvyng muche was thann;
 More nowe vsid, y^t. pyte it is to hyere,
 Remembre y^e. dyuers plages which dooth nowe apere,

O, except

O, except grete mercy, mans sowle standes in fere,
 Syn so gretly vsed, with no correconn,
 Help blissid lady, pray to thy soon so dere
 That grace nowe may come thorough thy proteconn
 And that the will of mann may take suche affeconn;
 Repent and be sory for every mysdeede,
 And the reward of hevyn to have for their meede.

[*A Song with Lullaby. From Robert Parry's "Blacke Knight."*]

What fortune so fell doeth foster my fall,
 what heapes of grieve do grow:

The hope of my stay, is causer I say,
 to aggrauate my woe.

Sing lullabie lullie lullabie,
 Sing lulla, lull, lullie.

Lullabie, lullie to rest thee, sweete childe,
 with sleepe deere childe rest thee:

It doubles my paine, I still doe complaine,
 if thou be reft from me. Sing, &c.

Syth fate is so fell, we can not possesse,
 the soyle which vs did reare:

Haste Atropos, haste, my twist for to waste,
 to ende tormenting feare. Sing, &c.

Thy daunger, sweete infant, makes me to mone,
 and liuing thus, to die:

If so it be prest, from thy dying breast,
 my vitall breath shall flie. Sing, &c.

J. H.

ART. X. *The Ruminator. 'Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N^o LXIX.

Falsus honor juvat

Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem?

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

There are, I believe, few terms more commonly used, few sounds more generally captivating, than that of honour. From the moment when our infancy ceases, to that in which old age begins to creep upon us, it is the theme of every pen, the boast of every tongue. It is the schoolboy's assertion, the lover's vow, and the peer's judicial declaration. If it be falsified, the man is deemed worthy of no farther trust; nor is even the sacred obligation of an oath supposed to be capable of binding him whom honour cannot restrain. Honour necessarily includes in it the idea of the dazzling quality of courage; and this is probably the chief reason why the imputation of falsehood cannot be washed off but by blood. For falsehood is the very reverse of courage, and always implies cowardice; inasmuch as no man can deny a fact, or assert an untruth, but from natural fear, or from a still baser motive. Hence honour is the idol of the bold and truly brave; and even those who in reality possess it not, lay claim to it for the sake of the opinion of the world.

True honour, therefore, may be defined as a principle

ciple which exerts itself beyond mere duty, and supplies its real or supposed deficiencies; which binds where laws do not; and which extends its sacred influence to cases in which conscience does not interfere, and religion is supposed to be silent. But the honour in common use is of a more accommodating nature; and as every man so frames it as to suit with his own particular inclinations, it is perhaps the only subject on which all agree. The man of the world and the man of God; the bigot and the infidel; the soldier and the tradesman; the highwayman and the passenger whom he plunders; the prostitute and the woman of virtue; all sound alike the praises of honour, and profess to be governed by its dictates.

And so, Sir, they really are. It is no idle boast. They are all, except the truly religious man, subservient, according to their own views of it, to that vain phantom which they dignify with that splendid appellation; and which they mould into every form that may suit their various pursuits and fancies. Ask what is honour? The soldier will tell you it is bravery, and the prompt revenging every real or supposed injury; the tradesman, honesty in his dealings; the infidel, independence on the base principle of future rewards and punishments; the highwayman, fidelity towards his comrades; the prostitute, faith towards the man who is her present keeper;* the man of the world, courage sufficient to fight a duel. In him this is all that is required. Let him intrigue with the wife of

* I beg pardon; I mean, towards the gentleman under whose protection she lives.

Vide the late proceedings in the House of Commons.

his dearest friend, seduce his daughter, and ruin his fortune by the blackest arts of a gambler; if he will then give him satisfaction, and complete the whole by his murder, he is refused admittance into no society, he is caressed and admired by all; he may be called a little wild, and rather too free in his manners, but—he is a man of strict honour.

There is, however, a striking anecdote on record, which shews, that even soldiers do not always agree exactly in their notions of this fascinating quality. At the battle of the Boyne, General Hamilton was taken prisoner, and brought before William the Third. Now Hamilton, after having sworn allegiance to William, and received promotion from him, had deserted his service, and joined his old master, James the Second. When he was brought into William's presence, that monarch asked him, if he thought the Irish would rally and make another charge? "Upon my honour, Sir," said Hamilton, "I believe they will." "Your honour, Sir, *your* honour," was the king's emphatical reply; and the only notice he condescended to take of his treachery.

Surely then this far-famed principle of action is extolled beyond its deserts. Surely so capricious a motive, so uncertain in its effects, and so varying in its application, cannot be of general utility, or extensively beneficial to society. It reminds me of the Clown's "O Lord, Sir," in Shakespeare; an answer to every question, a cap for every head. Arrived at that thinking and examining time of life, when I am hastily falling "into the sere and yellow leaf," I am no longer "dazzled with the whistling of a name," but rather inclined to inquire into pretensions which seem

so doubtful, and bring them to the certain test of *sincerity, soberness, and truth.*

If then it be true, that the opinions of men upon this subject differ so materially, and that each person finds that conduct honourable which is agreeable either to his interest, or his usual habits of thinking and acting, surely it will not be easy always to discriminate between true and false honour, unless we can discover an unerring standard by which to try them. Happily for the world there is a standard always at hand, and which will never deceive us—*To the law and to the testimony.* The passions may mislead, self-interest bias, judgment deceive, and men, even good men, differ very materially from each other. But there is a rule certain, unvarying, plain, and applicable to every case. It came from heaven. No appeal can lie from its decisions; no authority be pleaded against its dictates. There is no action or principle of human life, to which the precepts of the Christian religion cannot be applied. Since the blessings of that light has been given to the world, honour, in its common acceptance, is at best useless; a *nomen inane*, a *brutum fulmen*. But it is too often perverted to purposes positively bad; and this may always be known, if the action to which it is applied be tried by the rules of the Gospel. These are the true spear of Ithuriel, touched by which, all vanity, falsehood, and folly, appears in its true light. If this be the true test, I find that a man of honour may embitter my happiness in this life, and deprive me of the hopes of a better; may poison my domestic enjoyments, ruin my fortune, and at last murder myself; and that a man who acts upon Christian principles

principles can do me nothing but good here, and lead me to nothing but good hereafter.

P. M.

N^o LXX.

On the Translations of Homer, by Pope and Cowper.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

There are perhaps few persons who either have, or think they have, any talents for poetry, or any ear for verse, who have not made some attempts at translation. It seems to be the natural commencement of the versifier's (for I will not say the poet's) career. The plan, the thoughts, the action, even the epithets are ready made; and his greatest difficulty seems to be, to render them faithfully, and to clothe them in elegant and appropriate language. Yet in reality it will be found no light and easy task; and if the numerous translations from the best poets which have appeared in our own language are critically examined, no one, I believe, can be found so perfect as not to be liable to powerful, and even unanswerable objections.

No person can be a judge of the merit of a translation who has not a competent knowledge of the original language. Upon this principle I assume as a *datum*, that every version which does not keep as close as the vernacular tongue will admit, to the manners, the customs, and the pronunciation of proper names

names of the original, is so far faulty and imperfect, however flowing may be its verse, however elegant its language. For although the mere English reader may approve, considering such a work abstractedly upon its own merits, a scholar must be shocked and disgusted by such palpable absurdities.

I was led into these reflections by reading lately some parts of that admirable poem, the Iliad of Pope, concerning which I agree with Johnson, that "it is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen." Yet surely even a school-boy cannot read it without perceiving, from its deficiencies, redundancies, and in some instances, false quantities, that Pope was no scholar. Something, no doubt, may and ought to be allowed by way of poetic licence; but surely in a work so copious in notes, no alteration of, or deviation from, the original, ought to have been passed over without an apology.

An inexcusable example, for instance, either of carelessness or freedom, occurs in the offering of the heir of Achilles on the funeral pile of Patroclus, which had been devoted to the river Sperchius. The name of the river-god twice occurs in the same place, and each time the translator makes the second syllable of it *short*; contrary, not only to the authority of his original, and of every other ancient poet, but also to himself in another place. In the xvth book, l. 212, he says properly,

"Divine Sperchius! Jove descended flood!"

And yet ventures to assert the same word in book xxiii. v. 175, and 178 differently,

"And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood,
Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost."

And

And without deigning to notice it, although there is a pretty long note upon the first of these lines.

The learned and truly classical translator of the Greek tragedians, Potter, has not fallen into the same fault. In his version of Sophocles's *Philoctetes* he renders the line in which this river is mentioned,

“ And to Sperchius, beauteous-rolling stream.”

But to my great surprise on consulting Cowper, who was certainly a much better scholar than Pope, he has committed the same error, and writes, without any note or acknowledgment,

“ Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,
Sperchius! in vain, Peleus, my father vow'd.”

Concerning the true pronounciation of the word no doubt can exist; it is spelt in Greek with a diphthong, ΣΠΕΡΧΕΙΟΣ; and it is found in four places in Homer, in two in Statius, in Sophocles, in Virgil, in Ovid, and in Lucan, with the middle syllable uniformly long.

With respect to Pope's deficiencies and redundancies in his celebrated translation, they are both sufficiently obvious to those who have compared it with the original; but I am tempted to produce one curious instance in which both occur at the same time. In the twenty-first book of the *Iliad*, after relating the battle of the gods in the plains of Troy, (perhaps the weakest passage in the whole of that noble poem) Diana is represented as making her complaints to Jupiter, who inquires who has so ill treated her. She replies, v. 512 and 513.

Σὴ μ' ἀλοχος στυφελίζε, πατέρ, λευκωλένος Ἡρῆ,
Ἐξ ἧς ἀθανάτοισιν ἐρίς καὶ γεικός ἐφηπῆται.

That is, literally; “ Thy wife, O father, has ill-used
me,

me, the white arm'd Juno, from whom strife and contention arise among the immortals." This plain answer is rendered by Pope,

"Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse;
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows."

Now these lines are obviously *deficient* in not saying one word of the character of Juno, who is pointed out in the original as the cause of all these disputes; and they are *redundant* in using the word *abashed*, and in the whole of the second line, of which not one word or syllable, nor even the slightest allusion * to the thought, is to be found in Homer. And it is a singular instance of bad taste to put a *conchetto* into the mouth of the venerable Grecian, which would be a prettiness scarcely endurable in a modern Italian sonnet. Yet with all its faults, Pope's translation will be read and admired while its rivals either repose in quiet on their shelves, or jog on *in vicum vendentem thus et odores*. P. M.

Nº LXXI.

Latin Translation of Gray's Elegy.

The following Latin translation of GRAY'S ELEGY; being printed in the form of a fugitive pamphlet, and the name of the translator being unknown to me

* If the epithet applied to Diana in the preceding line, *ευστεφανος*, be supposed to allude at all to her crescent, it must be in a sense precisely opposite to that which Pope has given it, and to point out its beauty, and not its fading.

(the

(the title page in which perhaps the name appeared being lost) my classical readers will not be displeased to have it here preserved.

“ Ad Poetam.

“ Nos quoque per tumulos, et amica Silentia dulcis
 Raptat Amor ; Tecum liceat, Divine Poeta,
 Ire simul, tacitâque lyram pulsare sub umbrâ.
 Non tua securos fastidit Musa Penates,
 Non humiles habitare casas, et sordida Rura ;
 Quamvis radere iter liquidum super ardua Cœli
 Cœrula, Pindaricâ non expallescere Alâ.
 Quod si Te Latiae numeros audire Camœnæ
 Non piget, et nostro vacat indulgere labori ;
 Fortè erit, ut vitreas recubans Anienas ad undas,
 Te doceat resonare nemus, Te flumina, Pastor,
 Et tua cœruleâ discet Tiberinus in Urnâ
 Carmina, cum tumulos præterlabetur agrestes.
 Et cum pallentes inter numeraberis Umbras,
 Cum neque Te vocale melos, neque murmura fontis
 Castalii, citharæve sonus, quam strinxit Apollo,
 Ex humili ulterius poterint revocare cubili ;
 Quamvis nulla tuum decorent Insignia Bustum,
 At pia Musa super, nostræ nihil indiga Laudis,
 Perpetuas aget excubias, lacrymâque perenni
 Nutriet ambrosios in odoro Cespite flores.”

“ Elegia, &c.

“ Audin’ ut occiduæ signum Campana Diei
 Vespertina sonet ! flectunt se tarda per agros
 Mugitusque armenta cient, vestigia Arator
 Fessa domum trahit, et solus sub nocte reliquor.

Nunc

Nunc rerum species evanida cedit, et omnis
 Aura silet, nisi quàm pigro Scarabæus in orbes
 Murmure se volvat, nisi tintinnabula longè
 Dent sonitum, faciles pecorì suadentia somnos;

Aut nisi sola sedens hederoso in culmine Turris
 Ad Lunam effundat lugubres Noctua cantus,
 Visa queri, propter secretos fortè recessus
 Si quis eat, turbetque antiqua et inhospita Regna.

Hic subterque rudes ulmos, Taxique sub umbrâ
 Quàm super ingestus crebro tumet aggere Cespes,
 Æternùm posuere angusto in Carcere duri
 Villarum Patres, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Non vox Auroræ croceos spirantis odores,
 Non quæ stramineo de tegmine stridit Hirundo,
 Non Galli tuba clara, neque hos resonabile Cornu,
 Ex humili ulteriùs poterunt revocare cubili:

Non illis splendente foco renovabitur ignis,
 Sedula nec curas urgebit vespere Conjux;
 Non Patris ad reditum tenero balbubtiet ore
 Certatimve amplexa genu petet Oscula Proles.

Illis sæpe seges maturâ cessit Aristâ
 Illi sæpe graves fregerunt vomere glebas;
 Ah! quoties læti sub plaustra egere Juvenços!
 Ah! quoties duro nemora ingemuere sub ictu!

Nec vitam utilibus quæ incumbit provida curis,
 Nec sortem ignotam, securaque gaudia Ruris
 Rideat Ambitio, tumidove Superbia fastu
 Annales Inopum quoscunque audire recuset.

Sceptri grande decus, generosæ stirpis honores,
 Quicquid opes, aut forma dedit, commune sepulchrum
 Opprimit, et leti non evitabilis hora.
 Ducit Laudis iter tantùm ad nonfinia Mortis.

Parcite sic tellure sitis (ita fata volebant)
 Si nulla in memori surgant Insignia Busto,
 Quà longos per Templi aditus, laqueataque tecta,
 Divinas iterare solent gravia Organa Laudes.

Inscriptæne valent Urnæ, spirantiaque æra,
 Ad sedes fugientem animam revocare relictas?
 Dicite, sollicitet cineres si fama repostos?
 Gloria si gelidas Fatorum mulceat Aures?

Quis scit, an hîc Animus neglectâ in sede quiescat
 Qui prius incaluit cœlestis semine flammæ?
 Quis scit, an hîc sceptri Manus haud indigna recumbat,
 Quæve lyræ poterat magicum inspirâsse furorem?

Annales sed nulla suos His Musa reclusit,
 Dives opum variarum, et longo fertilis ævo:
 Pauperies angusta sacros compescuit ignes,
 Et vivos animi glaciavit frigore cursus.

Sæpe coruscantes puro fulgore sub antris
 Abdidit Oceanus, cæcoque in gurgite gemmas;
 Neglectus sæpe, in solis qui nascitur agris,
 Flos rubet, inque auras frustra disperdit Odorem.

Hîc aliquis fortè Hamdenus, qui pectore firmo
 Obstitit Imperio parvi in sua rura Tyranni,
 Miltonus tumulo rudis atque inglorius illo
 Dormiat, aut patrii Cronivellus sanguinis insons.

Eloquio attenti moderarier ora Senatûs,
 Exitium sævique minas ridere doloris,
 Per patriam largos Fortunæ divitis imbres
 Spargere, et in læto populi se agnoscere vultu,

Hos sua sors vetuit; tenuique in Limite clausit
 Virtutes, scelerisque simul compescuit ortum;
 Ad solium cursus per cædem urgere cruentos,
 Atque tuas vetuit, Clementia, claudere portas,

Conatus

Conatus premere occultos, quos conscia Veri
Mens fovet, ingenuique extinguere signa pudoris,
Luxuriæque focos cumulare, Ædemque superbam,
Thure, quod in sacris Musarum adoleverat aris.

Insanæ procul amotis certamine turbæ
Sobria non illis didicerunt Vota vagari;
Securum vitæ per iter, vallemque reductam,
Servabant placidum, cursu fallente, tenorem.

His tamen incautus tumulis ne fortè Viator
Insultet, videas circum monimenta caduca,
Quà numeris incompositis, rudibusque figuris
Ossa tegit lapis, et suspiria poscit euntem.

Pro mæstis Elegis, culto pro carmine, scribit
Quicquid musa potest incondita, Nomen et Annos:
Multaque queis animum moriens soletur Agrestis,
Dogmata dispergit sacraï Scripturæ.

Sollicitæ quis enim, quis amatæ dulcia Vitæ
Tædia, sustinuit mutare silentibus umbris;
Deseruitve almæ confinia læta diei,
Nec desiderio cunctantia Lumina flexit?

Projicit in gremium sese moriturus amicum,
Deficiensque oculus lacrymas, pia munera, poscit;
Quinetiam fida ex ipso Natura Sepulchro
Exclamat, solitoque relucet igne favillæ.

At te, cui curæ tumulo sine honore jacentes,
Incomptoque memor qui pingis agrestia versu;
Si quis erit, tua qui cognato pectore quondam
Fata roget, solâ secum meditatus in umbrâ,

Fortè aliquis memoret, canus jam Tempora Pastor,
“ Illum sæpe novo sub Lucis vidimus ortu
“ Verrentem propero matutinos pede Rores,
“ Nascenti super arva jugosa occurrere Soli.

- " Illic antiquas ubi torquet devia fagus
 " Radices per humum, patulo sub tegmine, lassus
 " Solibus æstivis, se effundere sæpe solebat,
 " Lumina fixa tenens, rivumque notare loquacem.
 " Sæpe istam assuetus prope sylvam errare, superbum
 " Ridens nescio quid; nunc multa abnormia volvens,
 " Aut desperanti similis nunc pallidus ibat,
 " Ut curâ insanus, misero ve agitatus Amore.
 " Mane erat, et solito non illum in colle videbam,
 " Non illum in campo, notâ nec in arboris umbrâ:
 " Jamque nova est exorta Dies; neque flumina propter,
 " Nec propter sylvam, aut arvis erat ille jugosis.
 " Adveniente aliâ, portatum hunc ordine mœsto
 " Vidimus, et tristes quâ semita ducit ad Ædem
 " Rite ire Exequias; ades huc, et perlege Carmen
 " (Nam potes,) inscriptum lapidi sub vepre vetustâ."

" Epitaphium.

- " Nec famæ, neque notus, hîc quiescit,
 Fortunæ Juvenis, super silenti
 Telluris gremio caput reponens.
 Non cunas humiles, Laremque parvum
 Contempsit pia Musa; flebilisque
 Jussit Melpomene suum vocari.
 Huic largum fuit, integrumque pectus,
 Et largum tulit a Deo favorem:
 Solum quod potuit dare, indigenti
 Indulsit lacrymam; Deusque Amicum,
 Quod solum petiit, dedit roganti.
 Virtutes fuge curiosus ultra
 Scrutari; fuge sedibus tremendis
 Culpas eruere, in Patris Deique
 Illic mente sacrâ simul repostæ
 Inter spemque metumque conquescent."

Bishop

*Bishop Warburton's Characters of the Historians of
the Civil Wars.*

I cannot fill this paper better, or more to the purpose of my present work, than by extracting the following very interesting literary notices from Bishop Warburton's correspondence with Bishop Hurd, lately published.

“ In studying this period,” (the Civil Wars of the Sixteenth Century) “ the most important, the most wonderful in all history, I suppose you will make Lord Clarendon's incomparable performance your ground-work. I think it will be understood to advantage, by reading as an introduction to it, *Rapin's* Reign of James I. and the first fourteen years of Charles I.

“ After this will follow *Whitlock's Memoirs*.^{*} It is only a journal or diary, very ample and full of important matters. The writer was learned in his own profession; thought largely in religion by means of his friendship with Selden: for the rest, he is vain and pedantic, and on the whole, a little genius.

“ *Ludlow's Memoirs*;† as to its composition, is
below

^{*} First published 1682; and again with many additions; and a better index, 1732. Bulstrode Whitelocke, son of Sir James Whitelocke, a judge of the Common Pleas, who died 1632, was born 1605; was educated to the law; and was one of Cromwell's Lords, 1657. He died at Chilton, Wilts, 1676.

† Printed at Vevay, in the canton of Berne, 1698, 2 vols. 8vo. and a

below criticism: as to the matter, curious enough. With what spirit written, you may judge by his character, which was that of a furious, mad, but I think, apparently honest republican, and independent.

“*May's History of the Parliament** is a just composition, according to the rules of history. It is written with much judgment, penetration, manliness, and spirit, and with a candour, that will greatly increase your esteem, when you understand, that he wrote by order of his masters, the Parliament. It breaks off (much to the loss of the history of that time) just when their armies were new modelled by the self-denying ordinance: this loss was attempted to be supplied by

“*Sprigge's History of Fairfax's Exploits*,†—non passibus æquis. He was chaplain to the general, is not altogether devoid of *May's* candour, though he has little of his spirit. *Walker* says it was written by the famous Col. Fienes, though under *Sprigge's* name. It is altogether a military history, as the following one of *Walker*, called *The History of Independency*,‡ is a civil one; or rather of the nature of a political pamphlet against the Independents. It is

3d vol. with a collection of original papers, 1699, 8vo. Edmund Ludlow was born 1620; educated to the law; and died at Vevay in Switzerland, 1693, ætat. 72.

* 1647, Fol. Thomas May, well known as a poet, has been already noticed in this work.

† *Anglia Rediviva*; England's Recovery, &c. 1647. Fol. Sprigge was born 1618; married about 1674, the widow of James Fienes, Viscount Say and Sele, daughter of Edward, Viscount Wimbledon, and died 1684. *Wood's Ath.* II. 761.

‡ See Cens. Lit. III. 241.

full

full of curious anecdotes; though written with much fury, by a wrathful Presbyterian member, who was cast out of the saddle with the rest by the Independents.

“ *Milton* was even with him in the fine and severe character he draws of the Presbyterian Administration, which you will find in the beginning of one of his books of the *History of England*, in the late uncastrated editions. In the course of the study of these writers, you will have perpetual occasion to verify or refute what they deliver, by turning over the authentic pieces in *Nalson's*, and especially *Rushworth's* voluminous collections, which are vastly curious and valuable.

“ The *Eleuchus Motuum* * of *Bates*, and *Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs* † may be worth reading. Nor must that strange thing of *Hobbes* be forgot, called *The History of the Civil Wars*: it is in dialogue, and full of paradoxes, like all his other writings. More philosophical, political,—or any thing rather than historical; yet full of shrewd observations. When you have digested the history of this period, you will find in *Thurloe's* ‡ large collection § many letters, which will let you thoroughly into the genius of those times and manners.”

* Paris, 1649; Franc. ad. Mæn. 1650, 4to. George Bate the author was a physician, born 1606, died 1669. *Wood's Ath.* II. 422.

† See Cens. Lit. III. 245.

‡ In the mind of the learned bishop, as is frequently the case with men of warm fancies, objects sometimes shift their hues. In a letter a few weeks before he had said, “there is little or nothing in that enormous collection of *Thurloe* worth notice,” p. 146.

§ Published by Dr. Birch in 7 vols. Fol. John *Thurloe* was secretary of state to the Cromwells. He was born 1616, and died 1668, aged 51.

A letter, a few years afterwards on the publication of Lord *Clarendon's Continuation, or Life*, the Bishop says, "It is full of a thousand curious anecdotes, and fully answers my expectations, as much as *Butler's Remains* fell short of it. I was tired to death, before I got to the end of his characters, whereas I wished the history ten times longer than it is. Walpole in reading the former part of this will blush, if he has any sense of shame, for his abuse of Lord Falkland.

"Mr. Gray has certainly true taste. I should have read *Hudibras* with as much indifference, perhaps, as he did, was it not for my fondness of the transactions of those times, against which it is a satire. Besides, it induced me to think the author of a much higher class, than his *Remains* shew him to have been. And I can now readily think the comedies he wrote were as excusable, as the satirists of that age make them to be!"

Again—"What made the *Continuation of the History* not afford you all the entertainment which perhaps you expected, was not, I persuade myself, (when you think again) the subject, but the execution. Do not you read Tacitus, who had the worst, with the same pleasure as Livy, who had the best subject? The truth is, in one circumstance, (and but in one) but that a capital, the *Continuation* is not equal to the *History of the Rebellion*; and that is in the composition of the characters. There is not the same terseness, the same elegance, the same sublime and master-touches in these, which make those superior to every thing of their kind.

"But

“ But with all the defects of this posthumous work, I read it with a pleasure surpassed by nothing but my disgust to the posthumous works of Butler. Whence could this difference arise in these works of sheer wit and sheer wisdom? I suppose from this, that sheer wit, being indeed folly, is opposite to sheer wisdom.”

Dr. Hurd makes the following remarks in answer. “ The composition of the characters in Lord Clarendon’s *Continuation* is, as you truly observe, its chief fault: of which the following, I suppose, may be the reason. Besides that business and age, and misfortunes, had perhaps sunk his spirits, the *Continuation* is not so properly the history of the first six years of Charles the Second, as an anxious apology for the share himself had in the administration. This has hurt the composition in several respects. Amongst others, he could not with decency allow his pen that scope in his delineation of the chief characters of the court, who were all his personal enemies, as he had done in that of the enemies to the King and Monarchy in the Grand Rebellion. The endeavour to keep up a shew of candour, and especially to prevent the appearance of a rancorous resentment, has deadened his colouring very much, besides that it made him sparing in the use of it. Else, his inimitable pencil had attempted, at least to do justice to Bennet, to Berkeley, to Coventry, to the nightly cabal of facetious memory, to the Lady, and if his excessive loyalty had not intervened, to his infamous master himself. That there was somewhat of this in the case, seems clear from some passages where he was not so restrained; such, for instance, as the additional touches to Falkland’s and Southampton’s

Southampton's characters. With all this, I am apt to think there may still be something in what I said of the nature of the subject. Exquisite virtue and enormous vice afford a fine field for the historian's genius. And hence Livy and Tacitus are, in their way, perhaps equally entertaining. But the little intrigues of a selfish court, *about carrying or defeating this or that measure, about displacing this, and bringing in that minister*, which interest nobody very much but the parties concerned, can hardly be made very striking by any abilities of the relator. If Cardinal de Retz has succeeded, his scene was busier, and of another nature from that of Lord Clarendon. But however this be, and when all abatements are made, one finds the same gracious facility of expression; above all, one observes the same love of virtue and dignity of sentiment, which ennobled the *History of the Rebellion*. And if *this* raises one's ideas, most, of the *writer*, the *Continuation* supports and confirms all that one was led to conceive of the *man and the minister*.

ERRATA.

The candid reader is requested to correct the following material errata, which utterly destroy the sense. They arose from want of time to send the latter sheets for the Editor's correction.

ERRATA IN LAST NUMBER.

Page 218. for *parva* read *furva*—p. 219. for *ipse* r. *ipsa*—for *idalis* r. *Idalis*—for *ingrait* r. *ingruit*—for *doler* r. *dolor*—for *retaris* r. *utaris*—for *Arctos* r. *Arctoo*—last line but two, after *tam* insert *multos*—p. 220. for *tontos* r. *tantos*.

ART. XI. *Literary Obituary.*

Lately, at West Camel, Somersetshire, John White Parsons, Esq. many years an active member of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society.

Jan.

Jan. 22. At his house at Kennington, Surrey, æt. 73. Dr. John Andrews, well known in the literary world. "By his death the nation is deprived of an able historian, a profound scholar, and politician; and a man ever ready to take up his pen in his country's cause." The following were some of his publications: 1. *The Scripture Doctrine of Grace*, 1768. 2. *History of the Revolutions of Denmark*, 2 vols, 1774. 3. *Letters to the Count de Welderen*, 1781. 4. Two additional Letters, 1781. 5. *On the Manners, Taste, and Amusements of the two last Centuries in England*, 1782. 6. *On Republican Principles, &c.* 1783. 7. *On the principal Duties of Social Life*. 8. *Remarks on the French and English Ladies*, 1783. 9. *Letters to a Young Gentleman on his setting out for France*, 1784. 10. *History of the War with America, France, Spain, and Holland*, 4 vols, 1775-1786. 11. *Defence of the Stadholdership*, 1787.

Jan. 28, in Upper Tichfield Street, Marybone, aged 80, the Rev. Charles Powlett, formerly rector of Itchin, near Winchester; and of St. Martin's, near Looe, in Cornwall. He was eldest son of Charles, third duke of Bolton, by his second duchess (the celebrated Polly Peachum), but born before the marriage (as were all her children). He was a man of very lively parts; a good scholar; and author of many excellent hunting songs, well known in the Hampshire hunts.

Feb. 3, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, Laurence Dundas Campbell, Esq. editor of the *Asiatic Annual Register*; and author of several publications on East India affairs.

Feb. 5, at Segrave, co. Leic. æt. 47, the Rev. Robert Acklom Ingram, rector of that parish, in the patronage of Queen's College, Cambridge, of which he was Fellow; and where he distinguished himself by his mathematical attainments, having obtained the rank of Senior Wrangler of his year, 1784. His last publication was, *On the Causes of the Increase of Methodism and Dissention*. He was a man of uncommon

uncommon clearness of understanding, and strength of reasoning powers. Some unfortunate occurrences at college clouded his early prospects of life; and probably embittered the remainder of his days.

Feb. 20. at Enfield, æt. 74, Richard Gough, Esq. well known for his great skill in British Topography; of which he published *Anecdotes*, in one vol. 4to. 1768; and a new edition, in 2 vols, 4to, 1780. He edited also a new edition of Camden, 1789, in 3 vols, folio; and published other antiquarian tracts. He married Miss Hall; but left no issue. He was son of captain Harry Gough, an East India captain; and grandson of Sir Henry Gough, of Perry-Hall, in Staffordshire, knt. He was educated at Bene't College, Cambridge. His topographical library was supposed to be the richest in England.

Feb. 27. French Lawrence, LL.D. of Doctors Commons; a celebrated civilian, M. P. for Peterborough. He was a Wykehamist; and afterwards a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; where he was distinguished for his genius and his eccentricities. Thence he came to London, and soon became known among the wits of opposition; and had the whole conduct, and a share in the composition of the celebrated poem called *THE ROLLIAD*. He afterwards gradually obtained the confidence of Burke, who employed him in arranging the papers and documents for Hastings's impeachment; and finally became one of the executors, and editor of the works of that great man. He also about that time worked himself into great practice at Doctors Commons; and to a seat in parliament through the influence of Earl Fitzwilliam. He was author of many sonnets and small poems, scattered about in the *Poetical Register*, and other collections; and had a hand in some late volumes of Rivington's Annual Register. His brother, Dr. Richard Lawrence, published an excellent volume of Bampton Lectures; and is now rector of Mersham, near Ashford, Kent.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

IT is with a mingled sensation of regret and satisfaction, that the Editor feels it necessary to announce, that this Work at length approaches to a close. The next Number, which finishes the *Tenth Volume*, will conclude the CENSURA LITERARIA.

Many reasons have concurred to produce this determination. Some are of a private nature, and not proper to trouble the public with. But there are others, which are not liable to the same objection. For a work, which it is hoped may be of permanent interest, ten volumes are deemed sufficiently numerous. A further extent might render them too cumbersome, and too expensive for circulation. The fire, also, in November, 1807, which destroyed all the unsold Numbers, by taking from those who have been willing
to

to become new purchasers, the hope of completing their sets, has operated as a material objection to the continuance of the present Series.

In carrying on this work for more than four years, among many other pressing avocations of a literary as well as of a domestic nature, it may be supposed that the Editor has frequently experienced the effects of want of time, fatigue, listlessness, and disgust. Indeed, had not his good fortune, at the moment when much of the aid of his excellent friend, Mr. PARK, was taken from him by laborious occupations of his own, thrown in his way another zealous friend, whose indefatigable researches, added to peculiar opportunity, have given its best value to the latter part of these volumes, it is probable that he would not have been able to carry them, with any fair success, to their present length. But in Mr. HASLEWOOD he has found a coadjutor, of whose singularly curious communications every really intelligent Bibliographer must perceive the high value.

The experience of this co-operation, and a due estimate of its use, keep alive in the Editor the ambition of still adding to the stores of knowledge in this department of literature; an ambition which some of
his

his friends may perhaps consider a species of Quixotism. It is true, that he has already on his hands intellectual employment enough to fill any moderate desires; and a few dear friends, who are willing to entertain a more flattering opinion of him than he can presume to indulge, tell him that he is wasting the precious hours which ought to be occupied in original composition. If this be true, and if he choose a course more useful than splendid, he may claim, at least, the merit of a generous sacrifice.

It can hardly be supposed that he is less qualified for carrying on a work of Bibliography than when he began this undertaking. He might have taken the motto, *DOCENDO DISCO*. In this state of mind, he has been induced to form the scheme of another periodical work of similar materials.

This work will be entitled *THE OLD ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHER*. It will be published in *Quarterly Numbers*, at the price of Five Shillings; and in some particulars will vary from the present plan. Every Number will contain either an Engraving, or a Woodcut; principally portraits, copied from scarce prints, or (where they can be obtained), from original pictures.

tures. There will also be appended to every Number a reprint of a portion of some of our most scarce and curious ancient tracts, particularly poetical, so as to form within the compass of a few numbers, complete new Editions of those works. The Biography also of our old Poets, will form main articles of this Publication.

It is at present intended, that the first Number of this work shall appear on the first Day of July next. And as it is probable that only a small impression will be taken, it will be advisable for the purchasers of the CENSURA, and others, who are desirous to obtain the OLD ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHER, to transmit their names as soon as possible (by letter, post-paid), to Mr. TRIPHOOK, Bookseller, St. James's Street. A more full Prospectus will hereafter be given.

Mar. 28th, 1809.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XL.

[Being Number XXVIII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candle-light,* and the helpe of a New Cryer called O per se O. Being an addition to the Belman's second Night-walke: and a laying open to the world of those Abuses, which the Belman (because he went i' th' darke) could not see. With Canting Songs neuer before printed. London: Printed by John Busby, & are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleetstrete, 1616. 4to. 60 leaves.*

BEYOND the history of kings, statesmen, with other elevated characters, and the traveller's picture of foreign nations, a vacuum remains in depicting the whole community from the want of the annals and manners of little knaves. Some portion of domestic information may be gleaned from the Villanies discovered, or such works as the life of Bampfylde Moore Carew; the Blackguardiana; Scoundrel's Dictionary,

* In "the cries of Rome," *als* London, a song in the later editions of Heywood's "Rape of Lvrece;" is

"Lanthorne and Candle light here,
Maid, a light here.

Thus go the cries," &c.

and too faithful records of the Tyburn Chronicle. These works, while it remains a truism, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives," curiosity will continue to appreciate at an high and incredible value. This popularity arises from the local nature of the slang-phrase or canting dialect used by petty thieves, of which the latest publication from Shoe-lane is always in newest fashion. The most finished character of this description, who has imbibed it from infancy, as when

"On Newgate steps Jack Chance was found,
And brought up near Saint Giles's pound,
And brought up there by Billingsgate Nan;"

if taken immediately from his instructress to a forced penitentiary seclusion of only six months, would find, on revisiting his old haunts, that the dialect had been new modelled and the night-house seminary the only prospect of recovering the character of an adept in his native tongue. Well were it if this cramp gibberish rested only in the mouths of such lawless varlets.*

The *Villanies Discovered* was written by Thomas Decker. At the back of the title some lines as the Belman's cry; a short address to the reader succeeds with table of contents; and the work is divided into seventeen chapters, which forms an amusing description of the various nests of swindlers of that period. Some are known for gull groping, ferretting, hawking, jacks of the clock-house, rank-riders, moon-men, jynglers, &c. &c. Under the class of hawking is explained the trick of false dedications.

* In a club of turf celebrity, which flourished in the metropolis a few years since, an attempt was made to establish this high polished synonymy.

"Fawlconers.

“ Fawlceners. Of a new kinde of Hawking, teaching how to catch Birds by Bookes.

“ Hvnting and hawking are of a kin, and therefore it is fit they should keepe company together: both of them are noble games, and recreations, honest and healthfull; yet they may bee so abused that nothing can bee more hurtfull. In hunting, the game is commonly still before you, or i'th hearing, and within a little compasse. In hawking, the game flies farre off, and oftentimes out of sight: a couple of rookes therefore (that were birds of the last feather) conspired together to leaue their nest in the citie, and to flutter abroad, into the countrie: upon two leane hackeneies, were these two doctor doddipols horst, ciuilly suited, that they might cary about them some badge of a scholler.

“ The diuel's rank-rider that came from the last city hunting, vnderstanding that two such light-horsemen were gone a hawking, posts after, and ouertakes them. After some ordinary high-way talke, hee begins to question of what profession they were? One of them smiling scornfully in his face, as thinking him to be some gul (and indeed such fellowes take all men for guls, who they thinke to bee beneath them in qualitie) told him they were falconers. But the foxe that followed them, seeing no properties (belonging to a falconer) about them, smelt knauerie, took them for a paire of mad rascals, and therefore resolved to see at what these falconers would let flie.

“ How to cast up the Lure.

“ At last on a suddaine, sayes one of them to him, sir, we have sprung a partridge, and so fare you well:

which words came stammering out with the haste that they made, for presently the two foragers of the countrie were vpon the spur: Plutoe's post seeing this, stood still to watch them, and at length saw them in maine gallop make toward a goodly fayre place, where either some knight, or some great gentleman kept; and this goodly house belike was the partridge which those falconers had sprung. Hee being loth to loose his share in this hawking, and hauing power to transforme himselfe as he listed, came thither as soone as they, but beheld all (which they did) inuisible. They both, like two knights errant, alighted at the gate, knocked, and were let in: the one walkes the hackneyes, in an outward court, as if he had beene but squire to Sir Dagonet. The other (as boldly as S. George, when he dar'd the dragon at this very den) marched vndauntedly vp to the hall, where looking ouer those poore creatures of the house, that weare but the bare blew-coats (for *Aquila non capit Muscas*) what should a falconer meddle with flies? he onely salutes him that in his eye seemes to be a gentleman-like fellow: of him he askes for his good knight, or so, and sayes that he is a gentleman come from London on a businesse, which he must deliuer to his owne worshipfull eare. Up the staires does braue mount Dragon ascend; the knight and he encounter, and with this staffe does hee valiantly charge vpon him.

“ How the Bird is caught.

“ Sir, I am a poore scholler, and the report of your vertues hath drawne me hither, venturously bold to fix your worthy name as a patronage to a poore short discourse, which here I dedicate (out of my loue) to your
noble

noble and eternall memory: this speech he vtters barely.

“ The hawking pamphleter is then bid to put on, whilst his *Miscellane Mæcenæ*, opens a booke fayrely appareld in vellom, with gilt-fillets, and foure-penny silke ribbon at least, like little streamers on the top of a march-pane castle, hanging dangling by at the foure corners: the title being superficially suruaid, in the next leafe hee sees that the author hee, hath made him one of his gossips, for the booke carries his Worship’s name, and vnder it stands an epistle iust the length of a Hench-man’s grace before dinner, which is long inough for any booke in conscience, unlesse the writer be vnreasonable.

“ The Knight being told before hand, that this little sunbeame of Phœbus (shining thus briskly in print) hath his mite or atmy waiting vpon him in the outward court, thanks him for his loue & labour, and considering with himselfe, what cost he hath been at, and how far he hath ridden to come to him, hee knowes that patrons and godfathers, are to pay scot and lot alike, and therefore to cherish his young and tender muse, he giues him foure or sixe angels, inuiting him either to stay breakefast, or if the sunne-diall of y^e. house points towards eleuen, then to tarrie dinner.

“ *How the Bird is drest.*

“ But the fish being caught (for which our Heliconian angler threw out his lines) with thankes, and legges, and kissing his owne hand, he parts. No sooner is hee horst, but his hostler (who all this while walked the iades, and trauels vp and downe with him like an vnderferuing plaier for halfe a share) asks this question, strawes or not? Strawes, cries the whole

sharer and a halfe; away then, replies the first, flie to our nest. This nest is neuer in the same towne, but commonly a mile or two off, and it is nothing else but the next tauerne they come to. But the village into which they rode being not able to maintaine an iuybush, an alehouse was their inne; where aduancing themselues into the fairest chamber, and be-speaking the best cheere in the towne for dinner, downe they sit, and share before they speak of any thing els. That done, he that ventures vpon all hee meetes, and discharges the paper bullets (for to tell truth, the other serues but as a signe, and is meerely no-body) begins to discourse; how he carried himselfe in the action, how he was encountred; how he stood to his tackling, and how well he came off: hee cals the knight a noble-fellow; yet they both shrug, and laugh, and swear they are glad they haue guld him.

“More arrows must they shoote of the same length that this first was of, and therefore there is truncke full of trinckets, that is to say, their budget of bookes is opend againe, to see what leafe they are to turne ouer next, which whilst they are dooing, the ghost that all this space haunted them, and hard what they said, hauing excellent skill in the black art, that is to say, in picking of lockes, makes the doore suddenly flie open, which they had closely shut. At his strange entrance they being somewhat agast, began to shuffle away their books, but he knowing what cards they plaid withall, offred to cut, & turn'd vp two knaues by this trick. My maisters (quoth he) I know where you haue bin, I know what you haue done, I know what you meane to doe, I see now you are falconers indeed, but by thee (and then he swore a damnable oath) vnlesse you

you teach me to shoote in this birding peece, I will raise the village, send for the Knight whom you boast you haue guld and so disgrace you; for your money I care not. The two free-booters seeing themselues smoaked, told their third brother, hee seemed to bee a gentleman and a boone companion, they prayed him therefore to sit downe with silence, and sithence dinner was not yet readie hee should heare all.

“ This new mode of hawking (quoth one of them) which you see vs vse, can afford no name vnles fwe be at it, viz. 1. He that casts vp the lure is called the falconer. 2. The lure that is cast vp is on idle pamphlet. 3. The tercel-gentle that comes to the lure, is some knight, or some gentleman of like qualitie. 4. The bird that is preied vpon, is money. 5. He that walkes the horses, and hunts dry-foote is called a mongrel.

“ *The Falconer and his Spaniell.*

“ The falconer hauing scraped together certaine small parings of wit, he first cuts them hansomely in prettie peeces, and of those peeces does hee patch vp a booke. This booke he prints at his own charge, the mongrell running vp and downe to looke to the workemen, and bearing likewise some part of the cost, for which he enters vpon this halfe share. When it is fully finished, the falconer and his mongrell, (or it may be two falconers ioyne in one,) but howsoener, it is by them deuised what shire in England it is best to forrage next; that being set downe, the falconers deale either with a herauld for a note of all the knights and gentlemen's names of worth that dwell in that circuit, which they meane to ride, or els by inquiry, get the chiefest of them, printing off so many epistles as they

haue names, the epistles dedicatorie being all one, and vary in nothing but in titles of their patrons. Hauing thus furnished themselues, and packed vp their wares, away they trudge, like tinkers, with a budget at one of their backs, or it may be the circle they meane to coniure in shal not be out of London, especially if it be terme-time, or when a parliament is holden (for then they haue choise of sweet-meats to feed vpon.) If a gentleman seeing one of these books dedicated onely to his name, suspect it to bee a bastard, that hath more fathers besides himselfe, and to trie that does defer the presenter for a day or two, sending in the mean time (as some haue done) into Paules Church-yard amongst the stationers to inquire if any such worke be come forth, and if they cannot tell, then to step to the printer's. Yet haue the falconers a tricke to goe beyond such hawks too, for all they flye so hie, and that is this; the bookes lye all at the printer's, but not one line of an epistle to any of them (those bug beares lurke in *Tenebris*) if then the spy that is sent by his maister, aske why they haue no dedications to them, Mounsier Printer tels him, the author would not venture to adde any to them all (sauing onely to that which was giuen to his maister) vntill it was knowne whether he would accept of it or no. This satisfies the patron, this fetches money from him, and this cozens fiae hundred besides. Nay, there bee other bird-catchers, that vse stranger quaille-pipes: you shall haue fellowes, foure or fiae in a country, that buying vp any old booke (especially a sermon, or any other matter of diuinity) that lies for a waste paper, and is cleane forgotten, ad a new printed epistle to it, and with an alphabet of letters which they carry about them,

them, being able to print any man's name for a dedication, on the suddaine, trauaile vp and downe most shires in England, and liue by this hawking.]

“Are we not excellent falconers now? quoth three halfe shares. Excellent villaines, cryed the deuils deputy: by this the meate for dinner came smoking in, vpon which they fell most tirannically, yet, for manners sake, offering first, to the balife of Belzebub the upper end of the table, but he feariug they would make a hauke, or a buzzard of him too, and report they had ridden him like an asse, as they had done others, out a dooers he flung with a vengeance as he came.

“O sacred learning! why doost thou suffer thy seuen leaued tree, to bee plucked by barbarous and most vnhalloved hands? Why is thy beautifull maiden-body polluted like a strumpet's, and prostituted to beastly and slauish ignorance? O thou base-broode, that make the muses harlots, yet say are they your mothers? You theeues of wit; cheaters of arte; traitors of schooles of learning; murderers of schollers; more worthy you are, to vndergoe the Romane *Furca*, like slaues, and to be branded i' th' forehead deeper than they that forge testaments to vndoe orphants; such doe but rob children of goods that may be lost; but you rob schollers of their fame; which is deerer than life. You are not worth an inuectiue, not worthy to haue your names drop out of a deseruing pen, you shall onely be executed in picture, as they vse to handle malefactors in France, and the picture (though it were drawn to be hung vp in another place) shall leaue you impudently arrogant to your selues, and ignominiously
ridiculous

ridiculous to after ages: in these colours are you drawne.

“ The true picture of these falconers.

“ There be fellowes
 Of course and common bloud; mechanick knaues
 Whose wits lye deeper buried then in graues;
 And indeede smell more earthy, whose creation
 Was but to giue a boote or shooe good fashion.
 Yet these (shrowing by the apron and the awle)
 Being drunke with their owne wit, cast vp their gall
 Onely of inke; and in patch'd beggerly rimes,
 (As full of fowle corruption, as the times)
 From towne to towne they strowle in soule, as poore
 As th' are in clothes: yet these at euery doore
 Their labours dedicate. But, as at faires,
 Like pedlars, they shew still one sort of wares
 Vnto all commers (with some filde oration),
 And thus to giue bookes now's an occupation.
 One booke hath seuen score patrons, thus desart
 Is cheated of her due; this noble art
 Giues Ignorance, (that common strumpet) place;
 Thus the true schollers name growes cheap and base.”

J. H.

ART. II. *Jo Gower de Confessione Amantis. Im-*
printed at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Ber-
thelette the xii daie of March An. MDLIIII.
Cum privilegio. Folio. Fol. 191, besides the
*Dedication, Preface, and Table.**

* The first edition was William Caxton, Sept. 2, 1483. Herb. I. 45.
 Berchelet printed a former edition in 1532. Ib. I. 419.

On the back of the title-page "Epigramma Autoris in suum librum."

"DEDICATION.

*"To the most victorious and our moste gracious
soveraigne lorde kynge Henry the VIII. kynge of
Englande and of France, Defender of the fayth,
and lorde of Irelande, &c."*

"Plutarke writeth, whan Alexander had discomfite Darius the kynge of Perse, amonge other jewels of the saide kynges, there was founde a curious littel cheste of great value, which the noble King Alexander beholding said: this same shall serve for Homere; whiche is noted for the greate love and favour that Alexander had unto lernyng: but this I thinke verily, that his love and favour therto was not so great as your gravis: whiche caused me, moste victorious, and most redoubted soveraigne lorde, after I had printed this worke, to devise with my selfe, whether I might be so bolde to presente your highnesse with one of them, and so in your graces name put them forth. Your moste high and moste princely majestee abashed and cleane discouraged me so to do, both because the present (as concernynge the value) was farre to simple (as methought) and because it was none other wise my acte, but as I toke some peyne to printe it more correctly than it was before. And though I shulde saie, it was not mucche greater peyne to that excellent clerke the morall Johan Gower to compile the same noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will beleve it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together. And as I stode in this bashment, I remembered

membred your incomparable clemencie, the whiche,
 as I have myselfe some tyme sene, most graciously ac-
 cepteth the sklender giftes of small value, which your
 highnes perceived were offred with greet and louinge
 affection, and that not onely of the nobuls and great
 estates, but also of your meane subjectes: the whiche
 so muche holdeth me againe, that though I of all
 other am your moste humble subjecte and servaunte,
 yet my herte geveth me, that your highnesse, as ye
 are accustomed to do, woll of your moste benigne
 nature consider, that I wolde with as good will, if it
 were as well in my power, give unto your grace the
 most goodliest and largest cite of al the worlde. And
 this more over I very well knowe, that both the nobles
 and commons of this your noble royalme, shall the
 sooner accepte this boke, the gladlier rede it, and be
 the more diligent to marke and beare away the morall
 doctrines of the same, whan they shal see it come
 forth under your graces name, whom thei with all
 their very hertes so truely love and drede, whom they
 knowe so excellently well lerned, whom they ever
 fynde so good, so juste, and so gracious a prince.
 And who so ever in redynge of this warke, doth con-
 sider it well, shall fynde, that it is plentifully stuffed
 and furnished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharpe
 and quicke argumentes, and examples of greet auc-
 toritee, perswadynge unto vertue, not onely taken out
 of the poetes, oratours, historie writers, and philoso-
 phers, but also out of the holy scripture. There is to
 my dome no man, but that he maie by readinge of this
 warke get right great knowlage, as well for the under-
 standynge of many and divers auctours, whose reasons,
 sayenges and histories are translated in to this warke,
 as

as for the pleintie of Englishe wordes and vulgars, beside the furtherance of the life to vertue. Whiche olde Englishe wordes and vulgars no wise man, because of their antiquitee will throwe aside. For the writers of later daies, the whiche began to loth and hate these olde vulgars, whan they them selfe wolde write in our Englishe tonge, were constreigned to bringe in, in their writynges, newe termes (as some call them) whiche thei borrowed out of Latine, Frenche, and other langages, whiche caused, that they that understode not those langages, from whens these newe vulgars are fette, coude not perceive their writynges. And though our most alowed olde autors did other while use to borowe of other langages, either because of their metre, or elles for lacke of a feete Englishe worde, yet this ought not to be a presidente to us, to heape them in, where as nedeth not, and where as we have all redie wordes approved and received, of the same effecte and strength. The whiche if any man wante, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer Johan Gower, that shal as a lanterne give him lighte to write cunningly, and to garnishe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The whiche noble auctour I prostrate at your graces feete, most lowly present and beseche your highnes, that it maie go forth under your graces favour. And I shall ever praie God that is almightie, preserve your roiall majestee in most longe continuance of all welthe, honour, glorie, and grace infinite. Amen."

"To the Reader.

"In time past whan this warke was printed, I can not conjecte, what was the cause therof, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolde
seme,

seme, that Gower did compile it at the requeste of the noble Duke Henry of Lancastre. And although the bookes that be written, be contrarie, yet I have folowed therein the print copie, for as muche as it maie serve both waies, and because moste copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it good to warne the reder that the written copies do not agree with the printed. Therefore I have printed here those same lines, that I fynde in the written copies. The whiche alteracion ye shall perceiue began at the xxiii line in the prologue, and goth forth on, as ye se here folowyng.

“ In our Englishe I thinke make
 A boke for kynge Richardes sake,
 To whom belongeth my ligeance
 With all my hertes obeisance,
 In all that ever a liege man
 Unto his kynge maie done or can,
 So far forth I me recommunde
 To hym, whiche all me maie commande,
 Pritende unto the high reigne,
 Whiche causeth every kynge to reigne,
 That his corone longe stonde.
 I thinke & have it understonde,
 As it befall upon a tide,
 As thyng, whiche shulde tho betide,
 Under the towne of newe Troie,
 Whiche toke of Brute his firste joye,
 In Themse, whan it was flowende,
 As I by bote came rowende:
 So as fortune hir tyme sette,
 My liege lorde perchance I mette.
 And so befelle as I cam nigh,
 Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,

He

He bad me come into his barge;
 And whan I was with hym at large,
 Amonges other thynges seyde,
 He hath this charge upon me leyde,
 And bad me do my businesse,
 That to his high worthinesse
 Some newe thyng I shulde boke,
 That he hym selfe it might loke,
 After the forme of my writynge,
 And this upon his commandyng
 Myn herte is well the more glad
 To write so as he me bad.

And eke my feare is well the lasse,
 That none envie shall compasse,
 Without a reasonable wite

To feige & blame that I write.

A gentill herte his tonge stilleth,

That it malice none distilleth,

But preiseth, that is to be preised:

But he that hath his worde unpeised

And handleth with ronge any thyng,

I praie unto the heven kynge,

Fro suche tonges he me shilde.

And netheles this worlde is wilde:

Of such jangling & what befall,

My kynges heste shall not falle,

That I in hope to deserve

His thonke, me shall his will observe,

And els were I nought excused.

For that thyng maie nought be refused,

What that a kynge hym selfe bit.

For thy the simplest of my wit

I thyнке if that it maie availe,

In his service to travaile,

Though

Though I sickenes have upon honde,
 And longe have had, yet woll I fonde,
 So as I made my beheste,
 To make a boke after his heste,
 And write in such a maner wise,
 Which maie be wisdom to the wise,
 And plaie to hem that list to plaie.
 But in proverbe I have herde saie,
 That who that well his warke beginneth,
 The rather a good ende he winneth.

And thus the prologue of my boke,
 After the worlde, that whilom toke,
 And eke som dele after the newe,
 I woll begyn for to mewe.

And thus I saie for these lxx lynes, there be as many
 other printed, that be cleane contrarie unto these both
 both in sentence and in meanyng. Furthermore there
 were lefte out in divers places of the worke lines and
 columes, ye and some tyme holle padges, whiche
 caused, that this moste pleasant and easy auctour coude
 not well be perceived: for that and chaungeyng of
 wordes, and misordrynge of sentences, wolde have
 mased his mynde in redyng that had ben very well
 lerned: and what can be a greater blemisse unto a
 noble auctour? And for to preise worthily unto you
 the great lernyng of this auctour, I knowe my selfe
 right much unable, ye shall your selfe now deeme,
 whan ye shall see hym (as nere as I can) set forth in
 his own shappe and likenes. And this the mene tyme
 I maie be bolde to saie, that if we shulde never have
 sene his connyng warkes, the whiche even at the full
 do witnesse, what a clarke he was, the wordes of the
 moste famous and excellent Geffraie Chaucer, that he
 wrote

wrote in the ende of his most special warke, that is intituled *Troilus and Creseide*, do sufficiently testifie the same, where he saith:

O morall Gower, this boke I directe
To the, & to the philosophicall Strode,
To vouchsafe, ther nede is, to correcte
Of your benignitees & zeles good.

By the whiche wordes of Chaucer, we maie also understande, that he and Gower were both of one selfe, tyme, both excellently lerned, both great frendes together, and both a like endeavoured themselves and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also for their so doyenge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure and continue, this noble royalme shall be the better, over and beside their honest fame and renowme. And thus whan thei had gone their journey, the one of them, that is to say, John Gower prepared for his bones a restynge place in the monasterie of Saynt Marie Overes, where somewhat after the olde facion he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he in his life daies flourished freshely in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the north side of the foresaid church, in the chapell of Sainte John, where he hath of his owne foundation a masse daily songe. And moreover he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same church, on Fridaie after the feaste of the blessed pope Saynte Gregorie.

“Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades,

one of the whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this devise in hir honde

En toy qui es fitz de dieu le pere
Sauve soit, qui gist souz cest pierre.

The second is written Mercie, which holdeth in hir hande this devise :

O bone Jesu, fait ta mercie
Al alme, dont le corps gist icy.

The thyrde of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this devise folowyng.

Pur ta pitè Jesu regarde,
Et met cest alme in sauve garde.

And thereby hongeth a table, wherin appereth that whosoever praith for the soule of John Gower, he shall so oft as he so doth have a M and D daies of pardon.

“The other lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter’s at Westminster in an ile on the south side of the church. On whose soules and all Christen, Jesu have mercie. Amen.”

Then follows a full table of contents of every book of this long poem; consisting of eight, besides the Prologue.

I shall give a specimen by copying the contents of the Prologue.

“How Iohn Gower in the xvi yere of kyng Richarde the seconde began this boke, fol. 1.

“Of the estate of roialmes temporally the same yere, fol. eodem.

“Of the estate of the clergie the time of Robert
Gilbonense,

Gilbonense, namynge hym selfe Clement than Antipope, fo. ii.

“ Of the state of the comon people, fo. iii.

“ Howe some blame fortune, some the influence of plannettes for thynges that chance, fo. eodem.

“ Of the image that Nabugodonosor saw in his slepe, fo. iiii.

“ The interpretation of the same dreame, fo. eodem.

“ The Apostles wordes concerning the ende of the worlde, fo. vi.

“ The mutabilitee of thinges, fo. eodem.

“ Howe man by the matter of his complexion is divided, and of the division of the bodie and soule; and how Adam divided from the state of innocence was dejected out of paradise, fo. eodem.

“ Howe the people through the worlde excepte Noe and his, for division were drowned, fo. eodem.

“ The division of languages, and a token of the worldes ende, fo. vii.

“ Of the harper Arion, fo. eodem.

“ Thus endeth the contentes of the prologue.”

I will transcribe the first division of the Prologue.

“ *Hic imprimis declarat Joãnes Gower, quam ob causam presentem libellum composuit, et finaliter complevit, An. regni regis Ric. Secundi 16.*

“ Of them, that writen us to fore
The bokes dwell: & we therfore
Ben taught of that was written tho,
For thy good is, that we also
In our time amonge us here
Do write of newe some mattere

Ensampled of the olde wise,
 So that it might in suche a wise,
 Whan we be deade & els where
 Beleve to the worldes ere
 In tyme comyng after this
 And for men seyne, & sothe it is,
 That who that all of wisdom write,
 It dulleth ofte a man's witte.
 To hym that shall it all daie rede
 For thilke cause if that ye rede
 I wyll go the middell wey,
 And write a boke bytwene the twey,
 Somwhat of lust, & somewhat of lore,
 That of the lasse, or of the more
 Some man maie like of that I write;
 And for that few men endite
 In our Englisshe, for to make
 A booke for Englandes sake
 The yere xvi of kynge Richarde.
 What shall befalle here afterwarde
 God wote, for nowe upon this tide
 Men see the worlde on every side
 In sondrie wise so diversed
 That it well nigh stant all reversed.

Als for to speake of time ago
 The cause why it changeth so
 It nedeth nought to specifie,
 The thyng so open is at the eie,
 That every man it maie beholde.
 And netheles by daies olde,
 Whan that the bokes weren lever,
 Wrytyng was beloved ever
 Of them, that weren vertuous.
 For here in erthe amonge us
 If no man write howe it stode,
 The pris of them that were good

Shulde

Shulde (as who sayh a great partie)
 Be loste: so for to magnifie
 The worthy princes, that tho were,
 The bookes shewen here & there
 Wherof the worlde ensampled is,
 And tho that diden than amis
 Through tyrannie & crueltee
 Right as thei stonden in degree,
 So was the writyng of the werke.
 Thus I, whiche am a borell clerke,
 Purpose for to write a booke
 After the worlde that whilom toke
 Longe time in olde daies passed.
 But for men seyn it is now lassed
 In wers plight than it was tho,
 I thynke for to touche also
 The worlde, whiche neweth every daie,
 So as I can, so as I maie,
 Though I sekenesse have upon honde
 And longe have had yet wolde I fonde
 To write, & do my besinesse,
 That in some partie, so as I gesse,
 The wise man may be advised.
 For this prologue is so assised
 That it to wisdom all belongeth,
 That wise man that it underfongeth,
 He shall draw into remembrance
 The fortune of the worldes chance,
 The whiche no man in his persone
 Maie knowe, but the god alone.
 Whan the prologue is so dispended,
 The boke shall afterwarde be ended
 Of love, whiche dothe many a wonder,
 And many a wise man hath put under.
 And in this wise I thynke to treat
 Towarde them, that nowe be greates,

Betwene the vertue & the vice,
 Which longeth unto this office.
 But for my wittes ben to smale
 To telle every man's tale
 This booke upon amendement,
 To stonde at his commandement
 With whom mine herte is of accorde,
 I sende unto mine owne lorde,
 While of Lancaster is Henry named;
 The hygh God hath hym proclamed
 Full of knythode & all grace,
 So wolde I nowe this werke embrace.
 God graunte I mote it well acheve
 With whole truste & whole beleve.

Tempus præteritum præsens fortuna beatum
 Linqvit, et antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
 Progeniit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
 Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
 Legibus vincolor tunc temporis aura refulsit,
 Justitiæ planæ tuncque fuere viæ.
 Nuncque latens odium vultum depingit amoris,
 Paceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
 Instar et ex variis mutabile cameliontis
 Lex gerit, et regnis sunt nova jura novis.
 Climataque fuerant solidissima, sicque per orbem
 Solvuntur, nec eo centra quietis habent."

For a critical account of this and other works of
 Gower see Warton's History of English Poetry, II.
 p. 1, & sequent.

ART. III. *Jobus Triumphans*.—Ιδὲ μακαρίζομεν τῆς
ὑπομενονίας τὸν ὑπομονὴν ἰωὲ ἡκίζατε, καὶ τὸ τέλος κυρίῳ
ἐδετε. ΙΑΚΩΒ. Ε. ΙΑ.

Vincit qui patitur.

MDCLI. [Corrected with a pen MDLVI.] *Small*
8vo. pp. 39.

This is another Latin poem by Henry Oxinden of Barham. From the author's own copy I am furnished with the following MS. notices regarding himself.

He was born Jan. 18, 1608, the eldest son of Richard Oxinden, who was born in July, 1588, the son of Sir Henry Oxinden of Wingham, Knt. and married Jan. 11, 1607, Katherine Sprakeling daughter of Sir Adam Sprakeling, Knt. and died May 20, 1629.

"June 16, 1624," says he, "I went with my father, Mr. Richard Oxinden, to Oxford, I then beeing about fiftene yeares and six months of age. June 23, 1626, I was taken so sicke as I hardly recovered: it was at Oxford: Dr. Bambridge beeing my phisition: and May 27, 1645, I was againe taken so sicke as I very hardly recovered: it was at Barham: Charles Annoots, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. John Swan were then my physitions."

"April 1, 1627. I tooke the degree of a Batchelour of Art."

Thus these notices add an article to Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

"April 16, 1667, I was at Ripple Court, and then I first began to be sensible of mysickness, and weakness."

"Extracts from the parish Registers of Denton and Barham."

"1629, May 23. Mr. Richard Oxinden of Barham, buried in Denton church." *Denton R.*

"1633, Feb. 27. The son of Mr. Henry Oxinden baptised." *Barham R.*

"1640, Aug. 30. Anne Oxinden the wife of Henry buried." *Denton R.*

"1642. Henry Oxinden and Katherine Cullen married." *Barham R.*

"1655. Richard, son of Mr. Thomas Oxinden, baptised." *Barham R.*

"1670, June 17. Fryday buried Mr. Henry Oxinden* of this parish." *Denton R.*

"1698, Sept. 16. Mrs. Oxinden, widow, was buried," *Denton R.*

"1679, May 4. Buried in the chancel Mr. John Warley, Rector of Charlton, nigh Dover." *Denton R.*

"1716, 17, Mar. 1. Mrs. Katharine Warley† buried." *Denton R.*

JOBUS TRIUMPHANS, the poem now before me, consists of 766 hexameter verses. It possesses much more merit than the **FUNUS RELIGIONIS**. It has commendatory verses by Alexander Ross; William Nethersole of the Inner Temple; Franc. Howard; H. Jacob; Joh. Neale; Jo. Ludd; E. B. two copies; and his son Thomas Oxinden.

The copy before me has also three additional copies of verses in MS. by H. B.; by his grandson Richard

* Henry Oxinden had two younger brothers. 1. Rev. James Oxinden of Goodnestone, whose son the Rev. James O. of Little Hempston, Co. Dev. was father of Anne wife of Benjamin Pearse of Broad Hempston, Co. Dev. 2. Richard O. of Rochester, Esq. who died about 1691, and whose grandson, Geo. O. of Chelsea, Gent. was living 1724.

† Her son John Warley, surgeon, was father of the late Lee Warley of Canterbury, the heir of this family, who possessed all the books and estates of his ancestor Henry Oxinden.

Margaret, sister of Katharine Warley, married in 1649 John Hobart of Quarington in Mersham, Kent, Esq.

Oxinden;

Oxinden; and by John Pierce; the latter consisting of fifty-eight hexameter and pentameter lines; and dated Mar. 20, 1657.

It seems that a report which had reached the author of his poem being read in foreign schools much flattered him. It is recorded by the following MS. notice.

“The gentleman who told mee of your **JOB TRIUMPHANT** being read in schooles beyond sea, is now in Paris; his name is **ROCH**, who was to have been Major to Colonel Stannys his Regiment, Feb. 16, 1667. **THO. OXINDEN.**”

“*Jobus Triumphans.*”

“Insignem pietate virum famulumque Jehovahæ
 (Cujus per totum notum est patientia mundum)
 Laudibus ac meritis super aurea sydera cœli
 Tollere fert animus; Tu magni Rector Olympi
 Succurre, et sacris conatibus annue nostris.
 Finibus est Arabum tellus porrecta sub Ortum
 Solis, ea Ausitis dicta est, ubi maximus Heros
 Stirpis Edomeæ florebat, sceptrâ gubernans
 Pacificæ, dictus Jobus, justissimus unus
 Assiduo Hic pura est veneratus mente Jehovaham, 10
 Impia sacrilegæ fugiens consortia turbæ.
 Cui septem fuerant pulcherrima pignora nati,
 Et tres eximiæ præstanti corpore natæ,
 In quarum egregio mirum decus ore nitebat;
 Nec minus ille opibus dives quam dives et agris,
 Millia cui septem pecudum, ter mille cameli,
 Mille boves, quingentæ asinæ, quin insuper illi
 Semper erat presto famulorum copia tanta,
 Nullus ut Eois hoc ditior esset in oris,
 Dumque alternatim celebrant convivia nati, 20
 Invitantque suas in splendida tecta sorores,
 Ad Cererem, et læti spumantia pocula Bacchi,
 Et dum curabant convivia mutua fratres,
 Votis sanctificat natos, mittitque ministros

Qui

Qui moveant precibus placandam Numinis iram;
 Ipse autem surgens cum primum albescere cæpit
 Alma dies, holocausta Deo tot ponit in aris
 Quot numerat natos, secumque hæc corde volutat;
 Ah! fortasse mei plèna inter pocula nati
 Peccarunt, nomenque Dei sanctum ore profano 30
 Læserunt; talem ille die se quoque gerebat,
 Integer haud fictis veneratus numina votis.
 Et tantæ pietatis opus peragebat Jobus,
 Mane novo quoties Phœbus de gurgite surgit.
 Primævi in mensis dum gustant fercula fratris
 Nati, sydereâ residens Deus altus in aulâ
 Concilium vocat; Huic subito glomerantur in unum
 Innumeri aligeri juvenes, natique Tonantis,
 Nempe ejus jussu, cui parent omnia, primo;
 Per medios dirâ Furiarum a sede profectus 40
 Sese infert Stygius, visu mirabile, Dæmon;
 Cui Jova; heus unde acer ades captivus Averni?
 Extemplo Satanas Jovæ respondit, ab oris
 Terræ adsum extremis quas nocte dieque pererro:
 Tum Deus; anne meum vidisti has inter Jobum,
 Fidum illum usque mei cultorem numinis? Orbis
 Nullum totus ei peperit pietate secundum;
 Respondens Satanas, dixit, frustra Omnipotentem
 Job timet? hunc vallo cinxisti, et mænibus altis;
 Nonne tuis donis exuberat, atque favore 50
 Lætus ovat, dives pecoris ditissimus agris
 Cujus in immensum crevit possessio acervum;
 Sin homini tristes morbos, subitemque ruinam
 Immittas, pereantve armenta immensa, gregesque,
 Fallor, hic ingratus si te non protinus ore
 Latranti coram incessat, tua dextera quamvis
 Fudit opes illi sua celsa palatia circum.
 Cui Deus; ecce igitur, meus hic quæcumque fidelis
 Jobus habet, tua sunt, in eum tibi plena potestas
 Fortunasque datur, sed corpus tangere nolo 60

Te

Te tantum illius, vitæve abrumpere filum.
 Hæc ubi dicta, fugit Satanas velocior Euro,
 Vel jaculo a facie Domini terrasque revisit,
 Jamque sui fratris primævi in sedibus omnes
 Læti una fratres animis, ternæque sorores
 Dulcia fæcundis carpebant fercula mensis,
 Miscebantque hilares Lenæi poc'la liquoris,
 Ocyus accurrit cum Jobi ad limina tristis
 Nuntius, his implens miserandis questibus auras;
 Ah! dum vomeribus subigebant arva coloni, 70
 Juxta, et tardigradæ carpebant gramen asellæ,
 Ecce feræ gentes subito irrupere Sabæi,
 Omnia vastantes late, custodibus ipsis
 Occisis, solusque evasi nuncius horum:
 Vix fandi finem fecit, quando advolat alter,
 Hæc referens: summo ceciderunt fulgura cælo.
 Quæ consumpserunt pecudes, pecudumque magistros;
 Solus ego evari, qui sim tibi nuncius horum:
 Tertius, hæc illo memorante, accessit, et inquit,
 Crede mihi, turmas rigidi eduxere Sabæi 80
 Tres, quibus errantes furtum evasere camelos,
 Ablatisque illis pueri cecidere sub ense;
 Solus ego evasi, qui sim tibi nuncius horum:
 Vix ea fatus erat, quartusque supervenit illi,
 Ista addens; dum Jobe tui (vix temperat ille
 A lachrymis) nati, et natæ convivia læti
 Ædibus in fratris majoris nuper habebant,
 Extemplo adversi fremebundo turbine venti
 Erupere Austro, deserti e finibus orti,
 Et semel increbuere horrendo murmure tectis, 90
 Atque everterunt imis a sedibus ædes,
 Unde gravi lapsu natorum membra tuorum,
 Obruta cuncta jacent miserè tumultata sub illis,
 Vixque adeo super unus eram, qui hæc tristra ferrem
 Nuncius! Hoc Genitor casu percussus acerbo
 Surrexit, vestemque suam laceravit (ut illis

Mos patrius) secuitque comam, tristisque petivît
 Suppliciter terras, divinum numen adorans,
 Et placide tandem has effudit pectore voces.
 Nudus ego exivi ex utero genitricis, et illa 100
 Me nudum accipiet reducem; mihi dona Jehova
 Cuncta dedit, proprioque eadem nunc jure reposcit;
 Esto ergo illius benedictum in secula nomen.
 Jobus adhuc nullo temeravit crimine linguam,
 Nec contra Dominum se indigna est ore locutus.
 Sed non contentus pœnas tentasse per istas,
 Egregium virtute virum est Stygis incola diri;
 Ergo ubi tecta patent summi Genitoris Olympi,
 Ipseque Rex Divum in solio sedet arduus, illuc
 Concilium aligerum, qui temperat omnia, cogit, 110
 (Namque ibi quis sedeat magnus nisi Conditor orbis?)
 Hos inter Satanas, quo non deformius ullum
 Aut magis horrendum monstrum Natura creavit,
 Irruit infernâ dirarum a sede Sororum,
 Audax; et stetit ante Deum; mox Arbiter orbis
 Hæc illi; Satana, unde hac irrequietus et effrons
 Rursus ades? Contra hic; e mundi finibus adsum,
 Quos modo, terrarum emensus loca cuncta, revisi.
 Tum Deus; Anne meum vidisti, dicito, Jobum,
 Cui pietate parem totus non protulit orbis? 120
 Qui sanctâ, quæ recta, animâ fucoque carente
 Integer amplexens, Dominumque Deumque Jehovaham
 Me colit; et pravi vitat contagia Mundi;
 Cernis ut antiquæ salvum pietatis honorem
 Servat adhuc? quamvis hominis rerumque suarum
 Perdendi tu suasor eras: hæc dixerat; ille
 Arte malâ Stygiisque dolis instructus, inique
 Objecit Jobo nova crimina mixta querelis,
 Pœnasque emeritas, nullo cogente, reposcit.
 (Pluto mihi causas memora, quo Numine læso, 130
 Quidve tot infandos te iratum volvere casus,
 Mirandum pietate virum tot adire dolores

Impulsit?

Impulit? An tantas Satanæ mens ardet in iras?
 Non erat in Jobo species scelerisve dolive,
 Sed scelus omne tuum, Satana! nullum ille nec ausus
 Nec voluit patrare nefas, non excidit ore
 Fraus ulla, aut ulli voluit succumbere culpæ,
 O Deus Omnipotens, inquit, te pectore ficto
 Job colit, et nudis veneratur numina verbis, 139
 Dulce sonans linguâ, dum mens meditatur iniquum.
 Is se ipsum, non te, tua munera, non tua facta
 Diligit, ille dolos versans, tua præmia temnit;
 Ardua, quem tantis super æthera laudibus effers;
 Corpus ei solidum, tu membraque plena dedisti
 Succi, et fulgentes æquantia lumina stellas;
 Si mihi fas esset morbis affligere carnem,
 Carnem, quam extollit supra omnia dona Jehovah
 Extemplo cernes quæ sit patientia Jobi,
 Mirum erit in faciem nisi te tuus integer ille
 Incessat probris dictisque accendat amaris; 150
 Subjicit omnipotens blateranti hæc ore maligno
 Talibus; insontem flammâ flagroque probandum
 Ecce remitto tibi, vitæ tamen illius uni
 Parce memor; Satanas auditis latior istis
 Ocyus a Domino se proripit, atque latenter
 Invadens Jobum tetro ferit ulcere corpus;
 Dira lues hominis pertentat viscera sancti
 Interiora acri penitus suffusa veneno,
 Atque etiam a summo percurrens vertice ad imos
 Plantarum articulos squallentia membra pererrat: 160
 Continuo huic alius color est et marcida vultum
 Deformat facies, horrendo in corpore crustæ
 Concrescunt subitæ, scabies turpissima mirè
 Commaculat totum (visu miserabile) corpus.
 Hinc jacet in terrâ secum sua fata revolvens
 Aspera, et invictos animos in corpore versat
 Languenti, nec eum constans fiducia liquit,
 Quamvis (Heu!) testâ est abradere membra coactus,
 Membra

Membra modis miris fluido deformia tabo:
 Hæc tulit egregius Jobus, virtute secundus 170
 Nullis Heroum, quos aurea sæcla tulerunt:
 " Vir bonus et fortis rebus non deficit arctis,
 Sed constans similisque sui, verèque quadratus,
 Neve a proposito varians magis ille movetur
 Quàm vel dura siles solet, aut Marpesia cautes;"
 Quamvis assiduis tundatur flatibus Heros
 Fortunæ adversis, licèt hinc furit Eurus, et illinc
 Auster, et instabiles exuscitat Africus undas,
 Stant tamen immoti scopuli; licet horrida sternant
 Ilice de nigra vernantes flamina frondes, 180
 Stat tamen ipsa hærens radici immobilis arbor:
 Funditur haud aliter Jobus fortissimus Heros
 Flatibus adversis, tamen imperterritus ille,
 Stat fultus bonitate Dei, cunctosque dolores
 Exsuperat virtute suâ, firmataque mens est
 Contra omnes casos, contra omnia spicula Ditis." &c. 186

ART. IV. *Old Madrigals.*

j. *

O let me liue for true loue, yet let me liue no longer,
 Then that my life may make my loue the stronger.

ij.

O let me dye for true loue [and faithfull passion show]
 Let not hope or old time come to end my woe.

* *Tenor. Songs of 3. 4. 5. and 6 parts, by Thomas Tomkins: Organist of his Maiesties Chappell Royall in Ordinary. London: Printed for Matthew Lownes, John Browne, and Thomas Snodham. Cum priuilegio. 4to. n. d. Dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke, contains twenty-eight pieces, and has a few lines prefixed "to my brother the author" by John T.*

ijj.

iij.

O, yes! has any found a lad,
 With purple wings faire painted;
 In naked beauty clad

With bowe and arrowes tainted:
 Here, alas! close he lyeth,
 Take him quicke before he flyeth.

iiij. (First part.)

Weepe no more thou sorry boy,
 Loue's pleas'd and anger'd with a toy
 Loue a thousand passions brings,
 Laughs and weepes, and sighs, and
 If she smiles, he dancing goes,
 And thinkes not on his future woes;
 If she chide, with angry eye
 Sits downe and sighs, aye me, I dye!

v. (Second part.)

Yet againe, as soone reuiued,
 Joyes as much as late he griued;
 Change there is of ioy, and sadnes,
 Sorrow much but more of gladnes:
 Then weep no more, thou sorry boy,
 Turn thy teares to weeping ioy;
 Sigh no more, aye me I die,
 But dance & sing, and tihy cry.

vj.

Too much I once lamented,
 While loue my hart tormented;
 Alas, and aye me, sat I wrynging,
 Now chanting goe, and singing.

vij.

Come shepheards sing with me;
 Loue, now we hate thy lore,
 More than we lou'd before;
 From hence we all haue swore,
 To loue false loue no more.

viij.

viiij.

Phillis now cease to moue me,
 For I shall neuer loue thee;
 Content thee, I haue sworn
 To loue false loue no more.

viiiij.

Adew, adew, ye citty prisoning towers,
 Better are the country bowers;
 Winter is gone, the trees are springing,
 Birds on euery hedge sit singing.
 Harke, how they chirpe, come, loue, delay not,
 Come, come, sweet loue, Oh come and stay not,

x.

Fvsca, in thy starry eyes,
 Loue in blacke still mourning dyes,
 That among so many slaine,
 [No one checks thy truant reigne.]

J. H.

ART. V. *Explanation of some obsolete English words.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

I am tempted to explain some of the words of which S. desires to know the meaning in CENSURA, N° 26.

P. 158. "What are *gayes*?" *Gayes* is probably a corruption (as S. suspects in p. 166) or different way of spelling *gise*, a goad, or pike; but *guisarme* is not a "walking stick armed with an iron head," but is explained in Bailey's Dictionary as a "military weapon with two points or pikes," from Chaucer.

P. 159,

P. 159. "What are *baselardes*?" This is also said by Bailey from Chaucer, to mean "a dagger or wood-knife."

P. 162. "What is noone meate different from dinner?" Noone-meate is the same as *noonchion*, since corrupted into *lunchion*, originally an afternoon's repast, but now used for that taken between breakfast and dinner.

Ditto, "curle or cockle." To *cockle* is explained by Bailey to mean "to pucker, shrink, or wrinkle up as some cloth does;" to "curle" therefore in its common acceptation is nearly synonymous.

P. 163. "What is the nature of horse bread?" I dare say you are correct in your reference to the Northumberland Household Book, but horse bread is probably no longer used in this island. In Flanders, and some parts of France, it is still common to give horses rye bread, which is cut for them in large slices from the loaf, and given them to eat in their mangers, mixed with beer. I have frequently seen it, even so lately as in the year 1791.

P. 163 & 164. "What are salets and pellets?" *Salet*, *sallad*, or *salade*, is a helmet or skull cap. The word is still in use in Ireland, as Miss Owenson affirms in her novel of the "Wild Irish Girl." It is common in old French and English writers. Brantome and Du Belley both use it; and you will find in Shakspeare, Henry VI. Part II. act iv. scene 9, "but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill." Pellets are, according to Bailey, "little balls;" in the present case I take them to be such balls as were used to be shot from the cross-bow; for the cross-bow sometimes discharged short arrows, sometimes balls,

balls, and sometimes bolts, which last are frequently mentioned by Froissart.

P. 164. "What means by the *borde*?" I doubt whether *borde* means border or edge; if it does, the conjecture is probably just. But is not *borde* a corruption or abbreviation of *bordage*, (as "*bord*-half-penny" is) a duty paid for selling in a market? If so, *by the borde* may mean "according to the custom of the market."

P. 165. "*Foricis duploibus defensivis*," I should be tempted to translate "a double breast plate for defence;" the Latinized Norman or English in old law proceedings is frequently incapable of being reduced to any rules of grammar. I think it has nothing to do with *doublet*, which did not use to be considered as a "coarse thick waistcoat," but was a part of a gentleman's apparel. Sir George Soudes uses the word in his narrative, in 1656, in speaking of the dress of both his sons.

P. 165. "*Geasse* ne other enchantment." I find in Bailey, *geason*, an old word for "rare, uncommon;" possibly *geasse* may have the same meaning, and be here applied to "rare or uncommon" arts: in the Acts of the Apostles (ch. xix. v. 19) we find *curious arts*, for magic or sorcery. *Geasse* can hardly mean *gayes* or *gys*, because no *weapon* seems to be alluded to in the oath, but only unlawful means of defence.

The vindication of Blackstone is very clear and satisfactory.

P. M.

ART

ART. VI. *Fishing.*

The Editors of the CENSURA will oblige a constant reader by explaining and (if they need it) correcting the following words, sentences, &c. in N^o XXVI. viz.

Page 114. *Sytches*—qu. Sykos—i. e. *sichete*—small streamlets.

115. Shovenetts, Trodenetts, *Pytches*. Qu. the difference?

Idem. The names, dates, and other particulars of “near *two hundred* various publications connected with (angling).”

115, 116. Where did Colonel (Robert) Venables live, and where was he born, and where interred?

117, line 27. Qu. If “*Noble Braue rest*” be not the *anagram* of the same “*Robert Venables*”—comprized in *fourteen similar letters*? and when did Venables’s book first appear, and how many different editions were there? specifying their dates and improvements, &c. &c.

117. Why not give the “*discussions upon manufacturing flies and threading a live bait?*” They would certainly be valuable to the *lover of angling*.

125. The lines, on taking a salmon, appeared in the 14th Vol. of the European Mag. for Sept. 1788, p. 223; in the Gent. Mag. Vol. LXIII. for March 1793, p. 262; and the Sporting Mag. Vol. XXV. for October 1804, p. 48; with material and essential variations. They were said to be written by the noted *John Hatfield* (a great fly fisher) who was hanged at Carlisle for forgery in Sept. 1803. Qu. whether he was really the author, or who else?

127. Who was the author of the *Whole Art of Fishing*,” 1714, mentioned in this page, line 35?

There was another edition of the same work, with a *different title*, printed in 1727 for H. Curll. The edition of 1714 was printed for E. Curll.

130. Qu? The meaning of "*Bonus noches*," l. 6.

131. "*Llewellyn's men Miracles*," &c. (mentioned in line 22) was published in 1646, and not in 1656.

136—137. The extract, as it is called, from "*a modern poem*," with the signature (bottom of p. 137) "*Mickles Syr Martyn, Can. 1*," is to be found, nearly verbatim, in an old poem called "*The Concu-bine*;"* a second edition of which was printed in 4to. p. 71, for T. Davies, in 1769.—The word "*Ypright*," p. 136, line ult. should be "*Ypight*," *plac'd, fixed*. The quotation referred to is incorrectly spelt, and differs materially from the orthography of the *Concu-bine*.

150—151. Who is the author (J. T.) of the poetical address "*to Anglers*," inserted in the note to these pages? The same poem is to be found in the "*English Chronicle*," N^o 8614, for Oct. 21, 1802, under the same signature, and is dated "*Margarete street*." The first and last stanzas were omitted in the *Chronicle*.

156. The *Boke of Justices* was first printed by *Wynkyn de Worde* in 1515, and by Coplands in 1516. *Twelve years before* the date of (ROBIN) Redman's edition.

165. *Geasse*—i. e. spiritus—hence, *gas, gheast, ghost*.

171. CIOIOIII. Should not, or ought not, this numeral to mean 1504, and not 1604? †

* Mickle so entitled the first edition; and afterwards altered it. *Editor*.

† An error of the press. It should have been CIOIOCIIII. *Editor*.

193. Line last, in notes. John, 10th Earl of Shrewsbury, died 1635 and not 1653, as here falsely asserted.

209. Why omit the commendatory verses of "*W. Farrar, è So. Med. Templ.*" and "*Fr. Oulde, è So. int. Templ.*" * both of whom contributed commendatory verses prefixed to "*W. Browne's poems*," mentioned in the note at this page, as well as the several other persons there enumerated, and two others, anonymous?

Liverpool, March 4, 1809.

ART. VII. *Cælia: containing certaine Sonets. By David Murray, Scoto-Brittaine. At London, printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard, in Fleet street, under the Diall. 1611. 12mo.*

These sonnets are appended to the "*Tragicall Death of Sophonisba*," a long poem, in seven-line stanzas. It is conjectured † that the author may have been Sir David Murray, Knt. Gentleman of the Bed-chamber and Groom of the Stole to Henry, Prince of Wales. ‡ This conjecture is principally founded on two sonnets addressed to that Prince, and prefixed to the death of Sophonisba. The second of these I tran-

* Because they do not occur in the Editor's edition, small 8vo. 1623. Editor.

† See Ellis's *Specimens of early English poets*, iii. 80, where two of the sonnets are inserted.

‡ To the latter situation he was appointed in Dec. 1610. See Birch's *Life of P. Henry*, p. 218. In August 1600, it appears from Birrel's diary, that Sir David Murray was comptroller of the household to James VI. See Dalryel's *Fragments of Scottish Hist.* p. 50.

scribe. It is constructed after the Italian model; and not unsuccessfully.

“ Even as the eagle through the empty skie
 Convoys her young ones on her soaring wings
 Above the azur'd vaults, till she them brings
 Where they on Phœbus' glorious beames may pry;
 So, mighty Prince! my Muse now soars on high
 Above the vulgar reach to higher spheres,
 With this scarce-ripen'd eaglet birth of her's,
 Unto the view of your majestick eye.
 But if it hap (as hap I feare it shall)
 She may not bide your censure's dazling touch;
 The higher flight, the more renowned fall;
 It shall suffice that her attempt was such:
 But if in aught she please your princely view,
 Then she attains the marke at which she flew.

Your Highnesse most loyall & affectionate servant,

DA. MURRAY.”

Complimentary verses follow, by Michael Drayton, the well-known poet; by Simon Grahame, the author of the “Anatomie of Humors;” and by John Murray, who has a MS. volume of sonnets* in the college library, Edinburgh, and who styles himself the “loving cousin” of David Murray. The love-sonnets entitled “Cælia,” which Mr. Pinkerton had not been able to meet with, † are inscribed to Richard, Lord Dingwall, in a metrical dedication which intimates a suspicion that his Lordship's martial mind would have been

* To these Drummond seems to allude, when he says—“Murray, with others I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publish their works.” Conversation with Ben Jonson, in 1619.

† See Preliminaries to Scottish poems, 1792, Vol. I. p. xxxiii. Mr. A. Campbell, in his Hist. of Poetry in Scotland, notices a copy, at p. 130.

more congenially amused if the poet had saluted him with the dread sounds

“Of neighing coursers and of trumpets shrill.”

He at the same time announces his future intention to impart some subject to his patron’s “noble ears,” which shall seem of more worth than these idle and light conceits,

“Where youth and folly shew their skil-lesse art.”

That his poetical conceits were not *skil-less* the following quatuorzain may show.

“On his being accused by a Gentlewoman for stealing of a book.”

“Let not thyselfe, faire nimphe! nor none of thine,
Accuse me of a sacrilegious theft;
For by the world, and by the starry lift,*
And by the honour I do owe thy shrine,
By the infernall spirits and gods divine,
And by the hallowed stately Stigian brayes, †
I never meant, sweete dame, thee to displease:
For why? thy grieve had likewise then been mine.
If ever aught, deare love, from thee I stole,
I both protest & sweare it was no booke;
No: nothing but a poore inveigling looke,
For which againe I left my freedome thrall.
Then blame me not for stealing of thy books,
Since you steal hearts—I only steale poore looks.”

One of his sonnets was “made, at the author’s being in Bourdeaux.” Mr. Alex. Campbell has reprinted another “on the misfortune of Belisarius.” Two others are addressed “to the right worthy gentleman and his loving cousin Mr. John Murray.”

* Sky.

† Banks.

Another was written "on the death of Lady Cicely Weemes, Lady of Tillebarne." This is followed by an epitaph, or rather elegy, on the death of his deare cousin, M. David Murray, and a sonnet on the death of his cousin Adam Murray. The following little poem appears to be composed on the plan of one among the Uncertain Authors annexed to Lord Surrey's poems, which is considered by Mr. Warton as the first example in our language, now remaining, of the pure and unmixed pastoral. *

" The Complaint of the shepheard Harpalus.

" Poore Harpalus, opprest with love,

Sate by a christal brooke;

Thinking his sorrowes to remoye

Oft times therein did looke;

And hearing how on pebble stones

The murmuring river ran,

As if it had bewail'd his grones,

Unto it thus began:

' Faire stream, (quoth he) that pities me,

And hears my matchlesse moane,

If thou be going to the sea,

As I do so suppose; †

Attend my plaints, past all releefe,

Which dolefully I breath;

Acquaint the sea-nymphes with the greefe,

Which still procures my death:

Who, sitting on the clifly rocks,

May in their songs expresse,

While as they combe their golden locks,

Poore Harpalus' distresse.

* See Hist. of Eng. Poetry, iii. 31.

† Suppose.

And so, perhaps, some passenger,
 That passeth by the way,
 May stay & listen for to hear
 Them sing this dolefull lay;—

Poore Harpalus, a shepheard-swaine
 More rich in youth than store,
 Lov'd faire Philena, hapless man!
 Philena, oh! therefore.

Who still, remorseless-hearted maide,
 Took pleasure in his paine,
 And his good will, poor soule! repayd
 With undeserv'd disdayne.

Ne're shepheard lov'd a shepheardesse
 More faithfully then he;
 Ne're shepheard yet beloved lesse
 Of shepheardesse could be.

How oft with dying looks did he
 To her his woes impart!
 How oft his sighes did testifie
 The dolour of his heart!

How oft from vallies to the hills
 Did he his griefs rehearse!
 How oft re-echo'd they his ills
 Abacke again, alas!

How oft on barks of stately pines
 Of beech, of hollen greene,
 Did he ingrave in mournfull lines
 The dole he did sustaine!

Yet all his plaints could have no place,
 To change Philena's mind;
 The more his sorrowes did increase,
 The more she prov'd unkind.

The

The thought whereof, through verie care,
 Poore Harpalus did move;
 That overcome with high despaire,
 He quat * both life and love."

Several of the sonnets bear much similarity in their structure to those of the Scotian Petrarch, Drummond; but they appeared five years before any known edition of the bard of Hawthornden, whose tender amatory effusions long preceded the mythological elegancies of Waller, as Mr. Neve has fully shewn in his "Cursory Remarks on ancient English poets." T. P.

ART. VIII. *Additions to the Censura, Vol. IV. p. 348, and Miscellanea.*

I have the authority of the Bibliographia Rawlinsoniana, N^o 1120, for an edition in 4to. printed by Henry Wykes: and in my own possession is "A verie fruitfull and pleasant booke called the Instruction of a Christian Woman, made first in Latin by the right famous Clearke, M. Lewes Viues, and translated into English, by Richard Hyrde. At London, printed by John Danter, dwelling in Hosier Lane neere Holburne Conduit, 1592." Sm. 8vo. black letter.

Bristol, 1809.

J. F.

I. "The Obedyence of a Chrysten man, and howe Christen rulers ought to governe wher in also (if thou marke dilygently) thou shalt finde eyes to perceave y^e crafty conveiance of all jugglers."

At the end, Imprinted at London, by Wylllyam Coplande, 1561, 16mo. folios 182.

* Quitted.

2. "The

2. "The parable of the Wycked Mammon, compiled in the yere of our Lorde 1536, W. T. Imprynted at Lodon by Ihon Daye, dwellyng in Sepulchres paryshe, at the signe of the Resurrectio~, a little above Holbourne Co~duit, 1547," 16mo.

Of *the Obedience*, the Address to the Reader has "William Tyndale, otherwyse called Wylliam Hyckins unto the reader," and merits attention from the peculiar style of boldness and vigour in which it is written.

Of *the Parable* the first edition was published in 4to. at Marlborow; the second by Copland, 1536.

The above copy once belonged to the celebrated Herbert, and has his autograph on the title.

In the CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. . p. , is noticed the Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose; to that account I would add the following, which appears to be the best translation, as well as the scarcest.

"Memoirs of the most renowned James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, translated from the Latin of the Rev. Doctor George Wishart, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh, with an Appendix, containing many curious Papers relating to the History of those times, several of which never hitherto published. Edinburgh: printed by William Ruddiman, Junior, and Company, for A. Kincaid and A. Donaldson, W. Gordon, C. Wright, booksellers in Edinburgh, and for Andrew Stalker, bookseller in Glasgow. MDCCLVI." Portrait. 412 pages, besides 26 of prefatory matter.

Bristol, 1809.

J. F.

ART.

ART. IX. *Catholike History, collected and gathered out of Scripture, Councils, ancient Fathers, and modern authentick Writers both ecclesiastical and civil; for the satisfaction of such as doubt, and the confirmation of such as believe, the Reformed Church of England. Occasioned by a book written by Dr. Thomas Vane, intituled The lost Sheep returned home. By Edward Chisenhale, Esquire. London: Printed for I. C. for Nath. Brooks at the signe of the Angel in Cornhil. 1653. 12mo.*

Mr. Chisenhale (afterwards knighted) was the descendant of an ancient Lancashire family, formerly seated at a place of the same name, but now extinct. Granger says that he "well deserves to be remembered in the double capacity of a soldier and an author."* In the former, he gave many signal proofs of his bravery at the memorable siege of Lathomhouse in Lancashire, for which he afterwards suffered in the payment of a heavy penalty. The present is, I believe, the *only* publication that proceeded from his pen. Prefixed to it is a curious portrait of the author, in which he is represented kneeling, with various emblematic figures around him, and underneath are inscribed the following lines.

"Heere to the church, one of her yongest sonnes
Prostrate presents these lucubrations;
Hee feares not her harsh censure, for hee knowes
Mothers are kind, and shee the best of those;
Her benediction if shee please to give,
Twill make the authour, and his lynes to live,

* Biog. Hist. Eng. V. iii. p. 106.

Then though Rome curse, t' shall never trouble him;
Though Rome be Eball, here's his Gerizim."

A work of this nature cannot be supposed to be generally interesting at the present day, but the following extracts from the preface acquaint us with the author's particular objects in the publication of it.

"To the Right Reverend the legal clergy of the reformed Protestant Church of England, the author wishes many dayes of consolation here, and eternal joy in the Holy Ghost."

"The Israelites lamented after the Lord, when the ark was removed, and it pittied the children of Sion to see her stones in the dust, and how can any sing a song of the Lord in a strange land? For my own part, many have been the troubles of my spirit (Right Reverend) for the desolations and miseries that have of late befallen our English church, and among the rest this has not been the least affliction of my soul, to see her like Sennacherib, murdered of her own sons, to see her laid desolate, whilst her enemies cry, there, there, so would we have it."

"When Jerusalem was destroyed, she became an habitation unto strangers, and our English Sion being now laid waste, a Babylonish tower of Rome would fain be built by the enemy upon our holy hill."

"But that which most afflicted me, was to see the sons of our Sions tower being compleatly furnished out of her spiritual magazine, and being harnessed and carrying bowes to resist the darts of Satan, should, like the children of Ephraim, turn their backs in the day of battel; amongst whom I find Dr. Vane, the author of a book intituled, The Lost Sheep returned home, to be

be the ring leader and chief of the apostate tribe; who had no sooner escaped out of our English sheep fold, but straightway he discovers the muset thorow which he stole, thinking thereby to decoy the rest of the flock into the wilderness."

"Now I seeing this injury done unto our English vine yard, though it was not proper to me to make up the fence did presume to lay these thorns in the breach, whereby I might divert the flock from straying after novelties, and seeking after strange pastours, and in the interim blind the wolves that they should not discover the breach that is made in our pale."

"Had I not been upbraided daily with the clamorous insultings of divers papists, that our church wanting grounds of replyes, was the cause of her silence; I had neither given them this occasion to censure me of presumption, or busied myself either for their information, or the church of England's justification; the one more properly belonging to another's charge, the other needless, in respect the quarrel they have renewed is but with their own shadow; all that ever they now pretend being heretofore fully answered; the force of divinity, and weight of reason, adjudging the garland to our English church.

"Nevertheless, those answers being in several pieces, and many not having the several books, and the Doctor having couched many subject matters in one volume, I thought it requisite that a reply were composed in answer to his objections; not the importance of his subject matter, but the ease and convenience of the people to have him answered in one piece, calling upon some to this work."

"And I consulting with myself, and imagining
(after

(after so long a time of its not being answered) that the more judicious amongst you might perhaps think it below them to make a reply to that, which had already by others been most fully and plainly refuted, did assume the boldness to re-capitulate this ensuing treatise, which (together with myself) I prostrate at your feet."

J. H. M.

ART. X. *Paradoxical assertions and philosophical problems. Full of delight and recreation for all ladies and youthful fancies. By R. H. London: Printed by R. W. and are to be sold by Charles Webb, at the Bores Head in St. Pauls Church yard. 1659. 12mo.*

Mr. Dibdin, in his late edition of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, page 62, calls this "an eccentric and rare little book," which it undoubtedly is; and some further extracts from it, in addition to those he has given, may not therefore be unacceptable.

At page 24 we find the following paradoxical assertion "that frequent fires in a metropolis to consume the dwelling houses are necessary."

"Although my discourse may seem Quixot-like, to overthrow cities, depopulate countries, and threaten all their ruines: and though I appear at first aspect like him, terrible, in this doubtful notion, yet I doubt not but out of this flinty paradox, I shall strike fire enough to lighten any man to the truth of this bold assertion, though not enough to consume any the least city or town corporate, (although some of the latter might better be spared.)"

"Our

“Our law therefore in this particular I conceive too severe, which inhibits a man upon pain of death to set fire to his own house: as for example if my house be ill favored, old, rotten and decayed, and consequently dangerous either to be lived in or pulled down, should I not rather fire it quickly (if it stand alone especially) than endanger any man’s life in the demolition thereof; and build a better, fairer and more substantial one in the room thereof?”

“Observe but where the greatest fires have raged in any countrey, town or city, if fairer structures, larger streets, and more stately and convenient edifices have not been raised phenix-like out of their ashes: whereas old mansions dawbed and patched up so long like Theseus ship (of which not a rib it had at first building was left) and repaired so much, that to make the house the more honourable, they must be propped up with supporters to keep the tenements from falling; look like the Augean stables, full of dirt and rottenness; or like my grandsire’s old Grange, venerable for nothing but antiquity. Some streets in London are built so narrow, that neighbors at home may shake hands; as they are built in Spain, Italy, and France, to divert the sun’s scalding rayes: but in our northern coasts, a fair, streight, broad, open street, as at Southampton, best befits our clime.”

“What matter were it then if some of our rotten, poor half thatched cities were burnt, and stately ones erected in their rooms with galleries as at Westchester; or arches and piatzas to the street, as at Damascus, Padua, Bologna and Berna in Switzerland. Did not Erostratus build himself up a name by burning down the temple of Diana? And doth not charity, grown cold

cold now a dayes, however yet warm herself by these and the like frequent fires? whereas without such sudden and unexpected occasions she would even freeze and starve to death—

“ Besides, observe how every creature naturally desires to get out of his house of restraint, for our houses are but as our inns to lodge, not to dwell in. The snail as soon as it can creep leaves its shell; the chicken as soon as warmth does hatch it, quits its marble tenement: and even man himself is soon weary of the womb he hath lien a while enclosed in, and when able to walk, delights more in the open fields than in his closet.”

“ Thus I conclude then, where such horrid ruines are purposely made by malicious designs, the incendiaries, who are *nigro carbone notandi*, are worthy of greater and more lasting flames. But when God’s immediate hand does it either by lightning to purge the infected air; or by other casual accidents permits it for our punishment; the judgement may enlighten us to behold the frailty of our earthly mansions, and God’s justice, to whose providence we are to submit: and may be useful also to minde us of the day of judgement, when all shall be consumed in fire, except the bodies of the wicked, that must ever broil in everlasting flames—”

At page 36 “ that imprisonment is better than life.”

“ I have read of a Parisian that in sixty years stirred not out of the walls of that famous city, (a prison large and glorious enough I confess) but when the king had confined him within that circuit during life, then, and not before the old man most desired to expatiate, and

thereupon with grief dyed: so that it is not the confinement, but the imposed restraint that makes imprisonment so irksome. The voluntary sequestration of the anchoret sweetens his solitude and close immurement, and it may be onely the forced servitude and restraint of more volatile spirits that makes their lives seem tedious."

"'Tis true Robert Duke of Normandy, imprisoned by Henry the First, his younger brother pined away for grief: and Francis the French King taken by Charles the Fifth, was (as Guicciardine reports) melancholy even to death, and that in an instant. And Jugurth, that valiant commander, after a few days imprisonment at Rome, dyed. I grant that to such high flying souls that have lived abroad at the height of jovial exultation and sensuality, to be debarr'd on a sudden of their former career of pleasures, cannot but be irksome at first especially, perhaps mortal. No doubt but Valerian, Bajazet, our Edward and Richard the Second, felt the smart of such tyrannous confinements. You may sooner tame a lark or reclaim a swallow, then such high flying fancies. But to a stoical temper, to an austere, stay'd, and reserved person, imprisonment is liberty. Such a man being *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, and never more at ease then when thus confin'd. To a scholar, that can sit and travel all the world over in a map, nothing so pleasant as retirement; his brains travel in contemplation though he be fixt in his cell: he can behold the chorographical and typographical delineations of the remotest parts and cities, turn over every stone, and build castles, &c. and never set foot over his studie's threshold."

"How

“How renowned is King Ptolomy for that learning he acquired whilst imprisoned by his disease? With what delight did our wise King James contemplate Bodley’s fair library at Oxford, expressing his affection to learning in those expressive words, “if I were to be a prisoner, said he, and might have my wish, I would desire no other prison then that library, and to be chained together with so many brave authors and dead instructours.”

“What shall I say of Cæsar’s retirement to Caprea? And of the Emperour Charles the Fifth, his quitting his imperial diadem to embrace the peaceable quiet of a monastick life? How are the Kings of China for state’s sake cloistered up that they never come abroad? How are the Spanish, Turkish, Italian dames lockt up in their closets by their jealous husbands? and our’s scarce suffering themselves to see the sun, onely to preserve their beauties? With what content are they mew’d up in stoves in Muscovia, and in caves in Greenland half the year together? You’ll reply, their confinements are voluntary which sweetens and gilds the pill of bondage and servitude. But what unparallel’d calamities do the Indian and Turkey slaves in mines and gallies endure, condemned perpetually to drudgery hunger and blows, and chained to their misery sans hope of delivery?”

“All this I say is nothing to a chearful heart and patient. The ship the rich merchant sails in is no less a prison then the captive’s gally. Set aside the Spanish inquisition, (which tyrannizes over the soul as well as over the body) and is therefore more injurious; I see not, I say, that suggested misery in that or any other sort of imprisonment, which a wise, humble and

patient spirit cannot overcome and lessen, nay, turn it to his advantage and content."

"By imprisonment how many lewd riotous men are brought home? How many vagrants settled, how many dangers and temptations avoided? it being the onely means to mortifie and master himself, and his greatest enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Since then this life, though but a perpetual slavery and imprisonment, is yet sweet to us all, and more desirable than death, which is our onely liberty, and frees us from all the iron shakels and weighty chains of our sins; I may safely conclude, that imprisonment is, in many respects, to a Christian, better than death or liberty."

J. H. M.

ART. XI. *A Sermon preached at St. Margarets in Westminster at the Funeral of Mrs. Susanna Gray, daughter of Henry Gray, Esq. of Enfield* in Staffordshire: who on the 29th of October, 1654, began her eternal Sabbath, &c. &c. London: Printed by F. L. 1657. Sm. 4to.*

I have prefixed the above title-page to this article for the purpose of introducing to the reader's attention a few extracts from one of the very numerous elegies that were written upon the death of Mrs. Gray, and which are subjoined to her funeral sermon. It appears to me to contain some highly poetical lines, and to be far superior to the generality of compositions of a similar nature. The elegies were all contributed by students of the two universities, with the exception

* Or Enville.

of

of the one in question, the author of which was Roger Wolvyche, of the Inner Temple, a relative of the deceased.

After describing his passage through the infernal regions he observes,

“ From hence into the elysian fields I flye,
 With unseen wonders to acquaint mine eye.
 Eternal spring was here, fresh blooming youth,
 Sweet flowry joy, with never dying truth,
 Soft-gliding streams, which Zephyrus still fanns,
 In which swam multitudes of silver swanns;
 Thickets of bayes and myrtle, shady bowers,
 Sweet walks enamelled with [a] thousand flowers,
 Wherein the nightingales lodg'd constant guests,
 Whisp'ring soft murmurs from their warbling breasts.
 The voice of winds was here ununderstood,
 Or frosts to blast the blossom or the bud.
 Rare prospects, which continually invite
 The ravish'd senses to a fresh delight!
 Sundry apartments variously drest,
 Distinguish'd the retirements of the blest:
 In some were votaries whose wing'd desires
 Had been inflamed with religious fires,
 And with sequestred minds, clear purg'd from vice,
 Had offered up themselves pure sacrifice.
 In others lovers were, those few that knew
 The mysterie of love, and loving true,
 Who now with chaplets crown'd and glorious names,
 Burn with serene and unmolested flames.
 Others there were, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Who by their learned works their fame had rais'd.
 Others who by inventions ne'er before
 Discover'd, had enrich'd the publique store.
 Last came those ancient sages, nature's priests,
 Who had unravell'd her through all her mists,

And with laborious search and thoughts profound,
Had digg'd out truths long buried under ground.

Well satisfi'd with this discovery here,
I passed onwards to another sphear.
Scarce had I touch'd the confines with mine eyes,
But a strange joy within me did arise;
My thoughts grew flow'ry all, and all serene,
So quickly was I altered with the scene,
Such were my thoughts e'r I acquainted grew
With this false world, or its delusions knew.
If it be true to know our genial air,
We should observe where we best placed are,
Our spirits most airy, clear, and liveliest,
Where our affairs succeed and prosper best,
From all these observations, I should swear
I never knew it before that I came here.
So aromatique smelt the fragrant air,
And the whole place so beautiful and fair,
That all I look'd on with admiring eyes
Before, now suddenly I did despise,
So much the other were exceeded here,
As they exceeded our gross earthly sphear:
So that, as Sappho sweetly stiles the rose,
The darling flower, that costs the spring more throes
In its production, being nature's pride,
Than all the flowers of the field beside,
So charming and alluring was this place,
By heaven's peculiar influence and grace,
As if t' enrich this one and make it blest,
Nature had quite impoverished all the rest.
This beauteous place they Aphrodisia call,
Where Venus, as Queen Regent, ruleth all;
With sweetest flowers were all the wayes beset,
Which as by chance in perfect order met,

From

From whose coincidence there did arise
 A sweet reflection ravishing the eyes.
 The flowers were set upon a carpet green,
 Never in emerald was like verdure seen,
 And all a-row were placed trees along,
 Which with sweet blossoms and with fruits were hung,
 Amidst whose shady branches one might hear
 The birds of paradise sing sweet and clear:
 Which the shrill eccho counterfeiting well
 Carries to those which at far distance dwell.
 Close at the feet of these ran purling streams,
 Whose murmurs lul'd the thoughts in pleasing dreams;
 And on the banks were arborets and bowers
 Close interwoven, and thick strewed with flowers,
 In whose cool shades the people of the clime
 In various pleasures past away the time.

But stay, doe I remember all this while
 Where I last felt thee, when I saw thee smile,
 And yet indulge such poor despairing feares,
 Or suffer these affronts done thee by teares;
 These do but discompose thee in thy urn,
 And thy cold ashes into embers turn.
 Yet all our griefs have nothing but design,
 We only our own losses weep, not thine:
 'Twas not thy funeral, nor art thou deceast,
 'Twas only thy canonization feast;
 Thou need'st no cypress, wreaths, nor flow'ry crowns,
 Got out of reach of fate, and fortune's frowns;
 Triumphant lawrel better fits thy brows,
 Or palms victorious, than these dismall boughs!
 Sleep unmolested then, fair virgin, sleep,
 Whilst angels watch over thy ashes keep;
 More vigilant than the never silent guard,
 That in the Capitol kept constant ward,

Or virgins that watch'd o'er the vestal fire,
 Which their religion durst not see expire—
 Yet as the Romans called thrice aloud,
 Ere they the dead committed to their shroud;
 So e'er I take my last leave of thy cell,
 I'll bid thy reliques solemnly farewell.
 Farewel, thou growing glory of thy name,
 Farewel, young martyr, victress o'r the flame;
 Farewel, fair saint, sweet innocence, good night,
 My pen's unhallowed, and my fancy light."

J. H. M.

ART. XII. *The Exposicion of Daniel the Prophete gathered out of Philip Melanchton, Johan Ecolampadius, Chonrade Pellicane, and oute of Johan Draconite, &c. By George Joye. A Prophecye diligently to be noted of al Emprowrs and Kinges in these laste dayes. 1545 in August, Geneve.*

This is the first edition (others by John Daye in 8vo. 1550, and by Raynalde) and is dedicated by the pious Melanchton "unto the moste deare Prince Lorde Maurice Duke of Savone, Lantgrave of Turinge and Marchis of Misne: January 1545."

The translator, Joye, was a Bedfordshire man, and received his education in Peterhouse, Cambridge; he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1512-13; of Master 1517, and was admitted a Fellow on the 27th of April in the same year. In 1527, being accused of heresy by the prior of Newnham, he fled to Strasburg, where he went by the name of Clark.

I have extracted as a specimen the following from the third chapter text.

"Then

“ Then was Nebucadnezar angry, and in a furye comāded Sedrach, Mesach, Abednego, to be brought before him.

“ This is the descripcion of a wyked and iniust iuge, and it conteineth the example of a tyraunt, not onely defending the ungodly worship papistry and false religion with swerde and fyer, but also with a blasphemouse mouthe preferring and extollynge his owne power aboue Goddis. Thus do all tyraunts defende ungodly worshippings and false religion against the doctrine of the lawe and gospell as witnesseth the 2 Psal. It is trwly a damnable synne to defende ydolatry and supersticion and synfull ceremonies, rites, traditions, &c. with torments, and to saye as here sayth the kynge, what God can delyuer you out of my handis: unto this perteyneth the example of Sennacherib, unto whom also blasphemynge, God sayd, I shall put a ring thorow thy nose. God's wille is douteless by this example to feare tyrauntes from blasphemyes and uniust iugement. What kyng therfore so euer will not synne as did Nebucadnezar, nor perisse with Sennacherib, let him not be mynded nor speake nor do against God nor his worde, but beleue his worde and praye the lordis prayer and gouerne as Dauid techeth him Psal. 101, and lyue aftir y^e. Psal. 33.”

Bristol.

J. F.

ART.

ART. XIII. *Answers to remarks and Queries of the
6th Article, p. 371.*

The printer has just sent me for perusal the preceding sheet; it may not be incurious to add upon the notice respecting "noone-meate," at p. 369, I some time since was invited by the lady of a house, in Brunswick Square, to partake of "noonings," i. e. luncheon.

P. 371. Sytches* means "a little water course that is dry in summer." See Kersey.

Is not the shovenett the common drag nett; the trode-nett such as are placed in narrow channells, a weir or mill; and the small pytches casting netts?

The great ancestor of Venables is supposed to have been Galiard Venables, who came over with the Conqueror. The Colonel served in the Parliament army in Cheshire, and in 1644 appears to have been made Governor of Chester. His book was first published 1662, and went through five editions.

"Discussions upon manufacturing flies," may be found in every work that attempts to disclose the art of fishing. Upon the second point, "threading a live bait;" surely enough is known. What "lover of angling" can venture to ridicule modern philosophers for their disgusting experiments on frogs, cats, &c. who derives continual amusement from writhing worms or tortured bleak and minnows? Acquire a fine finger, and let false flies and paste content thee, Piscator!

The European Magazine probably obtained the lines "on taking a Salmon," from the same source as myself, a provincial paper of that period. The signature is J. H.

P. 372. There is no poetical licence visible in "Bonus noches." Llewellyn first bids anglers farewell, or "good night;" and then humoursomely assigns his reasons. The

* *Swidge* is used in Suffolk and Norfolk to signify a small quantity of standing water.

poems were also "printed for Will. Shears, Junr. at the Blue Bible in Bedford-street, in Covent-Garden, 1656."

A poem, however antiquated in appearance, printed during the last century, is not "an old poem."

What means the observation on the boke of Justices except to mislead by error? Is there any engagement that articles in the *CENSURA* shall be written from *first* editions, or describe those subsequent? The work was printed by Robert Copland, or Coplande, in 1515 (see Herbert, p. 346) and perhaps again in the following year; but there is no authority to talk either of Coplands or *Robin Redman*. If such an authority exists from *mis-print*, it had better be communicated gratis (i. e. *post paid*) to the Editor of the new edition of *Typographical Antiquities*. I have one of the editions, unnoticed by Herbert, entitled "the boke for a Justyce of Peace, neuer so wel and dylygently set forthe. Londini in edibus Roberti Redman." It appears to have been printed subsequent to the one forming the article at p. 156, and proves the reference upon hawking (p. 164) was originally an error of the press; instead of 13 Hen. 2, it should have been 13 R. 2.; this is confirmed by consulting the statute. The benefice should read "x li. by yere," and at p. 165 "ne geasse" should be "ne grasse." It is doubtful if there is any work which refers to statutes *ante Magna Charta*.

Before I conclude with this anonymous writer I freely acknowledge, from a tardiness of discovering its enigmatical allusion, the words "noble braue rest," have not the original distinguishment of italics; but this splenetic correspondent might have discovered a less venial error than any noticed had he been deep read in ancient lore upon angling, from the omitting to suggest that near the whole extract is a close copy by Venables, from the earlier treatise on Angling by Juliana Berners.

At some future period the articles on Hawking, &c. will be formed into a small volume, and to that probably attached the

the catalogue of "near two hundred various publications" on Angling, and which have been inspected by a correspondent of the *CENSURA*, a gentleman that has long made Angling, &c. a subject of research; and while on the eve of planning a new edition of the work by Juliana Berners (from a perfect copy, in my possession, printed on vellum, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496,) I was in expectation of finding in him an able associate. Unfortunately such an undertaking might interfere too seriously with his prior literary engagements, and, with regret, I announce the circumstance of his declining, for the information of the circle where it had been reported. As the task has now become doubly arduous, from the want of such assistance, it may defer the completion but will not deter me from the undertaking, if it appears probable the work will bear attendant expenses. For a very limited edition I shall seek to give a verbal copy of the text, confident of finding readers who will not stamp an inadvertent transposition of figures "a false assertion." P. 373.

P. 378. The "authority," J. F. refers to is by *chance* right; for it is seldom that a single catalogue may be depended upon. It is the same edition as I had noticed. Herbert, or any work upon early typography, would have pointed out that the name of "Roykes" was a misprint for "Wykes." No. 1 and 2, "The obedyence, &c." seem unconnected with the antecedent. J. H.

ART. XIV. *The Mother's Blessing, or the godly Counsell of a Gentlewoman, not long since deceased, left behinde her for her Children. Containing many good exhortations and good admonitions profitable for all Parents to leave as a Legacie to their Children. By Mrs. Dorothy Leigh. London: Printed for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the Horsshoe, neare the Hospital Gate, in Smithfield. 1638. 12mo.*

I am

I am not aware of any particular value being attached to this book, but never having heard of any other copy, conceive my time not thrown away, in a description.

It is dedicated “to the High and Excellent Princess, the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace, Daughter to the High and mightie King of Great Brittain, and Wife to the Illustrious Prince, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, D. L. wisheth all grace and prosperity here, and glory in the world to come.”

Prefixed is

“ Counsell to my Children.

“ My sons,* the readers of this book,

I doe you not intreat

To bear with each misplaced word:

for why? my pain's as great

To write this little booke to you

(the worlde may thinke indeed)

As it will be at any time

for you the same to reade.

But this I much and oft desire,

that you would do for me,

To gather honey of each flower,

as doth the lab'rous bee.

She looks not who did place the plant,

nor how the flower did grow;

Whether so stately up aloft,

or neare the ground below.

But where she finds it, there she works,

and gets the wholesome food,

And beares it home, and layes it up,

t doe her country good.

* George, John, and William Leigh.

And

And for to serve herself at need,
 when winter doth begin :
 When storme and tempest is without,
 then she doth find within

A sweet and pleasant wholesome food
 an house to keepe her warme ;
 A place where softly she may rest,
 and be kept from all harme :
 Except the bee that idle is,
 and seekes too soone for rest,
 Before she filled hath her house,
 whereby her state is blest.

And then as she did rest too soone,
 too soone she sorrow knowes :
 When storms and tempests are without
 then she herself beshrowes ;
 Shee looketh out, and seeth death
 ready her to devoure ;
 Then doth she wish that she had got
 more of the wholesome floure.

For why, within, her store is spent
 before the winter's past,
 And she by no meanes can endure
 the stormy winter's blast.
 She looketh out, and seeth death,
 and finds no lesse within :
 Then too too late for to repent,
 you see shee doth begin.

Therefore see you not idle be,
 this I would have you know,
 Be sure still that the ground be good,
 whereon the plant doth grow :
 Then gather well, and lose no time,
 take heed, now you doe see,

Lest you be unprovided found,
as was the idle bee.

D. L."

Bound up with my copy of the above, but unfortunately imperfect at the beginning, is the Father's Blessing. I do not know the author, but from the similarity of type, &c. I conclude that it forms a part of the other work. There are two or three pieces of poetry, from which I select the following.

*"David's account of Man's life, from seventie
yeares to a spanne.*

"Threescore and ten the age and life of man,
In holy David's eyes seem'd but a span;
For halfe that time wee waste away in sleepe,
So only thirtie five for use we keepe,
In sorrow then, which wastes, and suckes veines drie,
We count we do not live, but rather die
In youth and age; our child-hoods both doth kisse,
Therefore no part of life, wee reckon this:
So that sleepe deducted, youth, and age, and sorrow,
Onely a span is all the life we borrow."

Bristol, 1809.

J. F.

ART.

ART. XV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

Nº LXXIII.

Letter to the Ruminator.

MR. RUMINATOR,

I write from an impulse of gratitude. At this delightful season, when a poetic imagination acquires redoubled influence, I reflect with enthusiasm on the many hours of enjoyment which your lucubrations have bestowed on me. In those essays, Sir, I have ever met with sentiments with which it has afforded me the purest pleasure to feel my own ideas in unison; though I know not with what propriety I now trouble you with this declaration, coming from an unknown and obscure individual. Sir, there is a certain mode of life, and peculiarity of situation, which is more likely than any other to produce and cherish poetic enthusiasm. To be accustomed from infancy to the deepest seclusion, and to the wild and majestic scenery of nature, though accompanied with some disadvantages, is perhaps the greatest means of laying a foundation for this temper of mind. The placid tranquillity of verdant woods, the roaring of the mountain torrent, the sweet interchange, and inexpressible influence of morn and evening, contemplated in the bosom of magnificent scenery, must sooner or later, produce, in a mind possessed of any feeling, a correspondent glow of sentiment and imagination. Even Johnson, whose indifference to rural beauty is well known, has yet borne testimony in one of the most striking passages of his *Journey through Scotland* to its powerful influence. I have not the book within reach, and therefore cannot quote;

quote; but the passage is probably known to every reader whom I should wish to interest.

From my earliest recollections, I have been familiarized to seclusion, in a beautiful and sequestered corner of the country. To you, Sir, it is unnecessary to describe the various enjoyments, which, in a situation of this kind, must await a mind attached to contemplation, and which can employ itself in pursuit of the Muses. It has been my supreme delight to wander through groves, and sequestered vallies, where no intruder was ever known to disturb the freedom of solitary meditation; and to indulge myself in pouring forth, amid the blast that swept over the neighbouring forest, innumerable attempts at poetical composition, with but little consideration of their fate, or regard to correctness. But heavens! how boundless are the intentions! how wild and impossible the designs! and above all, how glorious and transporting the poetical visions, which have adorned the day-dreams in which I so much delighted to indulge! Even now, I cannot help reflecting with enthusiasm on the unmixed happiness which I then enjoyed. One remark very forcibly occurs to my recollection, which is, that of all the classical authors known to me at present, *those* which formerly became my associates, in wandering through the woods, and which I was accustomed to read aloud to the dashing waterfall, are recollected with most gratitude, and above all others most forcibly imprinted on the memory. I cannot however, when talking of a country life, use the words of Cowper,

“ I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But here I laid the scene!”

or having been told that it was most commendable to follow some profession, I conquered, in idea, every obstacle, and established my abode in cities, amid 'the hum of men,' with as little difficulty as I had before entered the court of the Fairy Queen, or quaffed ale along with warriors, in the hall of Odin. But the time has at last arrived, when these threats were to be put into execution; and when that which is commonly called life began to dawn — Alas, Mr. Ruminator! I have here found a brilliant imagination to be but a deceitful guide. My golden visions have fled like the morning cloud: I have entered the crowded ball-room, mingled with the train of orators and statesmen; and returned fevered with disappointment, to search again for repose in the bosom of the forest, where alone it could be found. In this situation I now am. After having once given the reins to poetical fancy, it is difficult indeed to stop its career; and I remain at present in doubt whether to struggle against its influence, by mingling again with the world, or to follow, without further hesitation, the precepts contained in an epigram of Martial, elegantly translated in a late number of your essays.

It was my intention to wind up this letter with a very juvenile effusion in verse, which seemed not inapplicable to the present subject; but recollecting that a copy of these verses may exist in the possession of a friend, I dread the risk, (notwithstanding my insignificance) of becoming in any degree known, until I find what reception you may give to this feeble and hurried transcript of my feelings.

Yours,

MUSARUM AMATOR.

May 9, 1809.

Nº

N^o LXXIV.*On the deceitfulness of Hope. Farewell of the Ruminator.*

The delusions of hope have been among the most trite topics of the moralist. The Ruminator feels them on the present occasion with no common force. He had flattered himself that his lucubrations might have proceeded to at least double their present length. But to plan and to act are widely different. He has deferred the execution of half his purposes till it is too late, and the close of the CENSURA brings them to a termination before their time.

Thus disheartened, he has wanted energy sufficient to perform the little that might still have been done, and passed two or three months in a state of listlessness and idleness such as he has not experienced for years. A number of favourite subjects remain untouched; and a number of fragments unused.

Even this last paper has been deferred, from the wish to execute it well, till the languor of over-wearied thought has diminished the usual degree of ability; and time scarcely remains to execute it at all.

To look back on what is past, is an employment too fearful for the present spirits of the Author. "The toil," says Johnson, "with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection, which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours, than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resus-

citation of desires, which he feels himself unable to gratify."

But he who declines to act till he can reach ideal excellence, is a selfish coward; and surely he, who by a generous venture attains a very moderate degree of merit, is at least far preferable to him who wraps himself up in conceit of his own importance, because he never made an attempt.

Of many of the defects of the series of moral and critical essays the Ruminator is too sensible, to add his aid to the discernment of others in discovering them. Almost all the interest which they lay claim to is, that they are (such of them he means as were written by himself) the undisguised pictures of his own mind. And we have many high authorities for asserting, that there are scarce any minds, however small their pretensions may be to extraordinary endowment, of which genuine and unsophisticated delineations will not afford either instruction or amusement.

To say the same things as have been said a thousand times before, not from individual feeling or individual conviction, but merely by drawing from the stores of the memory, may perhaps be fairly deemed an hollow and unavailing echo. But it is far otherwise with that, which springs from the inmost recesses of the heart or the intellect. There is a strength, a distinctness, a raciness, in what thus issues from the fountain-head, which is never brought forth in vain.

All the varieties of the human understanding, the different lights in which the same objects appear to different faculties and dispositions, the minute shades of distinction which the complex operations of head and
temper

temper suggest, afford inexhaustible subjects of description for the use of the moral philosopher, and the metaphysician, to whom such descriptions possess the merit and use of original evidence, while the transmissions of the memory are, like hear-say testimony, of little value.

If the flow of feeling have ever given to these Essays any approach to eloquence, if the movements of the heart have produced any thing of more permanent interest than the capricious and uncertain operations of the head, the writer's time and endeavours will not have been spent totally in vain.

If it be complained that the same topics more often recur than is consistent with the love of diversity, which characterizes the public taste, let it be recollected, that nothing much above the common can be hoped, even from the most powerful talents, without long meditation and mental digestion; and surely it is better to dwell on that which gives the chance of displaying depth and novelty of thought, than to skim the surface for the sake of a greater change of views; for it cannot be expected that the same person should have leisure, or inclination for both.

The generality of mankind indeed spend their days in a kind of twilight of thought: ideas pass indistinctly before them, without examination, or being tried by the test of language; or at least by any other language than that which in oral delivery does not sufficiently betray their imperfectness. But as he, in whom the flame of the better part of our nature burns, can never be content to dream away his life without leaving some memorial of those faculties with which he has been endowed, and as the mind can only acquire facility
and

and strength by incessant exercise, he becomes discontented and miserable while he omits the requisite labour.

Could the Author have attained the delicate and serenely rich beauties of Addison, or the overflowing strength and philosophical perspicuity of Johnson, he would not now have to look back with regret and anxiety on the inefficacy of his own endeavours. But while it is better to have reached even mediocrity than to have done nothing, he may, on a few themes, which have for years been revolving in his mind, still flatter himself with the hope of exciting the sympathy of readers of cultivated taste.

In the retirement of a studious life, in the bosom of fields and woods, he is often so filled with the realities of natural beauty, as to rest contented with passive admiration. The repose of delight would only be disturbed by the attempt at description; and the colourings of fancy would be more than superfluous. In the tumult of present joys our ideas are often too confused to be analysed. It is from a certain distance that they are best reflected by the mind. It is then that the prominent features remain, while all that tended only to dazzle, has faded away.

Such perhaps may be amongst the reasons why he has been able to transfuse into these essays so little of the spirit or the tints of the enchanting scenery which surrounds him.

But to waste more words in apology is vain. The attempt to conciliate the public, or even himself, to these Essays, if the Essays themselves do not produce that conciliation, is without hope, and would, even were it not hopeless, be without final use. They are

now

now at the mercy of the world, and cannot be recalled; They stand before the impartial reader with all their imperfections; and from them will the Author's humble capacity for Essay-writing be judged, in spite of all he can say. Some wonder at his rashness; some sneer at his stupidity; and many, who never tried themselves what it is to proceed in so perilous a task, are surprised at the utter failure of his attempts.

The Author, morbidly alive as his first feelings are to disappointment or neglect, has learned to endure, with tolerable fortitude, the consequences of committing himself to the public view, and if he cannot always sufficiently moderate his emotions at insult or neglect, nor suddenly recover from the blight of ungenerous discouragement, he has taught his mind to subside gradually into a calmness which can abide the results of his adventurous love of fame. Some friends he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has secured by these Essays, and of some noble minds he has had the good fortune to acquire the praise, whose approbation replaces him in humour with himself, and makes him amends for many mortifications.

To Mr. Lofft THE RUMINATOR is indebted for some pieces of valuable poetry. One other friend only has he to thank for aid in these Essays. To the nephew and biographer of a lady of celebrated learning and genius lately deceased he is obliged for several papers composed at his desire, which, if not the most numerous, are the most valuable of the series.

For the fate of those which remain, the writer cannot suppress his solicitude; for from them it will probably hereafter be determined, whether he has justly aspired to some qualities of the mind, of which the deficiency
will

will hereafter cloud the recollection of him which he is so anxious should survive the grave.

May 21, 1809.

ART. XVI. *Literary Obituary.*

1809. Feb. 15. Mr. James Smith Barr, translator of Buffon's Natural History.

March 5. In Patrick-Square, Edinburgh, Mr. William Browne, projector and Editor of "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal."

March 11. Mrs. Cowley, at Tiverton, Devon, an eminent dramatic writer.

March 23. At his house in Clipstone-street, London, after a lingering and painful illness, Mr. Thomas Holcroft, author of "*Hugh Trevor*," "*The Road to Ruin*," and a number of other works. He was in his 61st year.

March 25. "At the Episcopal Palace of Lichfield, in her sixty-sixth year, Miss Anna Seward, author of *Louisa*, of *A Monody on Major André*, of a *Life of Dr. Darwin*, and of various other productions. Few women ever exhibited more strength of intellect or more delicacy of taste. Her poetry is particularly distinguished by beauty of imagery and vigour of sentiment. She has sometimes been thought affectedly elaborate; but her pictures are never indistinct, and the whole is exquisitely finished. In critical *acumen* she was always unrivalled; and no latent excellence nor defect could escape her observation. She had the poet's taste and the poet's eye. In her moral temperament there was no ill-nature, no malignity; nothing selfish, nothing base. She was generous without ostentation; but she was generous in the extreme. She was fond of praise; but she was liberal in bestowing it. Her friends were very numerous; and they composed no small part of the virtue and genius of the times. Taste so refined,

finer, sentiments so elevated, affections so glowing with kindness, and worth so void of guile, have seldom been conveyed, in the person of the same individual, to the silent tomb." Such is the character given of her genius in one of the Newspapers; but there may be some reasonable difference of opinion on the style of her poetry, and the purity of her taste. She was sometimes happy in her efforts, but generally laboured, and often affected. She loved cumbersome ornament; and surely indulged too frequently in the artifices and tricks of composition, which have marked modern versifiers. Whenever her feelings rose above her rules she did well, but her judgment in the art of writing may be fairly suspected to have been very faulty. Her fancy was strong; and her powers of description original and splendid. Her first publications were her best; and indeed so much superior to her last, as to form a subject of rational wonder. But neither space nor time will allow me to discuss these points any farther at present.

Feb. 20. At Perth, in Scotland, Mr. James Morison, æt. 47, author of the "*Bibliotheca Sacra*," a Dictionary of the Bible, &c. &c.

March 28. John Goldie, Esq. aged 84, at Kilmarnock, Scotland, author of a voluminous work, entitled *The Gospel Recovered*, and of *A Treatise upon the Evidences of a Deity*, published a few months before his death.

May 14. Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London, aged about seventy-nine, author of several well known works. Few men have enjoyed so very long and so very justly an equal portion of the public esteem and affection as the late Bishop of London. His rare merits as a scholar, a teacher, an individual in the circles of social life, and a poet, gifted with the finest attributes of fancy and taste, were acknowledged and admired for more than half a century. As a politician he uniformly rallied round the throne, without, however,

ever departing from that moderation which should form the chief ornament of a Christian Prelate. As a preacher, he was deservedly popular; his manner was simple and impressive, his style elegant and chaste, and his doctrine sound without undue severity, or still more reprehensible indulgence to the follies and vices of the age. He oftener mounted the pulpit than any of his mitred brethren; as not satisfied with preaching on the Sabbath-day, he commenced, in 1797, on Fridays, a course of lectures at St. James's Church, on the truth of the Gospel, and the Divinity of Christ's Mission, which being delivered in tones of the most simple and persuasive elegance, attracted a vast concourse of auditors. As an author, he published, besides his University prize-works, and the Sermon on the Character of David, a letter, written while Bishop of Chester, addressed to the parishioners of Lambeth, exhorting them to observe Good Friday religiously, two volumes of Sermons, the aforesaid Lectures, and several charges and small religious tracts. As a private character, he was mild and unostentatious, gifted with the most conciliating and amiable qualities, of a cheerful disposition, and ever ready to listen to and relieve the wants and afflictions of his fellow-creatures. His religious moderation, the benevolence of his nature, and his universal philanthropy, procured him the good will of every class, of every sect, of every party, and of every rank and denomination.

May 16. In the seventy-eighth year of her age, Mrs. Anna Maria Smart, of Reading, relict of Christopher Smart, M.A. of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, sister to the late Mr. Thomas Carnan, and upwards of forty years principal proprietor of the Reading Mercury and Oxford Gazette. A woman, the virtues of whose heart, in all relations of life, whether to her kindred or her friends, proved her to be a friend to the friendless.

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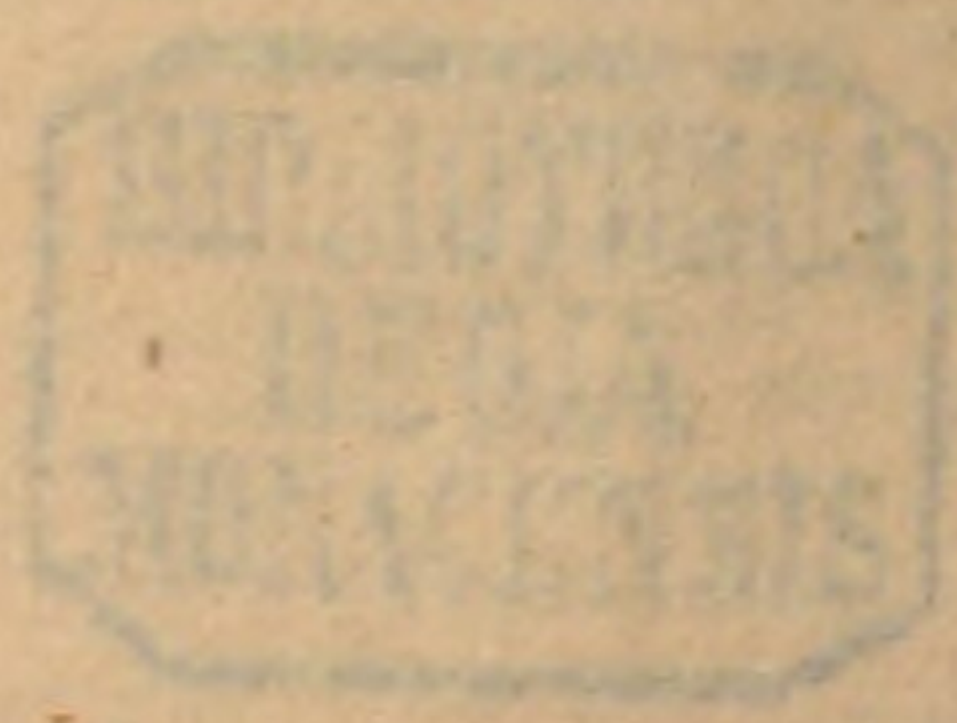
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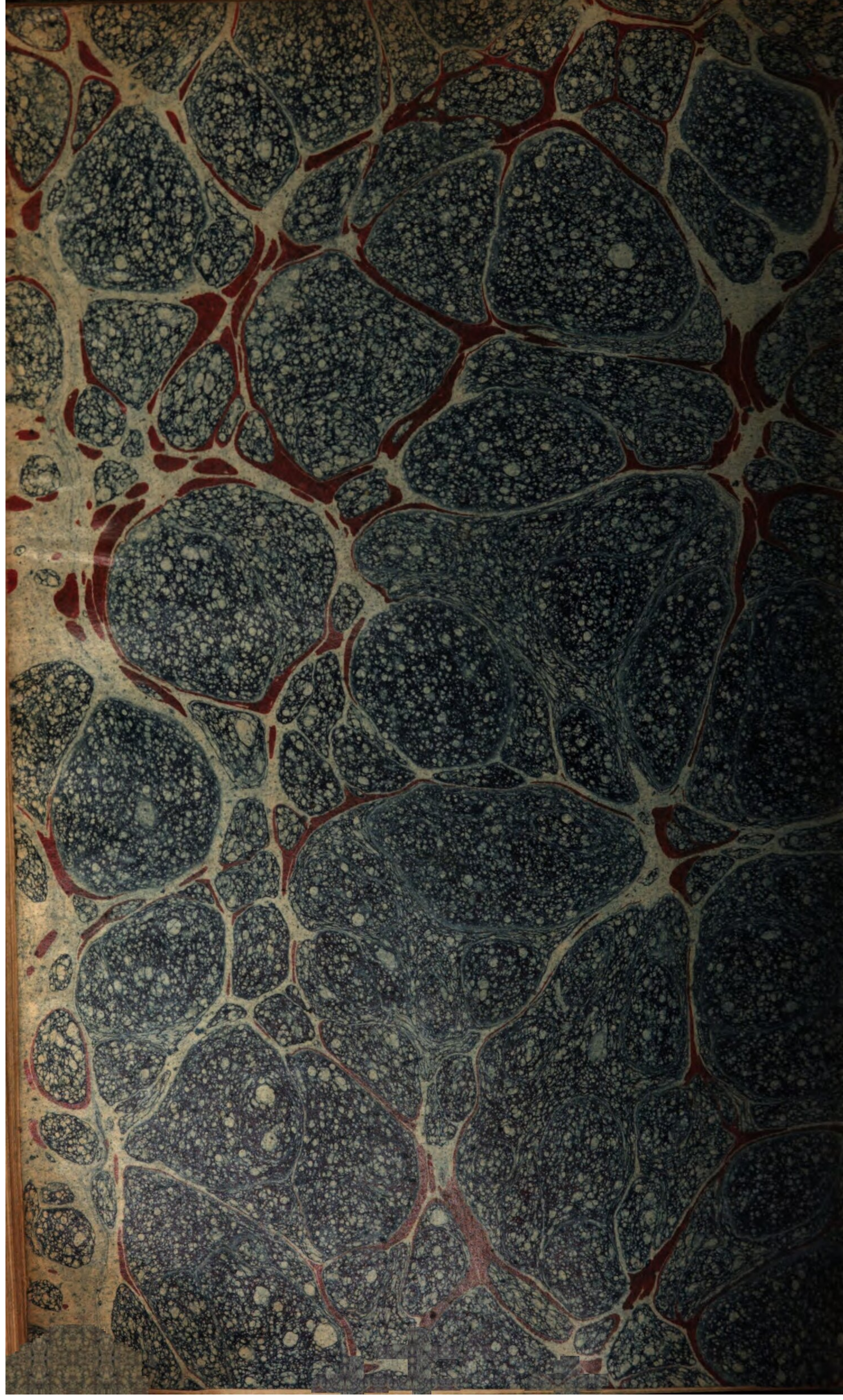
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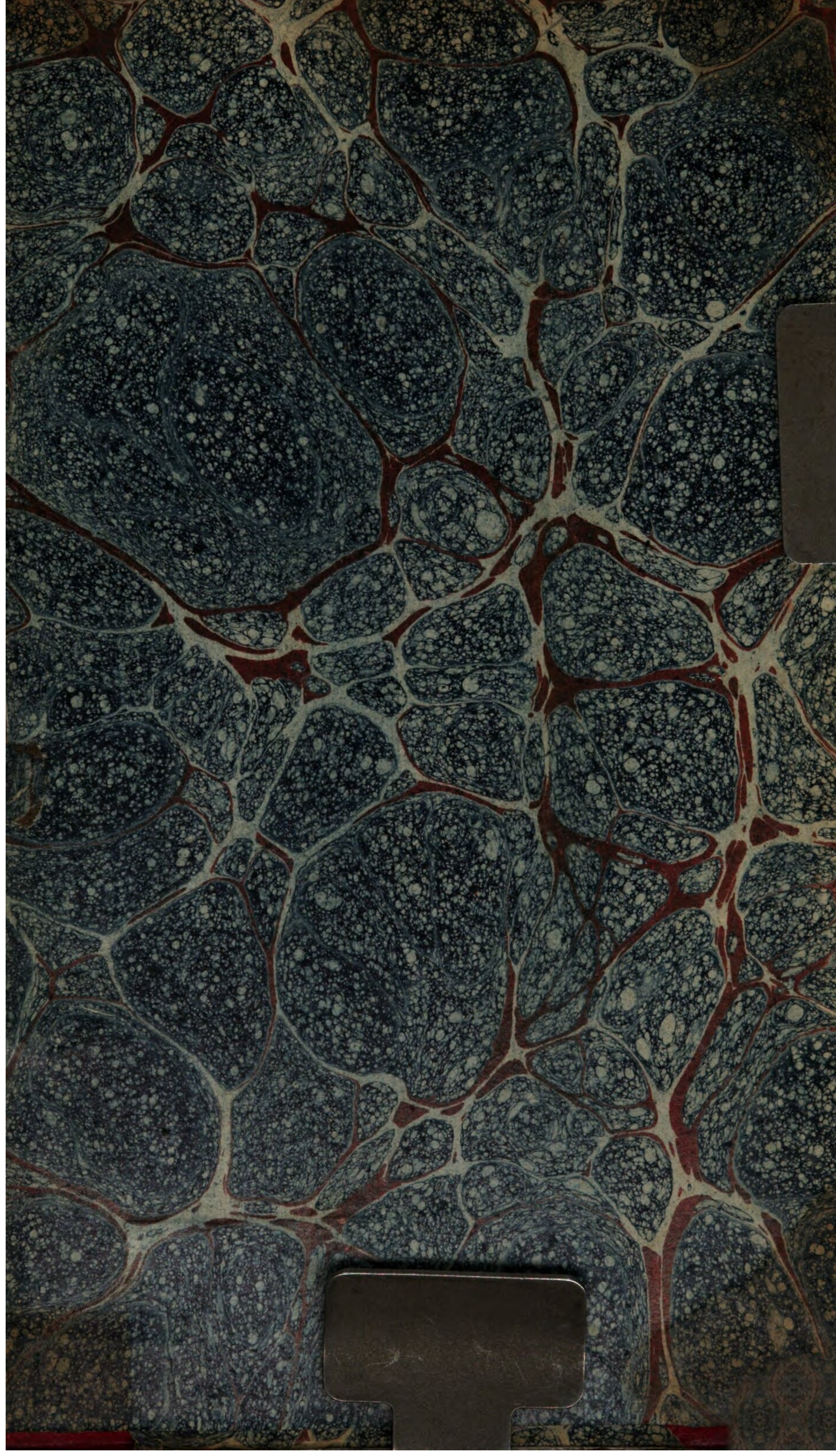
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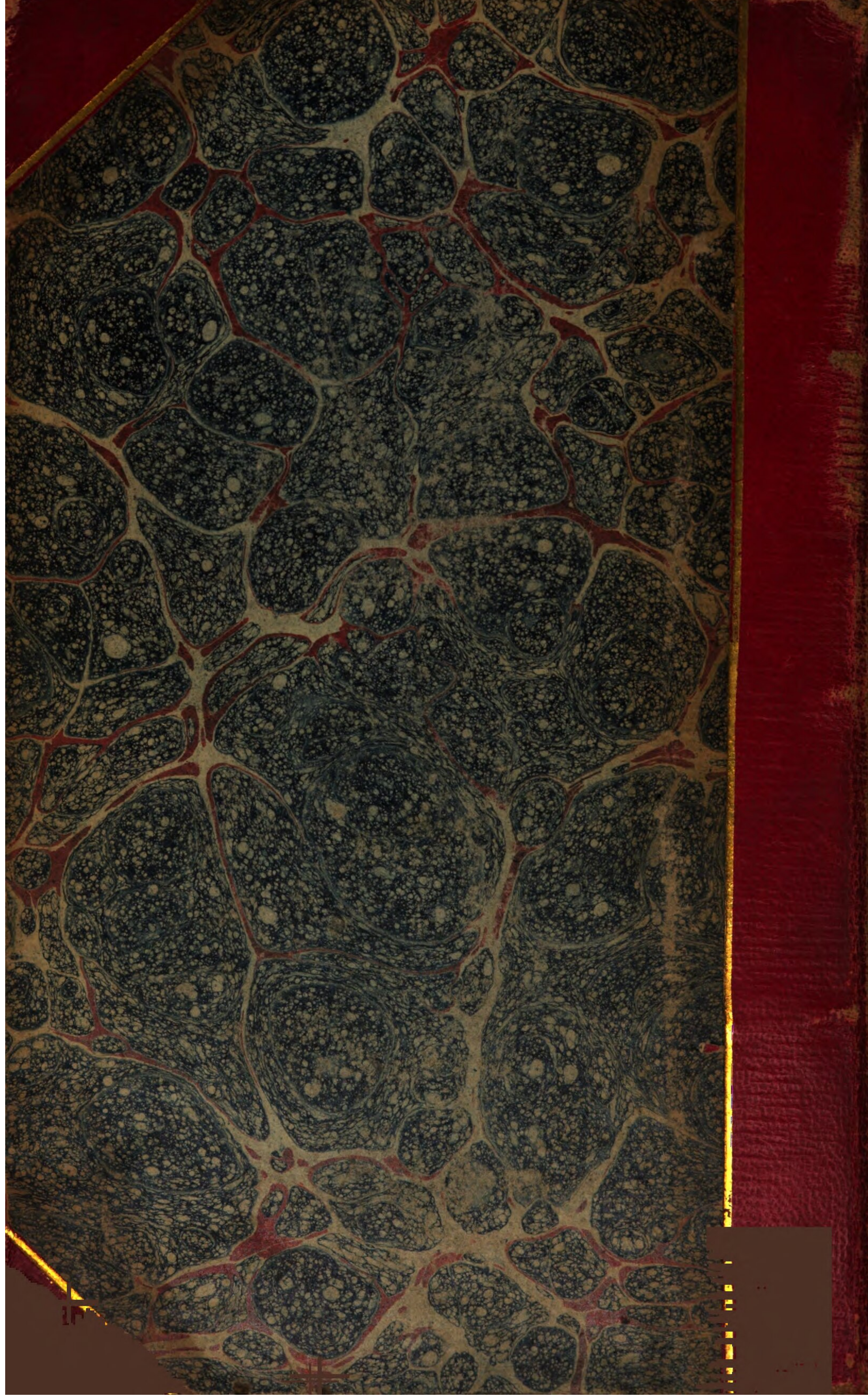
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